The Saturday Evening
POST
May 17, 1958 — 15¢

MAY 13 '58

THE GERM THAT HAUNTS HOSPITALS

A Visit With JACK DEMPSEY

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ART and HUMAN DIGNITY

By Francis Henry Taylor

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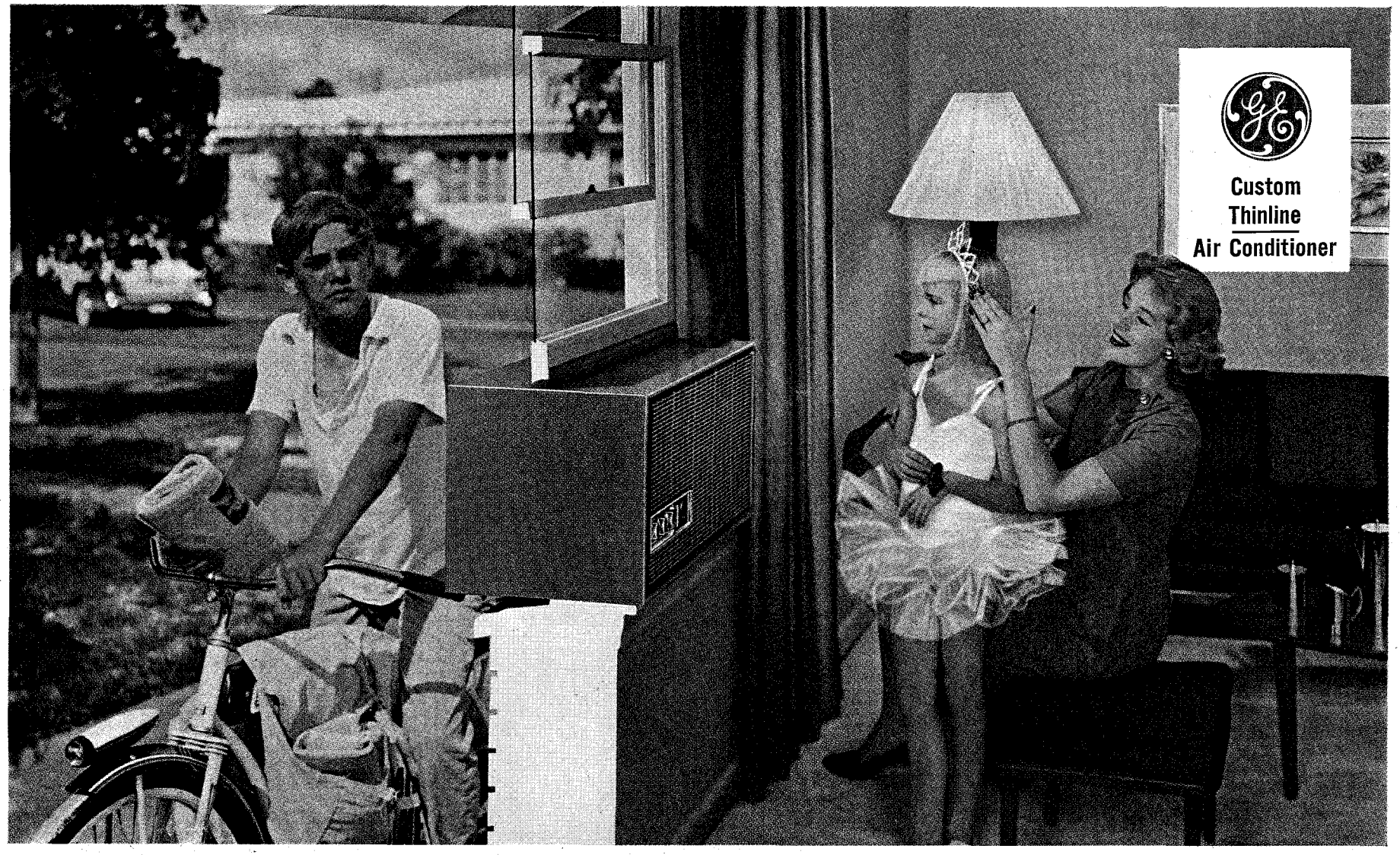
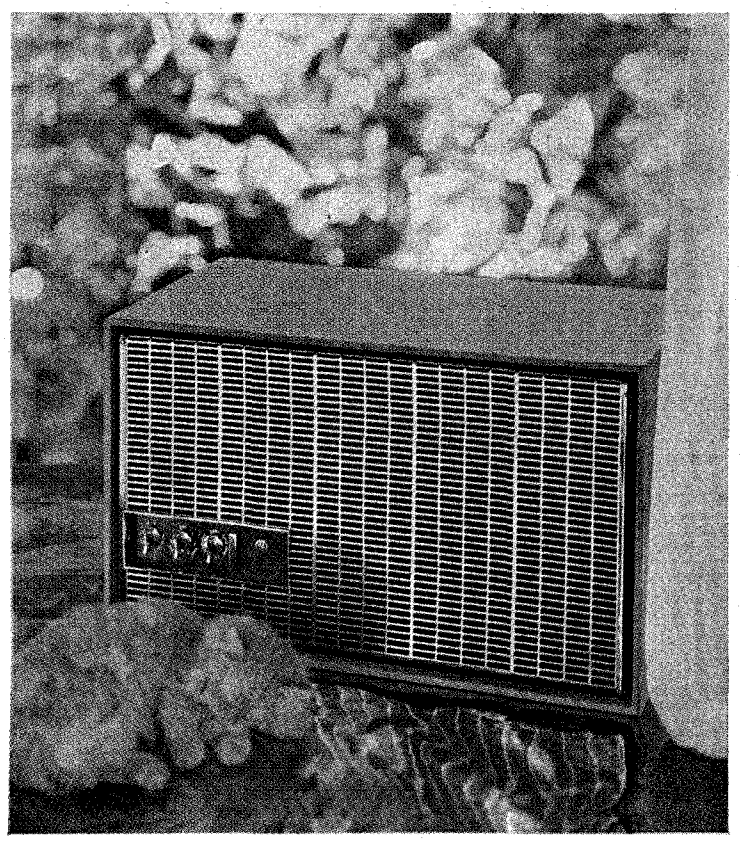


NEW KIND OF AIR CONDITIONER! THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CUSTOM THINLINE...

20% Smaller...Big-As-Ever Cooling Power



Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, a mere 16⅞ inches deep, only 26 inches wide. *No side vents*—install it flush or through the wall. Compact size—yet full, big-unit cooling power in the newest General Electric *Thinline*.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

Now you don't have to sacrifice cooling power to get a compact, no-ugly-overhang air conditioner. Take a look at the newest General Electric *Thinline* Air Conditioner!

You get the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinlines*—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up 1/5 less space.

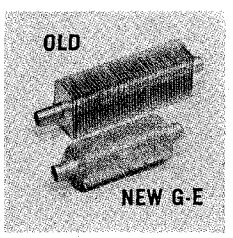
The 115-volt, Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour—and it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

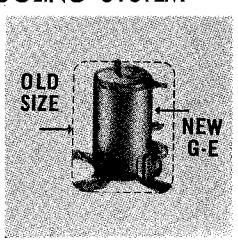
Both models are so quiet you only know they're working by how cool and comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent, washable filter. Easy, simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

Why wait to enjoy this cool comfort in your house? See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-58, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM





Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into the cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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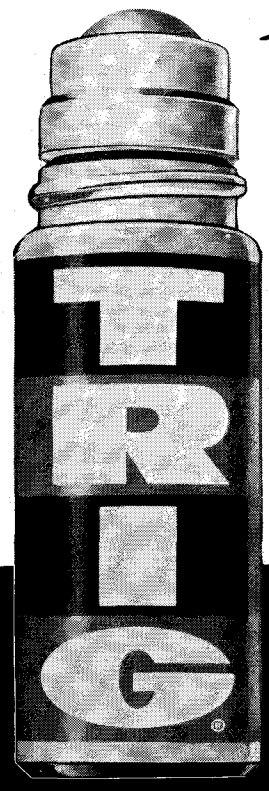
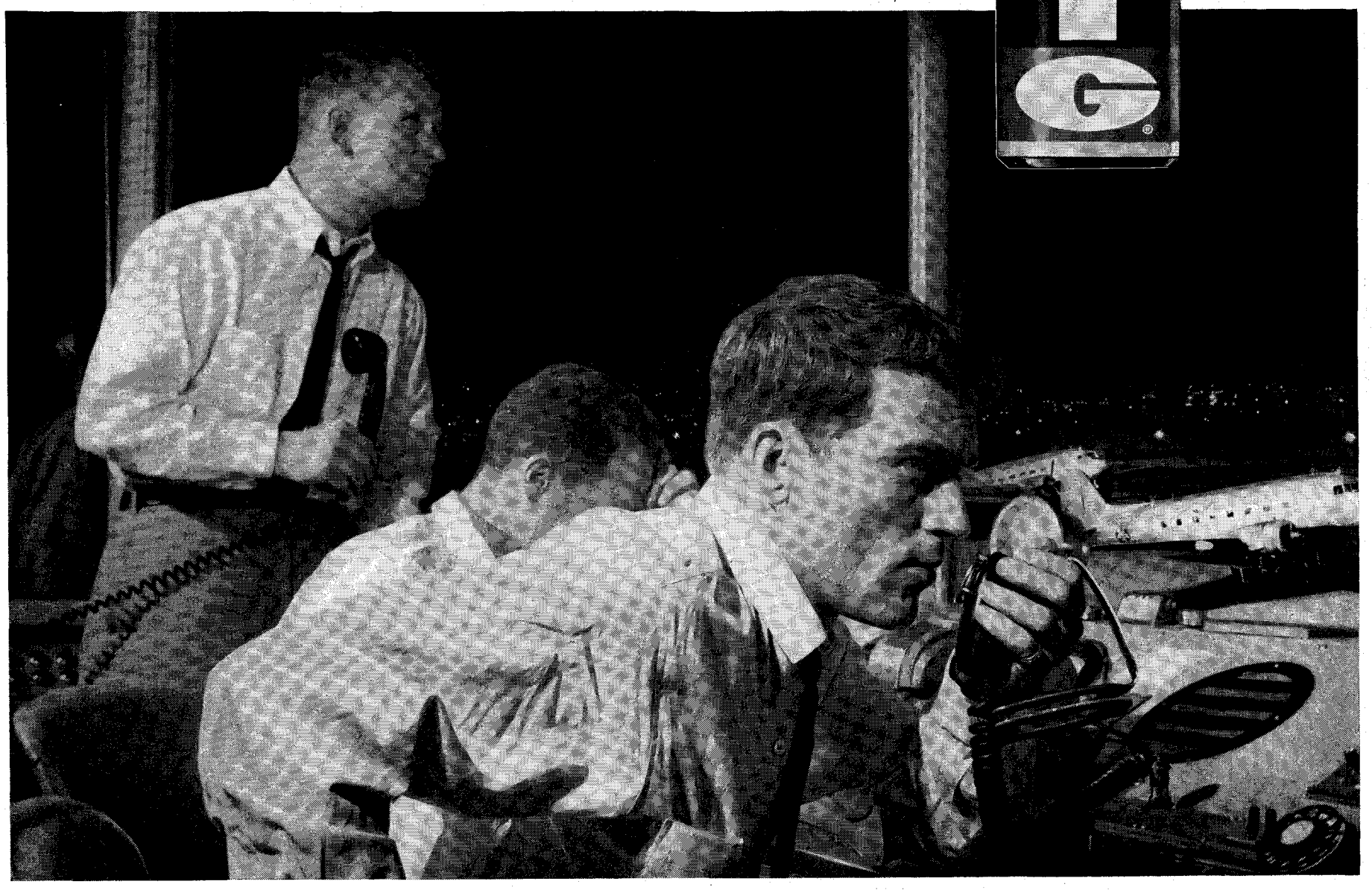
FROM NOW ON

WOMEN SAY "DEODORANT"

MEN SAY TRIG®



It's on the ball



Now! A man's way to check perspiration odor —goes on in seconds... works for 24 hours!

● Trig is a man's product—the scent, the color, the works! Goes on a man's way—rolls on in seconds!

● Trig goes right to work—underarm hair can't block it out. Trig delivers positive protection—man-size protection that lasts right around the clock.

● Trig isn't messy like a cream! Trig doesn't trickle like a spray! And Trig is not a crumbly stick!

● Trig is for the 6 men out of 10 who now use a deodorant—and for the 4 out of 10 who've been holding out for a man's way to check perspiration odor!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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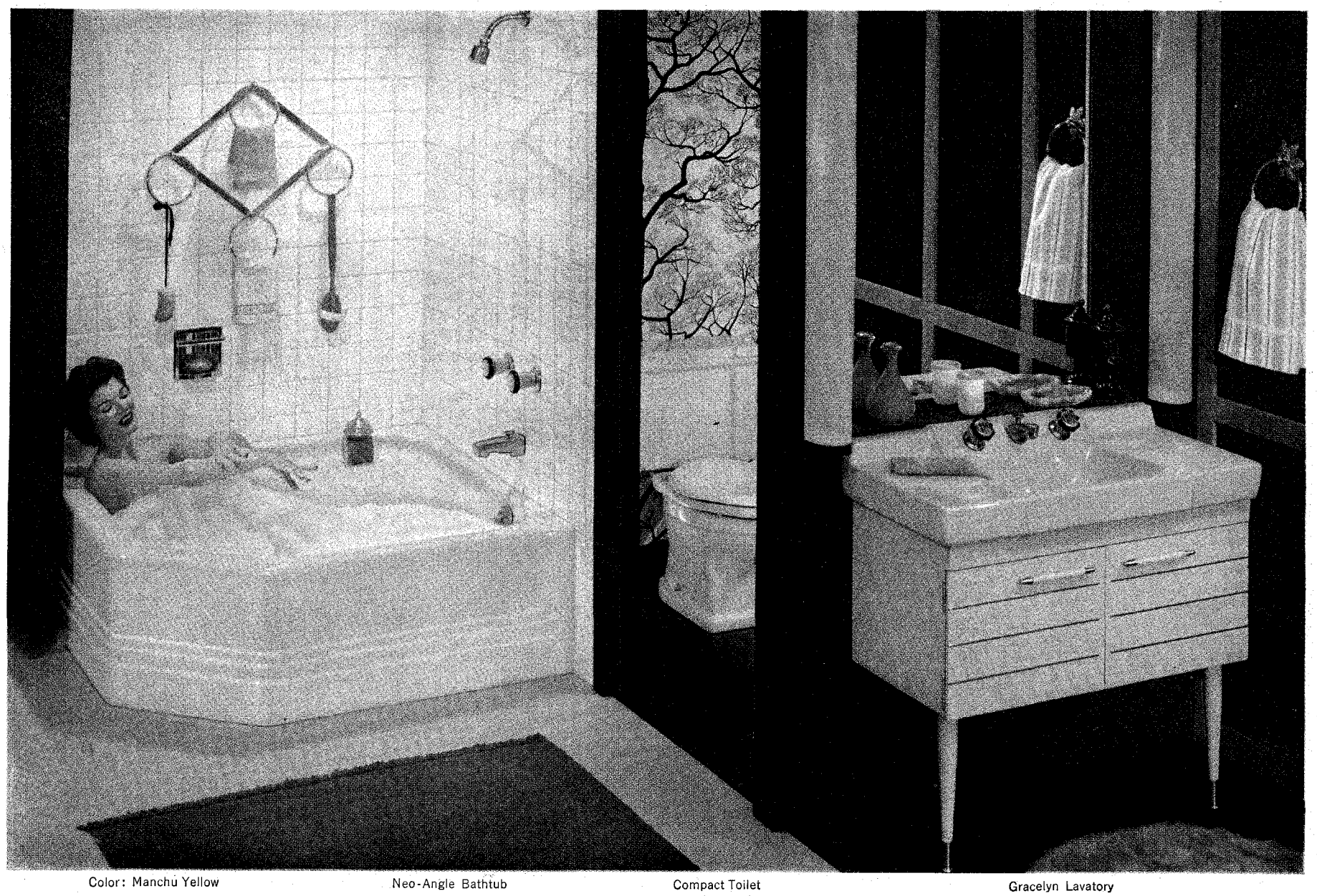
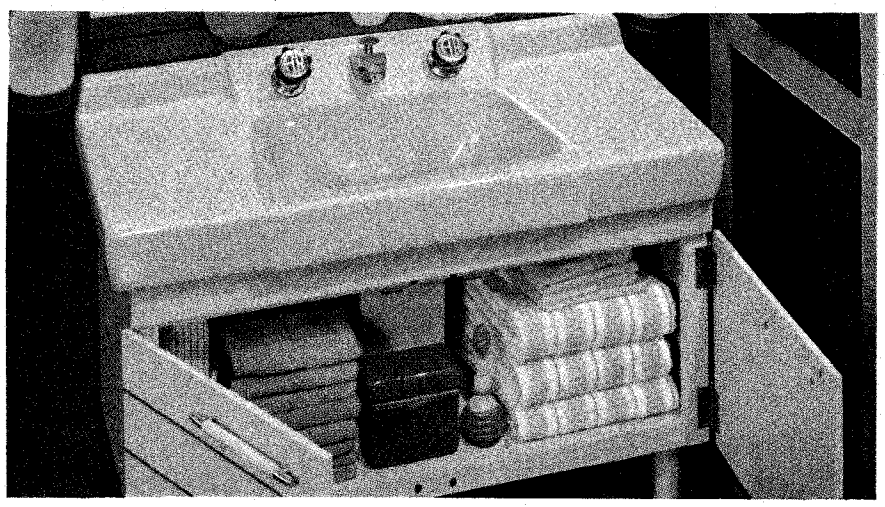


Color: Manchu Yellow | Neo-Angle Bathtub | Compact Toilet | Gracelyn Lavatory

This American-Standard bathroom introduces a brand-new, cabinet-lavatory with gleaming china top, extra storage space



"So easy to clean" . . . that's how you will describe the sparkling one-piece china top on this beautiful, yet so practical, cabinet-lavatory. Double doors provide easy access to shelves that give you lots of extra storage space.

Notice the big, one-piece vitreous china top on this cabinet-lavatory . . . the wide, wide ledges, so handy for holding toiletries. See how it combines with a smart, twin-door cabinet to provide lots of extra space. Gleaming faucets, personalized with *your own initials*, add a final touch of glamour.

Now take a look at the square bathtub. It fits in a 4 x 4-foot corner . . . is roomy, comfortable . . . has *full bathing area* . . . and two handy, corner seats.

Picture this American-Standard bathroom in your home. You will love it whether you are building or remodeling. Best of all, it costs less than you think.

Just $5.34 a week plus installation puts this lovely cabinet lavatory, bathtub and toilet in your home. See how easy it is to have a bathroom for every bedroom.

For more information, see your American-Standard retailer listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or fill out and mail the handy coupon for helpful booklet on bathroom planning. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____

*County*_____ *State*_____

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THE COVER

Here come the bride and groom to carve the cake. Two-handed carving isn't an efficient way to dismember food, but He and She have just become One and this is the tender symbol of their unity. They probably aren't hungry; in a day or two food will become attractive, but right now they are not of this world, they are up in the clouds, in a state of bliss where folks subsist on love alone. Conversely, those youngsters have their feet on the ground and their eyes on the cake. Oh, the girls may save a few crumbs to put under their pillows to incite romantic dreaming, but the boys will put their cake where it belongs, and let's hope they don't consume enough to turn dreams into nightmares. Well, a toast to artist Ben Prins' newlyweds: bon voyage, all the way through life!

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 235

The greatest star of the screen!

(The M-G-M Lion has invited Doris Day, co-star of "The Tunnel of Love," to be guest columnist.)

Because I am more at home at a piano than a typewriter, I'm a little nervous about writing my impressions of "The Tunnel of Love."

★ ★ ★ ★

Singing a title song was a lot easier for me than singing the praise of our picture, but there really is so much fun in the film that I want to tell you about it.

★ ★ ★ ★

Like the stage comedy that had a two-year run on Broadway . . . as presented by the Theatre Guild . . . our story takes an amused look at the problems of raising a husband in the suburbs.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you have, or look forward to having, a spouse, a house and an heir or two (more or less in that order) "The Tunnel of Love" leads down your alley and up the street where you live.

Richard Widmark (and what a wonderful comic he can be!) and I play the Pooles, Augie and Isolde.

★ ★ ★ ★

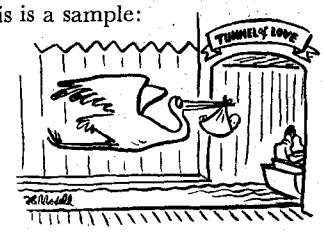
We live in a converted barn (very chic, now the hay is all gone) in suburbia. We are very anxious to have a family, especially me—and Augie is willing to cooperate, within reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's how our story starts, and how the complications do follow: marital trials, extra-marital temptations, extra-social social workers, wolves in Ivy League clothing, and all the other things that give commuters that harried look on the 5:40.

★ ★ ★ ★

Inspired by our picture, a number of famous cartoonists have drawn interpretations of their own tunnels of love. This is a sample:



I'm glad of this chance to toss some orchids, as columnists should do. To Dick Widmark. To our co-stars—Gig Young and Gia Scala, and (from the stage cast) Elisabeth Frazer and Elizabeth Wilson.

★ ★ ★ ★

To director Gene Kelly, who kept the story humming and dancing. And to Joseph Fields, who, with Martin Melcher, co-produced from his own script. It was he who collaborated with Peter DeVries, author of the novel, to make the play so funny.

★ ★ ★ ★

We had a good time going through "The Tunnel of Love." I hope you enjoy it, too.

Doris Day

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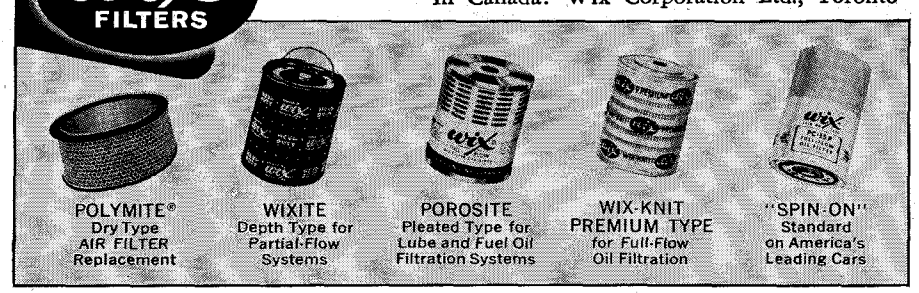
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Letters

Vest vs. Weskit

Dear Sirs:

Re your editorial WHATEVER HAS BECOME OF THE GENTLEMAN'S THREE-PIECE SUIT? (Apr. 5): You should not be so disrespectful to suggest that an Englishman parades his "vest" for all to see. An Englishman's vest is strictly a private article, generally itchy, worn next to the skin, with sleeves of varying length according to the age of the occupant. . . . Now, had you referred to an Englishman's *waistcoat* we should have been "with" you 100%. . . .

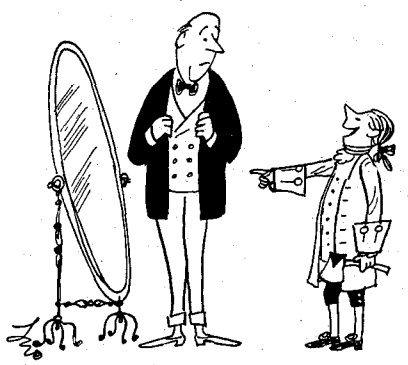
England is a country where the colorful waistcoat may be seen in its full glory.

GIL JONES
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:

These days, for heaven's sake, I am offered a selection of suits such as my father wore as a youth. They did not become him and neither do they become many others. . . .

I thought the ultimate had been reached when they started to dress little



boys in the style of George Washington's boyhood—but no, the end is not yet! How soon before the buckled broadcloth knicker returns, the "faced" coat and buttoned-back sleeves?

J. C. ALLEN
Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers. . . .

I think it is most unbecoming and ill-considered for a man to walk down Chestnut Street with a great expanse of white shirt showing because the manufacturers are too stingy to make vests.

BERTRAM G. FRAZIER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Why didn't you add: "And whatever has become of socks worn with supporters rather than these itchy, elastic-banded, leg-revealing teen-age 'sox'?" You can't find a decent sock these days.

GEORGE H. SLAPPEY
Atlanta, Ga.

Jerusalem Pilgrimage

Dear Sirs:

If I knew all the adjectives in the English language I could not begin to tell how I enjoyed the article, I TOOK THE JERUSALEM ROAD, by Daniel Brown, in the Apr. 5 issue.

H. B. LAW
Lebanon, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

It makes one feel a sacred nearness to the Holy Land.

JOHN S. EVANS
Hatcher, W.Va.

Dear Sirs:

It is the finest thing I've ever read in any magazine, and I am 85 years old.

MRS. LILLIAN P. WASHBURN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In a few instances a Franciscan is mentioned as being a monk. This is false. Franciscans are friars.

DANIEL J. O'NEILL, JR.
Binghamton, N.Y.

● *"Friar" is the better word. But "monk" is not incorrect.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Brown says: "Moses was told to go up onto Mt. Nebo, the loftiest peak, to be shown the promised land and there die. His remains lie in a secret grave on those heights today."

While he died on Mt. Nebo, he was not buried there. In Deuteronomy 34:6 we read: "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor."

JACOB RICHMAN
New York, N.Y.

● *Verse 6 continues: ". . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." But "on those heights" is certainly wrong.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

There is a strong implication that the son born of David's adulterous union with Bathsheba was Solomon. This is not so. The child of their sin died, and after David had sincerely repented (see Psalm 51) Solomon was conceived and born, their second son.

Again he states that when Moses struck the rock that water might be given to the thirsty Israelites, bitter water came forth. . . . The water was not bitter. . . . The bitter waters of Marah were found in the early part of the Israelites' flight from Egypt.

GRACE G. GARDNER
Rockford, Ill.

● *Author Brown did not intend to imply that Solomon was the first son born to David and Bathsheba. But his reference to the bitter water was inaccurate.* —*ED.*

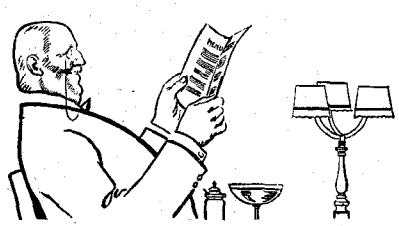
More About Mustard

Dear Sirs:

Re THE HOT DOG'S BEST FRIEND (by Arthur W. Baum, Apr. 5): Just imagine that such a fascinating article could be written about mustard!

Does French's remember the ads that used to run in the English papers (in 1925) and the characters that graced them? There was Lord Bacon, Hamstead, Miss Di Gester, Master Mustard and an old gentleman character whose name I don't recall.

MRS. N. JONES
Los Angeles, Calif.



Baron de Beef

● *Reader Jones is referring to The Mustard Club. For a look at the "old gentleman character," see cut.* —*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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Roots are for trees . . . for families, too. And what better way to establish those roots than by making certain your family will always have a home of their own even if something should happen to you.

Massachusetts Mutual can help give you this peace of mind—and more besides—through a convenient Mortgage Retirement Plan. Not only will it assure your family a debt-free home . . . it can also help you pay off the mortgage sooner . . . give you a constantly increasing reserve and a monthly income during the years after you've paid the mortgage.

Protection for family roots costs so little and means so much to homeowners. If you don't have it, you need it. Talk it over with a Massachusetts Mutual man, or call our General Agent listed under Massachusetts Mutual in the phone book.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
The Policyholders' Company

1851

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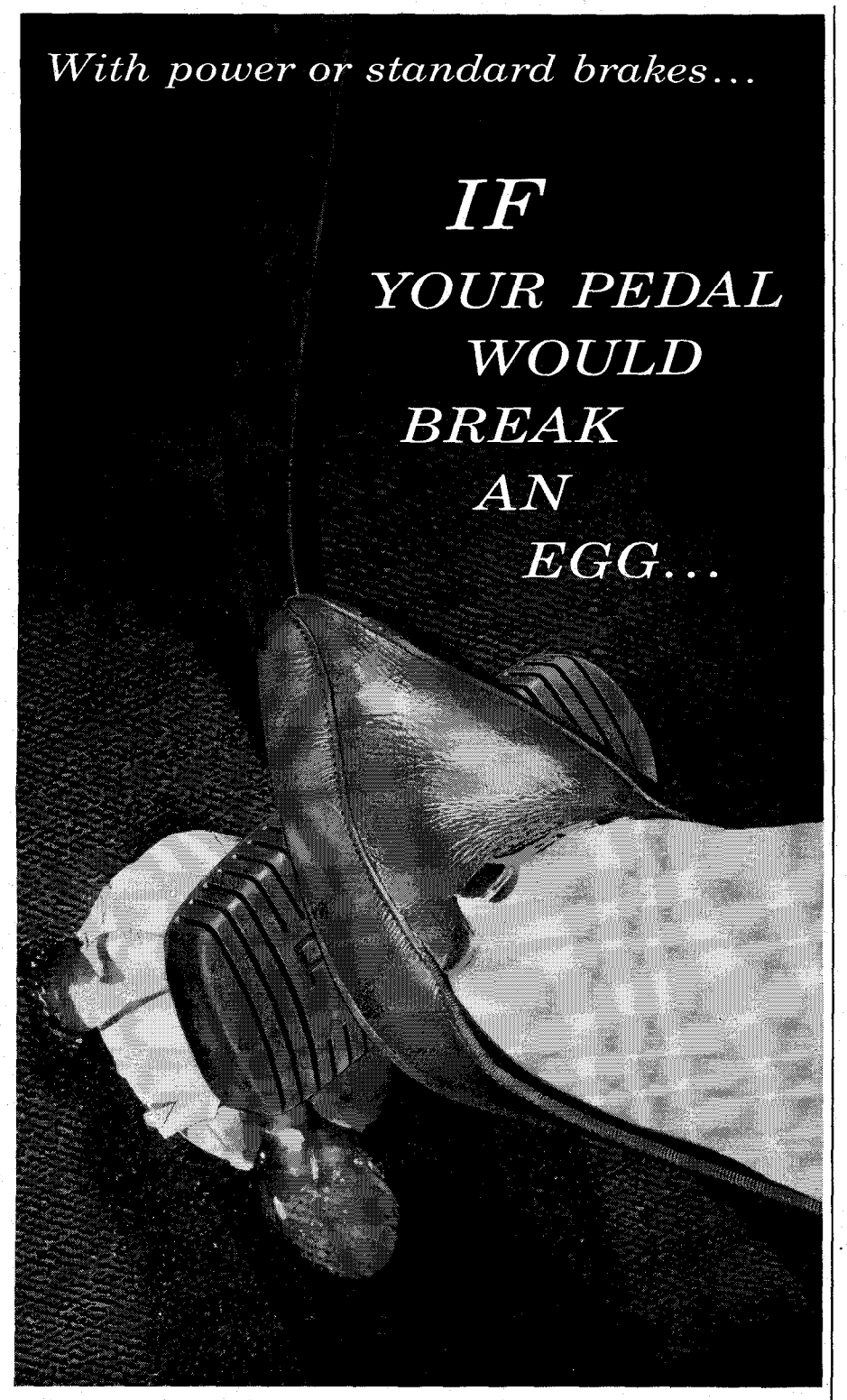

...you need an American Brakeblok inspection

Next time you press your brake pedal, think of the egg. When your pedal travels too far, even with power brakes, you may not be able to stop in time. Don't delay! See your American Brakeblok dealer.

He'll check your entire brake system! If you need lining, he'll put on American Brakeblok lining . . . frictioneered for power or standard brakes. He knows it will stop you in time, every time!

Look for the red and yellow sign: American Brakeblok Brake Service.

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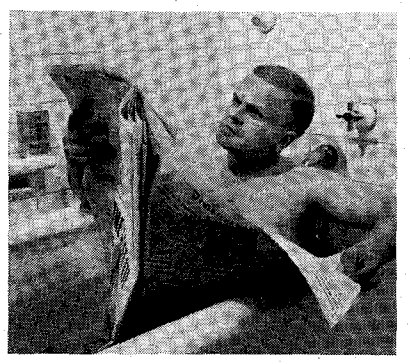
Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

If Robert P. Driggs' position in the bathtub is his normal one, voluntarily selected, it is small wonder that he needs all possible aids to relaxation, including dry mustard.



The ever-present hazard of a tender back mortally lacerated by miscellaneous plumbing fittings undoubtedly accounts for his far-from-relaxed expression.

Reverse your field, sir, and really relax.

HARRY LOCKLAND
Brookings, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

In the article appears the statement that prepared mustard was invented in 1904 by the French Company. Our records show that prepared mustard was manufactured in 1862 by my grandfather just before he joined the Union Army in the Civil War. The use of prepared mustard goes back to the early 1800's.

In 1869, Gulden's Prepared Mustard was awarded a diploma by the American Institute for a "fine specimen of prepared mustard." Incidentally, the diploma was signed by Horace Greeley, then president of the Institute.

CHARLES GULDEN, *Pres.*
Charles Gulden, Inc.
Rochelle Park, N.J.

Snake Eyes?

Dear Sirs:

I have just read BROTHERS' QUARREL by Kenneth Landon in the March 29 issue. I particularly resent the description of Vachel Lindsay as given in . . . the episode where Joe Robinson, the artistic brother, tells of his hobo travels in the West and of his chance meeting with Vachel in a darkened freight car. Suddenly, Joe says, he becomes aware of Vachel, whose eyes glitter like a snake's the whole length of the car, and give him a cold chill. Then Vachel comes toward him and asks, "Have you anything to eat?" Frightened, Joe hands over all his day's ration of bread and cheese. He takes Vachel's proffered pamphlet of Rhymes to be Traded for Bread, but gets off that train as soon as possible. . . .

I first met Vachel fifty-two years ago, when he came to Hiram, Ohio. . . . He was returning from his Rhymes for Bread trip, walking from Florida to New Jersey and riding freight trains the rest of the way. He was completely done in and his clothes were for the burning. . . . He was a slender, mild, yet eager young man of twenty-seven, full of energy, and able to walk the legs off anyone who felt like going places. He did have large, searching brown eyes that looked you over appraisingly in particularly friendly fashion. . . . However, I don't think that author Kenneth Landon, if he had been there at the time, would have surrendered his school lunch pail in terror. Nor perhaps would anyone foresee that in the next twenty-five years Vachel would recite and sing his poems in every state university and in schools and colleges all over the United States and Canada. . . .

As his brother-in-law, I knew him rather intimately until his death. I believe Vachel deserves a more fair appraisal than was given in the story.

BEN H. BLAIR
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I knew Vachel Lindsay well. In fact I painted a portrait sketch of him. (See cut.) I remember him in quiet conversation. I remember him when reciting some of his poems. I remember him when he talked about politics—and sometimes in heated argument—but never do I remember him when his eyes looked like a snake's.

I don't think Kenneth Landon did either.

ARTHUR C. JOHNSON
Hampton, N. H.

● *Author Landon's characterization of troubadour Lindsay was based on a real incident. A photographer friend of Landon's met Lindsay while both were riding the rails. Says Landon: "Confined in the gloom of a moving boxcar with an eerie figure who emitted the unique language of Vachel Lindsay, the eyes might very well glitter like those of a snake." Incidentally, a photograph of Landon's wife, Margaret, by that same photographer, was used on the jacket of her book, Anna and the King of Siam.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
6–John Burns, Arthur C. Johnson. • 23, 24–Larry Keighley. • 25–Dennis Stock. 26, 27–Coby Whitmore. • 28, 29–Thurston Hatcher. • 30–Sam Bates. • 31–United Press. • 32–Brown Brothers, United Press. • 33–Jacob Lofman, four from Brown Brothers; United Press. • 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 36–Drawings by Carl Rose. • 37–Bruce Bomberger. • 39–Elizabeth G. C. Menzies. • 40, 41–Michael Sheldon Cheney. 42, 43–Austin Briggs. • 44–United Press, Wide World, two from General Motors. 45–Bill Shrout. • 49–Robert Meyers. • 112–Courtesy Worcester Art Museum. 114–Courtesy Museum of Modern Art, courtesy National Gallery of Art (Chester Dale Collection). • 115–Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art (Wolfe Fund, 1938), Skira, Inc. • 116–Skira, Inc., The Louvre. • 136–Mrs. Michael Cheney, Peak Pictures, Jacob Lofman, Savannah Morning News.

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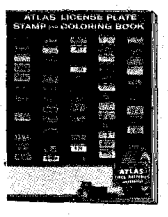

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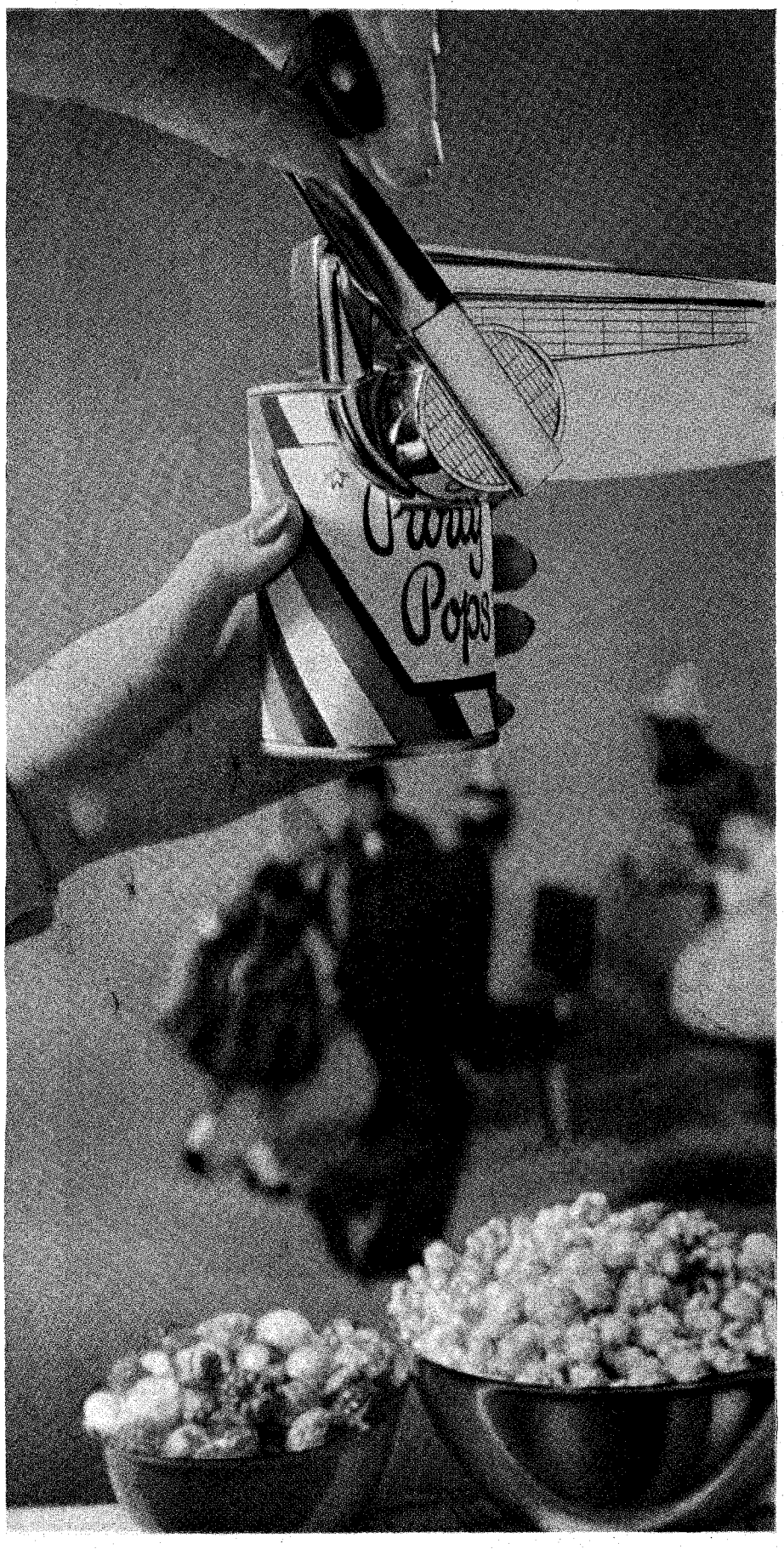

Flavor at your finger tips. You can fix party snacks or a fit-for-the-boss dinner in *half* the time—thanks to the delicious foods that now come in work-saving cans. A vast variety of foods today are packed in cans made of special USS steels—steels which bring the foods to your table mouth-watering perfect!

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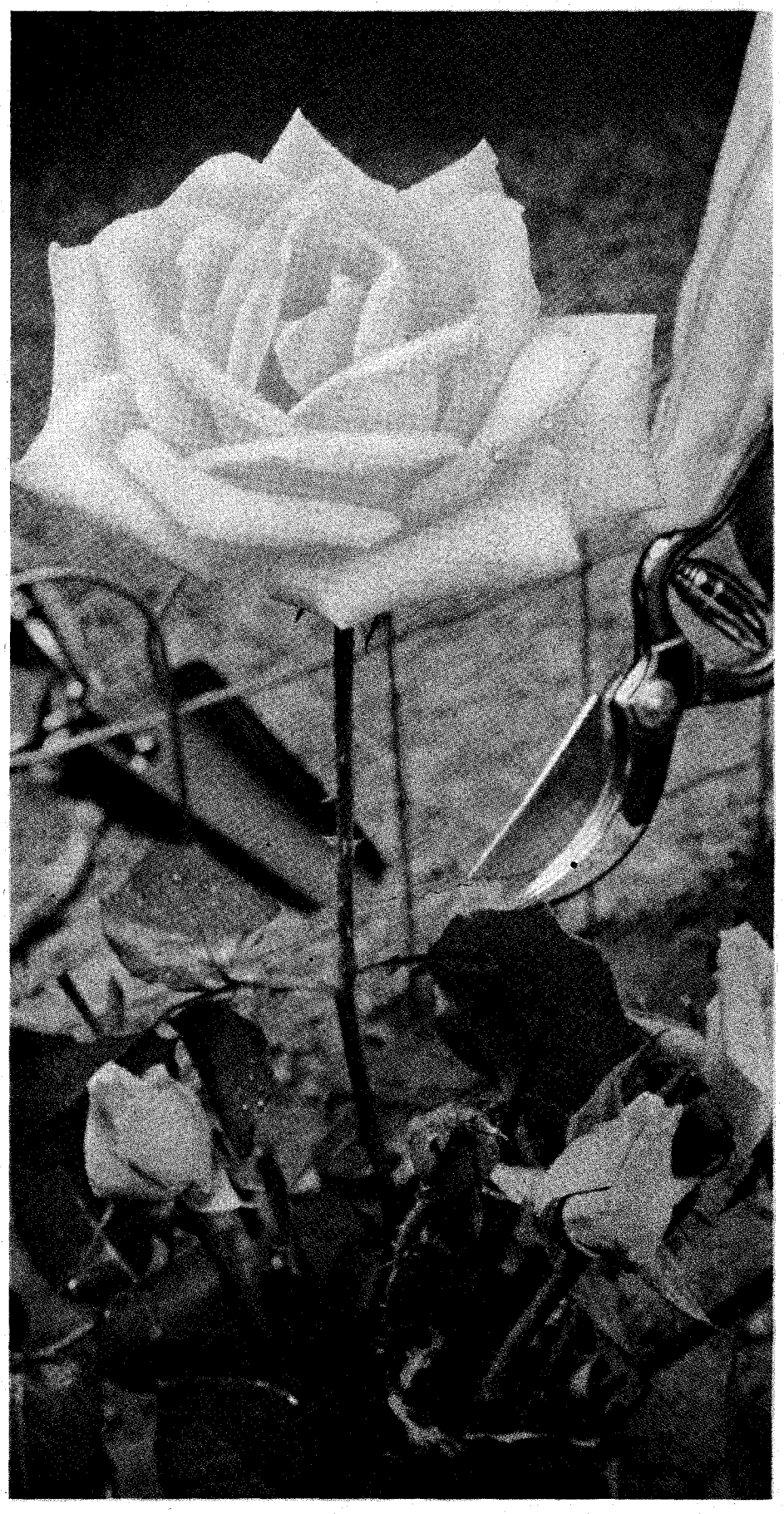

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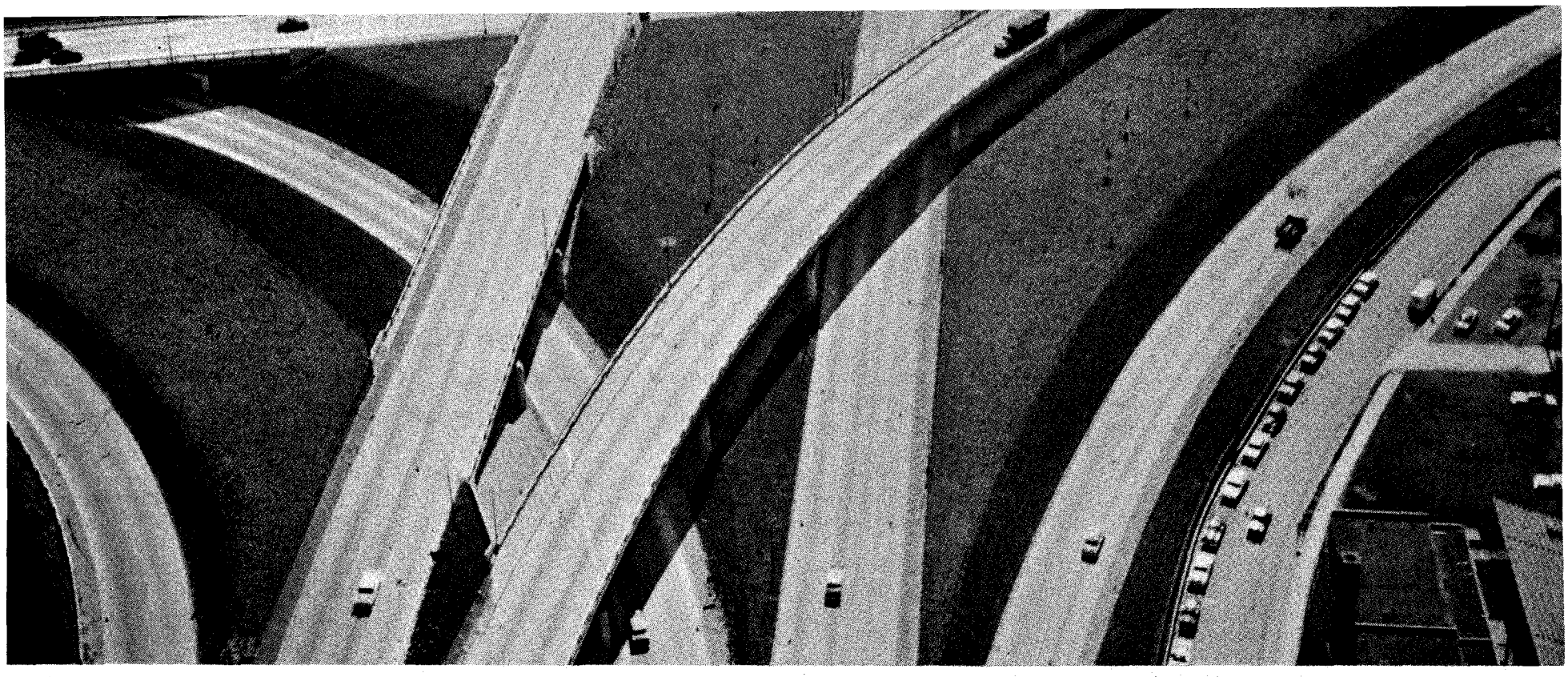

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Editorials

Recessions Bring Out the Quack in All of Us

Millions of words have been written and spoken about the current economic recession, and many of the commentators might well take to heart President Eisenhower's advice to "use some common sense and not just get a Sputnik attitude about everything." With the Democrats doing their best to give the economy the count-down for political reasons, and the Republicans, for the same reason, attempting to show that the recession will disappear as soon as people stop talking about it, common sense is an infrequent ingredient of current discussion.

A man out of a job can be forgiven a "Sputnik attitude." Like the soldier forced to risk his life in a strategic retreat which has no immediate bearing on the issue of a war, the unemployed man is the victim of a conflict for which he has no responsibility. In the days before income tax took from the humblest worker's income somewhat more than his father was able to save, the unemployed could often sweat it out on their savings. Even as things are, savings the country over are high. Nevertheless the majority of the unemployed must depend on unemployment-insurance benefits. Extension of the number of payments in areas where they have been exhausted seems an inexpensive way to assist the victims of economic recession through a disastrous period.

Most of the more grandiose recommendations, however, are to be viewed with suspicion, especially those which involve vast "made" public-works projects financed on borrowed money. After all, one of the reasons we have a recession is the fact that consumer debt has been overtaking income. When the installment payments creep up too close to the pay check, the family decides that a new car or a color TV will have to wait. Hence unemployment and depression in the industries affected. Hence also a spate of ill-conceived antirecession measures, many of which would probably make matters worse, but which few politicians care to oppose lest they be accused of "indifference to the plight of our millions of unemployed." The probable major contribution of most public-works projects would be an even higher national debt and a dollar still weaker than the one we now have.

Tax reduction, if undertaken as real tax reform, as proposed in the Sadlak-Herlong bill, and not as a mere "cry-havoc" effort to give the taxpayer a few temporary dollars with which to "buy, buy, buy" something, makes more sense. Unfortunately the Administration appears to regard tax reduction as a life preserver that might be thrown to a man overboard, but only as he is about to go down for the third time. Presented as a last resort, the psychological impact of tax reduction might be similar to the effect on a hospital patient when they wheel an oxygen tent into his room.

Really stimulating would be the news that a basic reform in taxation and Government spending was to be undertaken—not as an emergency measure, but as a long-overdue effort to correct at least one of the major drags on our economy. Such an effort might well turn out to be the bold stroke that routed the recession.

Churchill Paints to Create Tension, Not Get Away From It!

Great men with problems on their minds take to all sorts of side lines to remove the tension. President Eisenhower plays golf and paints portraits. Harry Truman used to play the Missouri Waltz. President Roosevelt collected stamps. President Harding played poker. Sir Winston Churchill paints landscapes, but there is a mystery as to why. It is hard to imagine Sir Winston wanting to escape from problems.

Right now a collection of the former Prime Minister's paintings over the past thirty years or so is touring the United States and doing a land-office business. In Kansas City, where you wouldn't expect any concentration of Anglophiles, 25,500 people saw the Churchill show; more than 30,000 filed past these thirty-five paintings at the Detroit Institute of Arts. And at New York's Metropolitan Museum 147,750 people came, including 23,218 on a single Sunday.

Of course, a lot of people would attend a one-man art show by a former British statesman out of curiosity, just as they would flock to see a sleight-of-hand artist or a tight-wire-walking dog. But apparently mere curiosity—or even the natural desire to see a great man fall on his face in an unfamiliar field—does not account for the popularity of the Churchill exhibit. As can be seen from a quick run through the catalogue, Sir Winston's paintings are pretty good. The authority quoted by President Eisenhower in his foreword to the catalogue may put it a little strong: "If Sir Winston had given the time to art that he has given to politics, he would have been by all odds the world's greatest painter." Nevertheless it seems clear that "Winston paints good, like an old master should."

Americans who have had the opportunity to see his art work must have tried to relate these pleasant pictures to the over-all figure of the artist. The rugged warrior who almost alone nerved a great people to expect victory beyond the horrors of siege from the air is known to most of us. And Churchill, the brilliant and indefatigable historian of the "happy breed" of Englishmen, and indeed of the whole human race, delights and amazes millions. Where do these paintings of street scenes in Southern France and Italy, of flowers and groups of wine bottles, fit into the Churchill picture?

Sir Winston himself supplies part of the answer. With him, painting was not a relief from pressure, but a means of supplying pressure during periods when pressure was lacking. He began to paint in 1915, when, as a member of the War Cabinet, but deprived of his former responsibilities at the Admiralty, he fretted and fumed as disaster followed disaster. "Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall of pressure. . . . And then it was that the Muse of painting came to my rescue."

That is more like the Churchill we are familiar with.

More Roadside Rest Areas Needed to Meet Driver Fatigue

One of the major hazards of modern driving, especially on long straightaways, is fatigue resulting from plain boredom. Psychologists call it "highway hypnosis." Highway patrolmen frequently catch drivers nodding at the wheel, and there have been some bad accidents. Usually the rest areas are too far apart or drivers fail to use them.

State and Federal highway officials are keenly aware of this problem and are doing something about it. They are paying much more attention to right-of-way landscaping, which not only makes for more pleasant and interesting driving but serves to guide motorists at night or in foggy weather. Roadside landscaping also prevents costly erosion, according to E. A. Stromberg, research chief for the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. The bureau makes its studies available to state highway engineers, who are going in for more landscaping and rest areas.

Wilbur J. Garmhausen, chief landscape architect for the Ohio Department of Highways, reports that his department will plant some 65,000 trees this year. They use both evergreen and deciduous or "regular" trees, the latter including flowering trees like dogwood and redbud. The Federal Government will help with their planting program on new Interstate Highway routes. This summer Ohio intends to add twenty-four new parks to the 269 it already has.

On the Federal highways, Mr. Garmhausen says, the parks will be built at intervals of about twenty-five miles and will be laid out in pairs, one on each side of the road. Separate parking areas will be provided for automobiles and trucks, making the shaded passenger-car areas safer for children. Indiana, which already has 600 pullout areas and 106 parks, expects to add to these facilities this year.

If extensive make-work projects are considered necessary to meet the slack in jobs, this looks like an excellent way to get lasting material benefits for the country.

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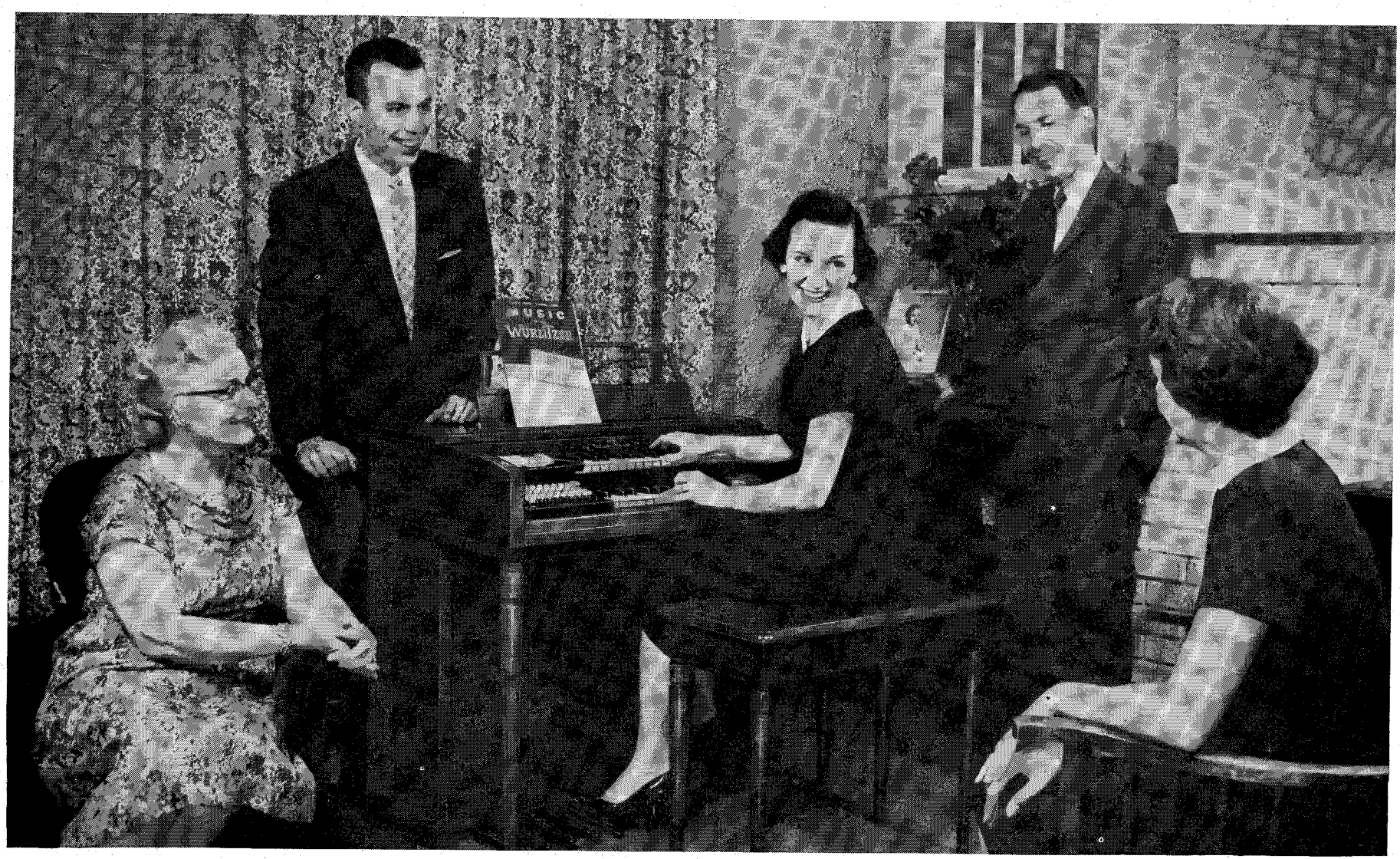


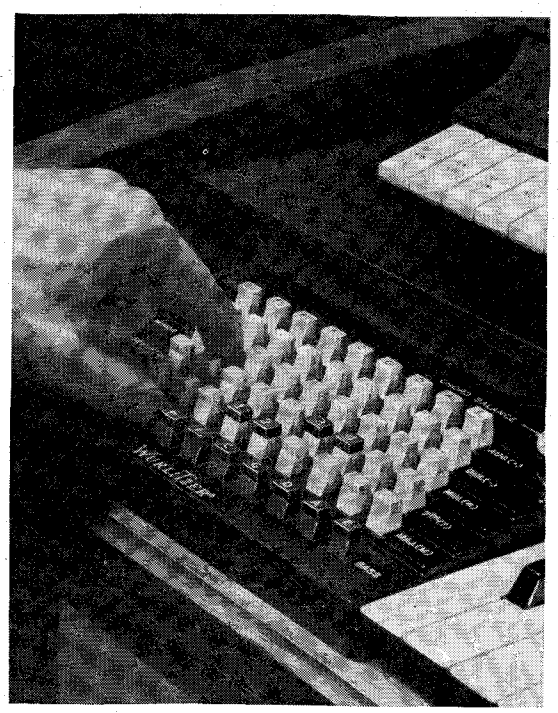
FUN EVENING includes Sue's mother and neighbors Ed and Mary Jane Washburn. "The first night we played and sang past one o'clock," remembers Norm. "Piano background is big playing help," Sue admits. "But knowing the piano isn't necessary with our Wurlitzer 2-in-1 organ. You see, it has a set of push buttons for chords, a complete set of pedals, too." Here she plays a request using string, flute and oboe "voices."

RED LETTER DAY AT THE N.E. SMITHS

arrival of their Wurlitzer organ, the only 2-in-1 organ!

Sue and Norm Smith live in Joliet, Illinois, Smith's headquarters as a salesman for Bell Advertising Specialty Company. Norm travels extensively and Sue's bright idea for her husband's relaxation was a Wurlitzer 2-in-1 organ. Here was an instrument they could *both* play. An organ equipped with a set of push buttons for chords, making it easy for Mr. Smith or any amateur to play—two keyboards and a complete set of pedals enabling a musician such as Mrs. Smith to enjoy playing in traditional organ style. Sue was impressed with the earphone attachment that would permit her husband to play "silently" after one-year-old Mark had been put to bed. Having had musical training, Sue also knew the importance of the patented Wurlitzer tone generating system that produces harmonically rich, vibrant voices. And both Smiths were happy about the low price. Already their Wurlitzer has enriched the Smiths' lives in many ways . . . providing relaxation, fun for all and bringing the family even closer. The same is true for "Wurlitzer families" everywhere.

"ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY," as mastered by his father in a few minutes, is a favorite of baby Mark and 9-year-old cousin Fred. "I look forward to teaching Mark," says Sue, "and Fred wants to learn, too."



WURLITZER CHORD is simpler than others. Plainly marked buttons make it easy to find the right pre-selected chords for the music you're playing. Even for the bass notes you merely push a button, so there's no footwork necessary. Amateurs learn in minutes.

See the complete line of world famous Wurlitzer organs at your Wurlitzer Organ Dealer's or write

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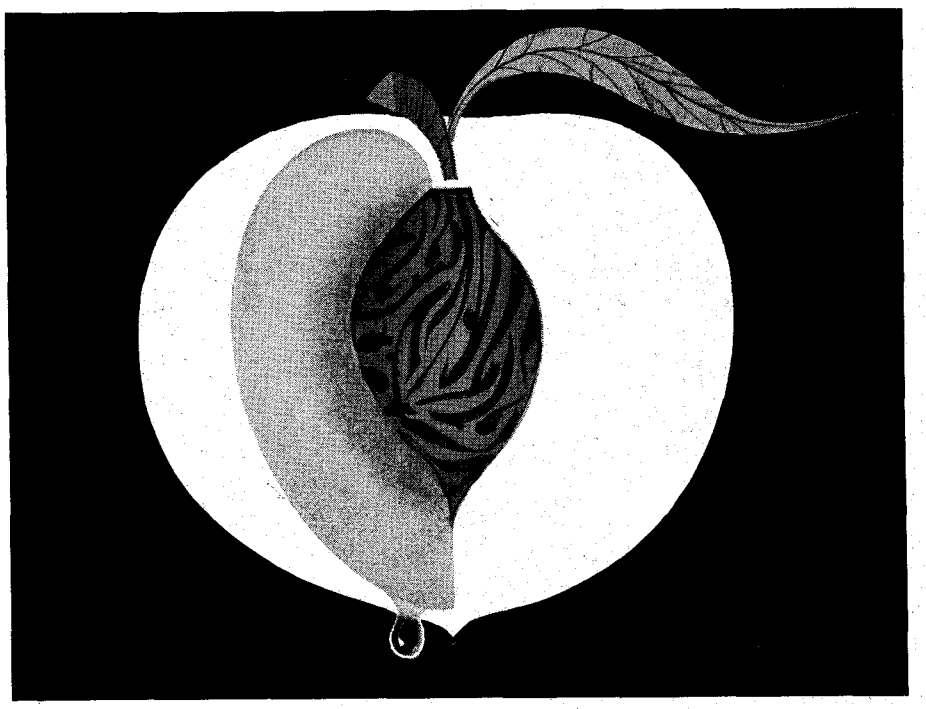
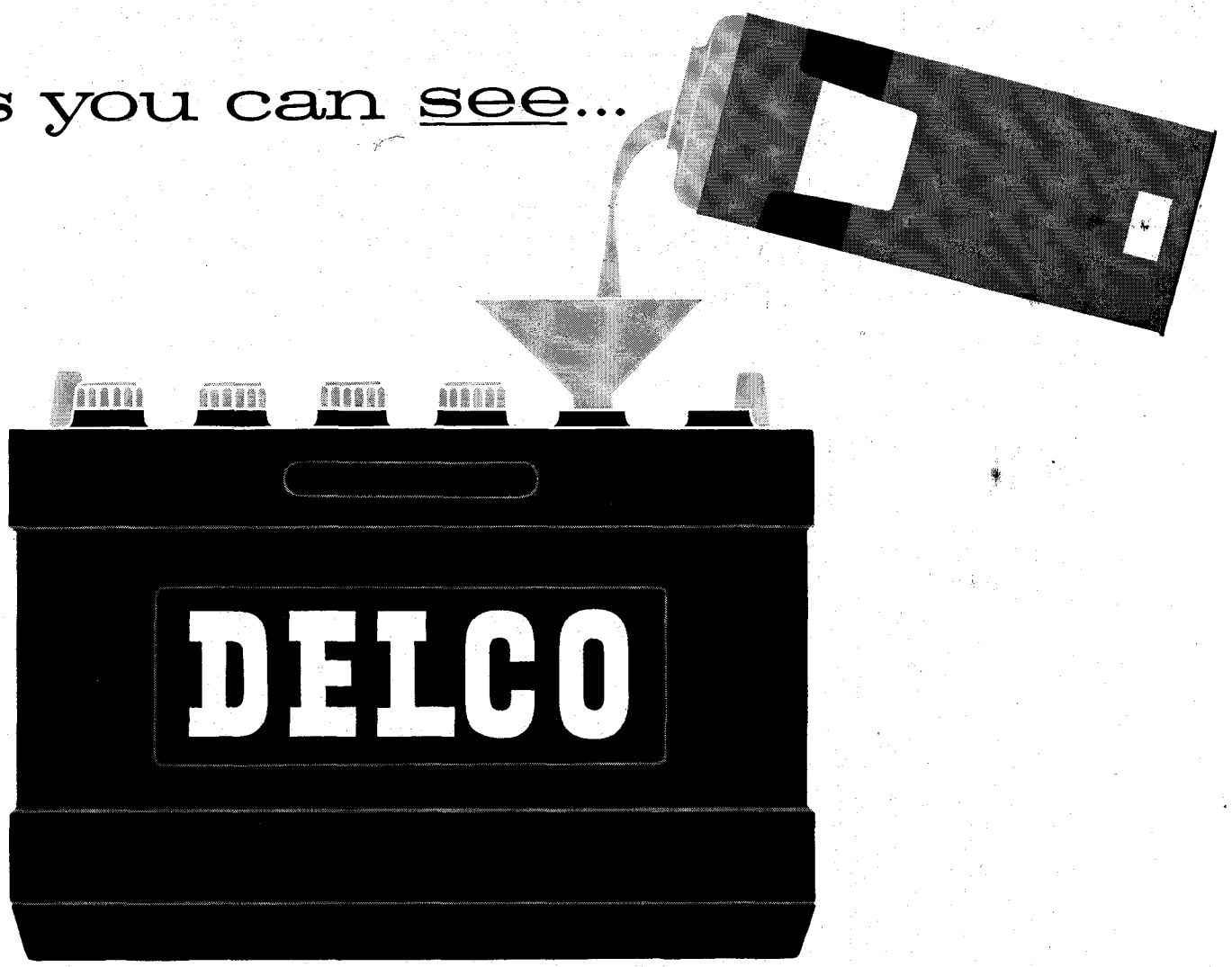


freshness you can see...



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When you buy a battery, make sure you get a new one. Not one that merely looks new on the *outside*, but one that is factory-fresh on the *inside* where it counts. You can be absolutely sure with a Delco "DC"—the Dry Charge battery that can't get old before it's sold! It's kept bone-dry till you buy it. Here is freshness you can believe in, because it's freshness you can see. You watch your dealer add the fluid, and you know that you're getting all the power you pay for. Every Delco battery (yes, even the lowest priced) is backed by a written General Motors warranty that's good all over the United States and Canada, too. Ask your dealer about Delco—it's America's No. 1 battery and No. 1 power value.

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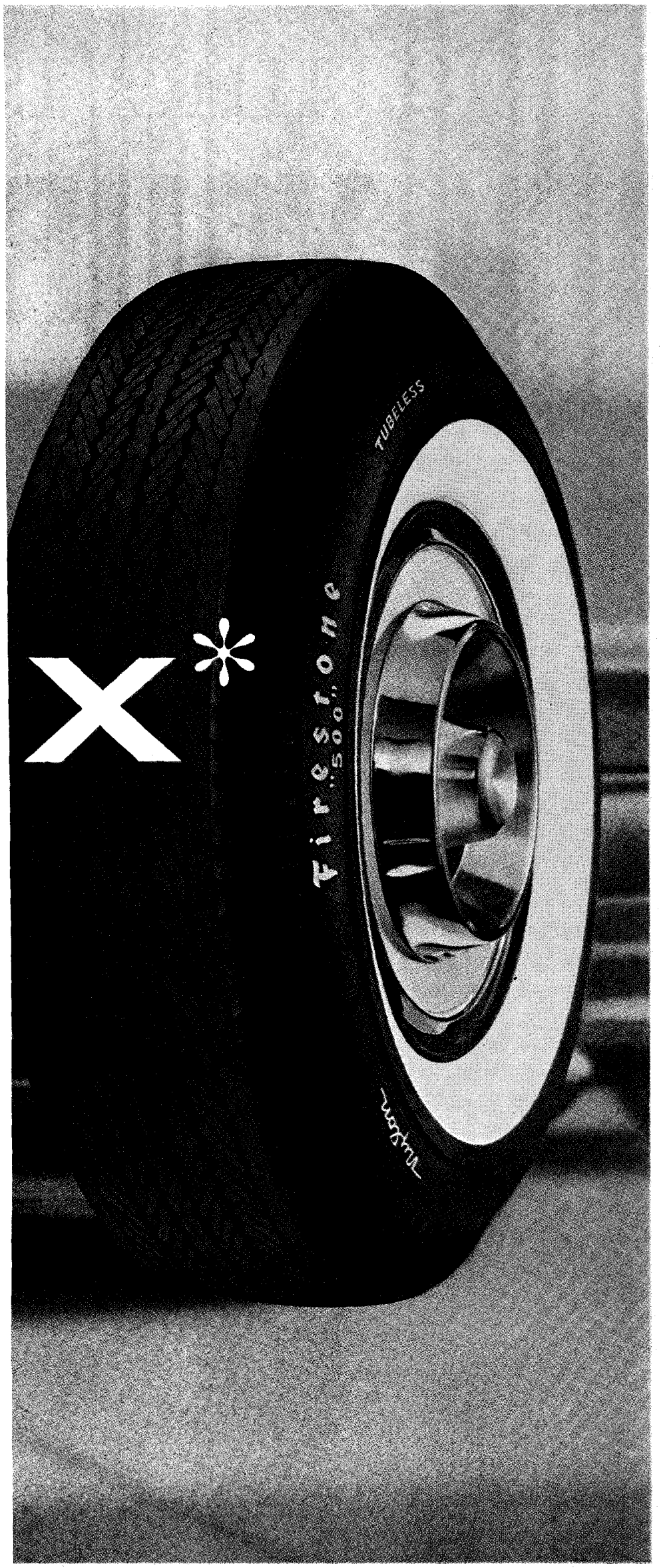
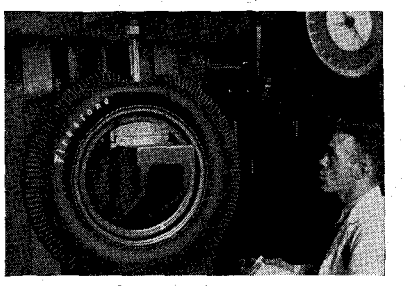
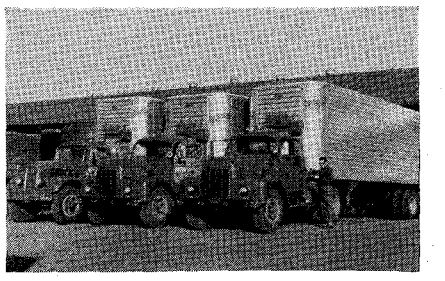


What is Firestone Rubber-X*?

It's a dramatic Firestone development in the evolution of tire rubber. It's the longest wearing material used in tires—and its road-gripping ability increases your driving safety. Months of testing proved its superiority. Check the surprising evidence, below, and you'll get an idea of the great new things you can expect of Firestone Rubber-X, used in all new Firestone tires today!

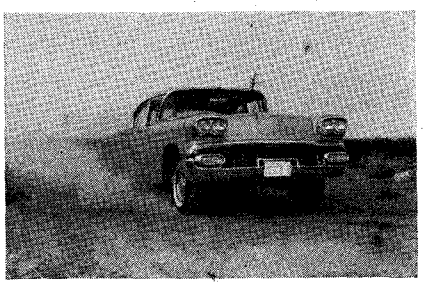


LABORATORY TESTS prove new Firestone Rubber-X superiority in resisting damage due to heat, cracking, aging, abrasion.



FLEET TESTS prove record wearing qualities. Commercial trials show longest mileage and lowest tire cost-per-mile in tire history.

SPEEDWAY TESTS prove new safety. Firestone Rubber-X outlasted and outran all tires in competition on famous speedways.



PROVING GROUND tests confirm that Firestone Rubber-X, in combination with famous S/F Nylon, is unsurpassed for tires.

Firestone scientists and engineers took a long step into the future—and developed Firestone Rubber-X! A radically new kind of tire rubber, it resists abrasion and wear like no other tire material. It now enables Firestone to bring you the longest wearing tires ever made. But this is not the only good news about Firestone Rubber-X!

Due to new and exclusive Firestone formulas for rubber, you get unmatched protection against punctures, blowouts and skidding . . . and Firestone Rubber-X absorbs road shocks with amazing softness. Because this revolutionary tire material resists cracking and aging, tires with Firestone Rubber-X will outlast and outrun all others.

Combined with Firestone's S/F (Safety-Fortified) Nylon, it brings you a totally new type of high-performance tire. Exhaustive tests prove it delivers a safer road-gripping ride at all speeds. It's literally fortified against damage due to heat, impact and puncture.

You'll find tires with new Firestone Rubber-X now on sale at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Buy on convenient terms if you wish, and be sure to specify them when you order your new 1958 car.

**Firestone Rubber-X is an exclusive formula for special new Firestone-made rubbers, plus added ingredients which improve dispersion, heat resistance and extrusion, resulting in higher uniform quality. It is available only in Firestone tires.*

Firestone

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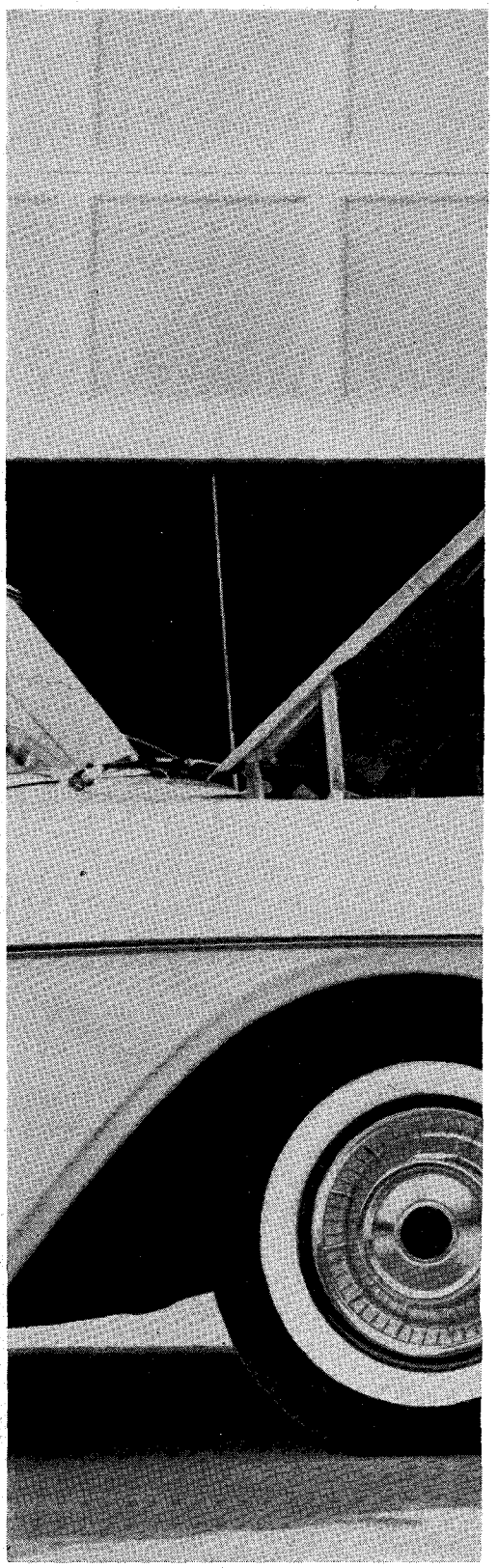
Automotive Experts,** the men who manufacture and service automobiles, trucks and tractors, **agree—

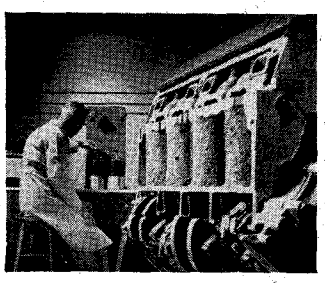
Springtime is DRAIN YOUR

Your cooling system in first class condition can mean better gasoline mileage, more pickup and power, fewer knocks and pings, and most important—worry-free summer driving.



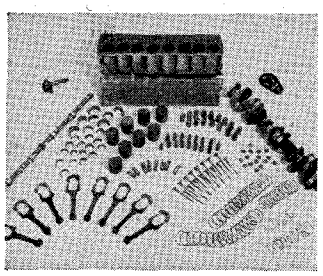
The Dow Chemical Company is a supplier of antifreeze to major oil and automotive companies.

FACT 1. Laboratory tests prove cooling systems should be drained



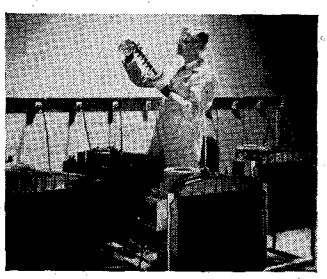
The Dow Automotive Engineering Laboratories recommend that "Where antifreeze has been used, drain the solution in the spring after freezing weather is past; flush the system thoroughly and clean if necessary; then install a fresh filling of summer rust inhibitor and water". This statement is corroborated by hours of laboratory tests under actual driving conditions. The combination of increased horsepower and high-octane fuel means increased heat and more work for your cooling system. Although all top quality antifreezes contain chemical rust inhibitors, these inhibitors break down during a season's use, giving rust a chance to form on the inside of your engine.

FACT 2. Your cooling system directly affects 141 engine parts



This picture illustrates the number of engine parts directly affected by the operation of your cooling system. If clogged with rust and corrosion, you can get faulty performance from your radiator, valve guides, cylinder walls, valve seats, oil pump, water pump, bearings, pistons, piston pins, valve tappets, valve springs, piston rings, timing gear, gaskets, thermostats, heater and defroster. Once the inside of the cooling system is contaminated with rust and corrosion, engine heat is not efficiently taken away, and the excess heat leads to trouble with all these vital parts. The best procedure is to prevent cooling system trouble before it starts.

FACT 3. "Permanent" antifreeze should only be used for one winter



Engineers and leading automotive experts agree that "permanent" antifreeze *is* permanent—*for one winter of driving!* Hard use wears out the rust inhibitors that protect the sensitive inside walls of your cooling system. The antifreeze solution itself won't freeze, but it is subject to rust. And, additional rust inhibitors may or may not mix with the antifreeze formulation in your cooling system. Antifreezes of major oil and automotive companies are the best protection money can buy for the winter—not for the hot summer months ahead. So to be sure, use antifreeze—no matter what kind or brand—for one winter only.

FACT 4. Expert cooling system service will mean better all-around engine performance

A few minutes spent with your regular serviceman can mean many hours of trouble-free driving. While draining your radiator, your favorite serviceman will also see if the cooling system should be flushed and cleaned. He will check gaskets, water pump, thermostats, fan belt and many of the parts mentioned in Fact 2, above. He knows what to look for and how to fix things that have gone wrong or are worn out. By placing your car, truck or tractor in his capable hands, you are insuring yourself the best possible engine performance all summer long. This expert service will mean much to the life of your engine.

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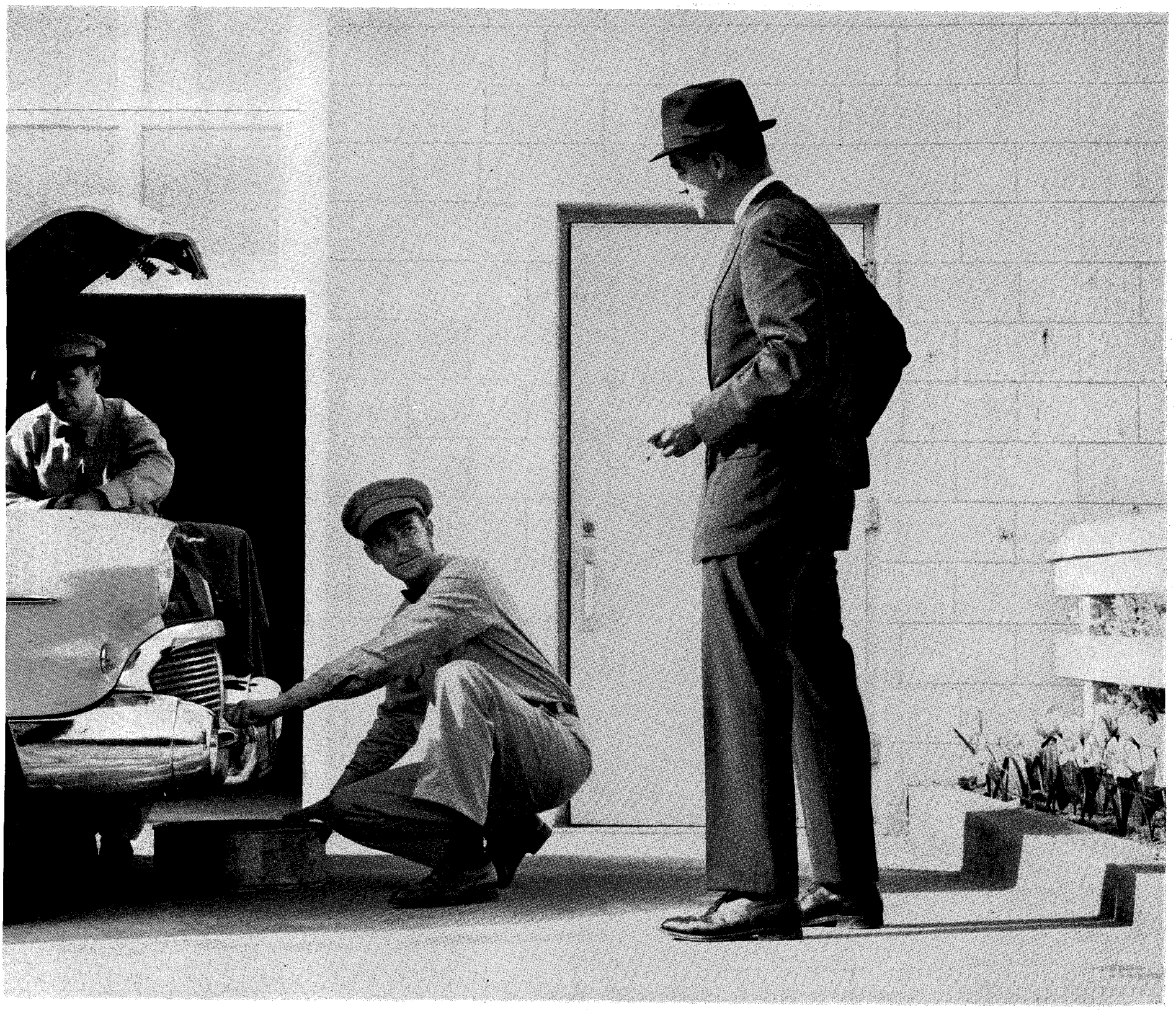
the time to RADIATOR



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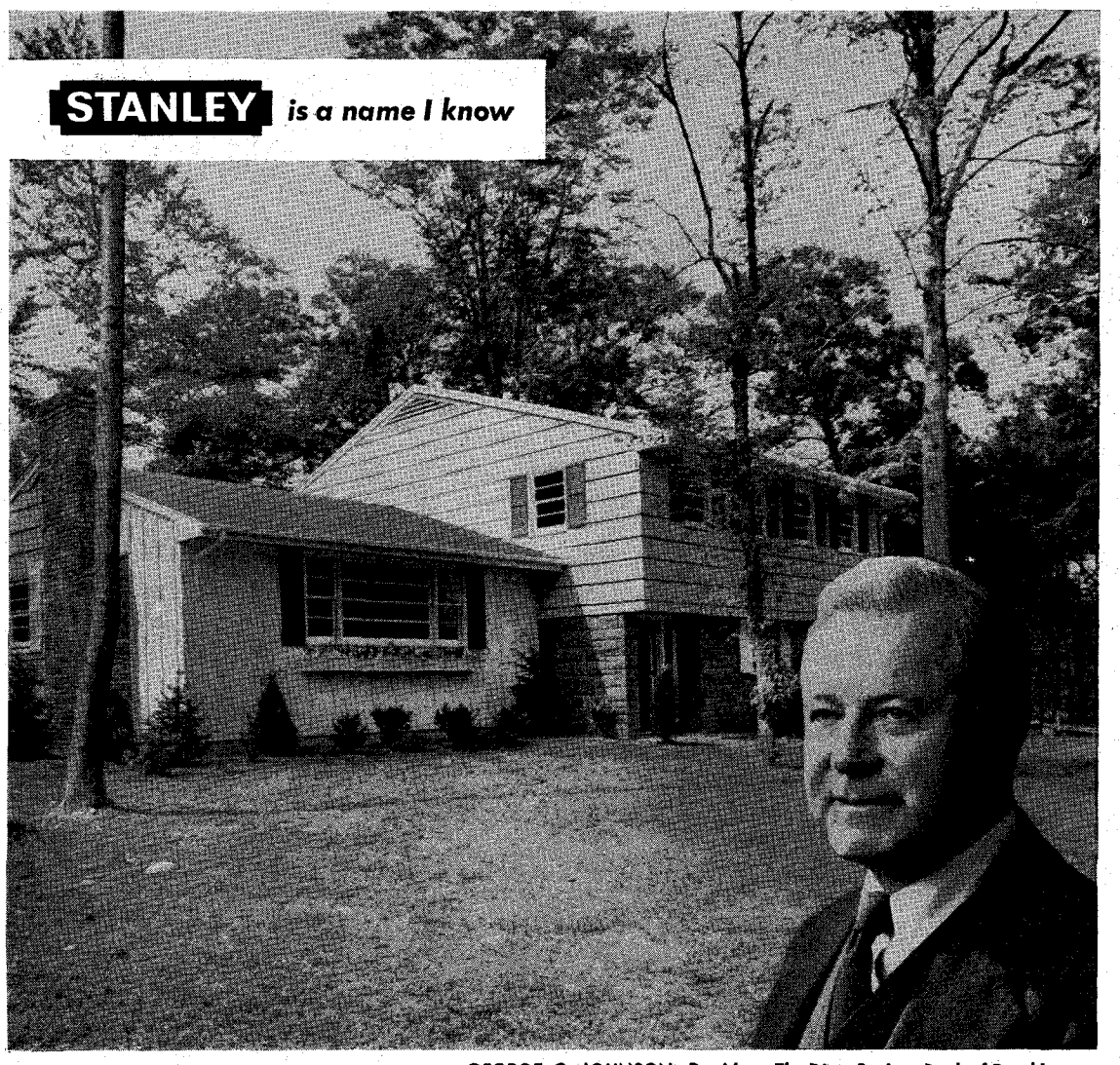


GEORGE C. JOHNSON, President, The Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn

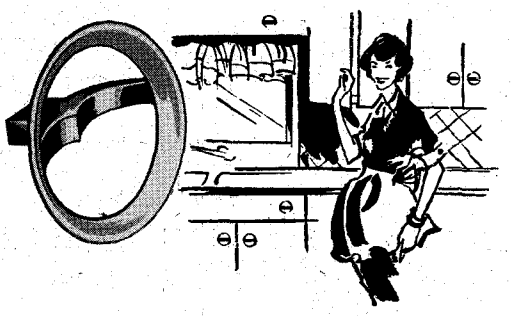
"Best investment today is the best new home you can afford"

"A home represents the biggest single investment most families are ever called upon to make. Fortunately, it's an eminently sound one. For one thing, you enjoy the fruits of money that you are also saving.

"Secondly, you exert direct control over your investment. Your own foresight and efforts determine the dividends you can anticipate while you live there and if you sell.

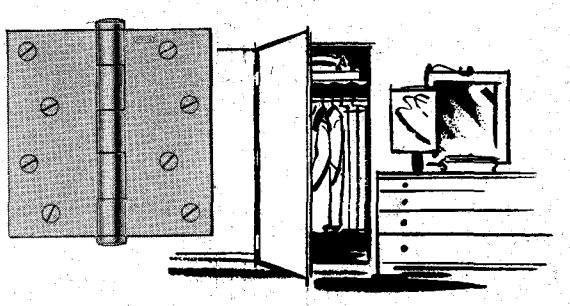
"This is especially true in the case of a new house, where you control this investment from the very start."

One excellent guide to the soundness of this investment is the builder's choice of hardware, which points up the quality of construction and materials in the entire home. As little as $25 more for *good* hardware is an investment both in better living and future dividends.

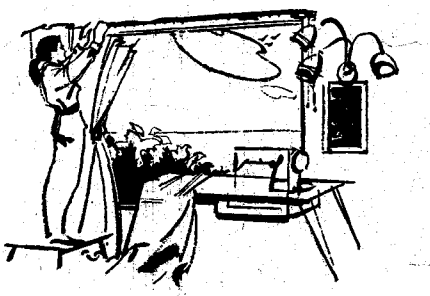


There's a smart Stanley cabinet hardware style for every kitchen decor. Ask about new, modernistic "Floating Rings" and colored ceramics.

More valuable space in every room is created by folding or sliding doors that operate noiselessly on hardware made better by Stanley.

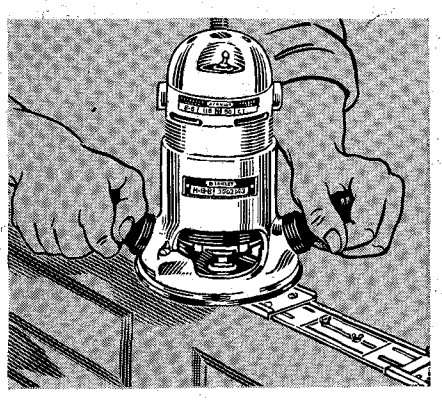


Stanley's "241" is the Hinge Standard of the World for interior doors. Doors swing freely, longer, on these hinges with new non-rising pins.

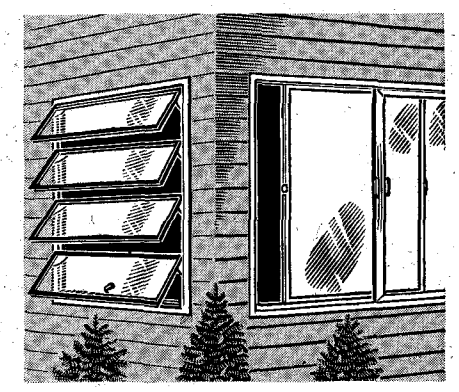


Stanley Heavy Duty "Duraglide" traverse drapery rods for windows up to 18 feet wide. Sturdy, smart and easy-operating, they hang your draperies as you want them.

STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE

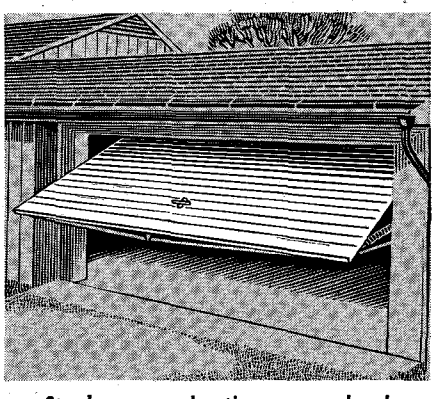


Stanley router mortises hinges, planes doors, makes hundreds of cuts faster and *better. ½ hp router costs only $45.50.*



Stanley aluminum windows — awning or jalousie, sliding, single or double hung — *for draft-free comfort the year round.*

Stanley "Cape Cod" cafe rods with gleaming brass ends, specially priced from *79¢, for windows up to 90 inches wide.*



Stanley upward-acting garage hardware. Quiet and easy "Free-Way" action, *with inclined track for weather-tight fit.*

STANLEY

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

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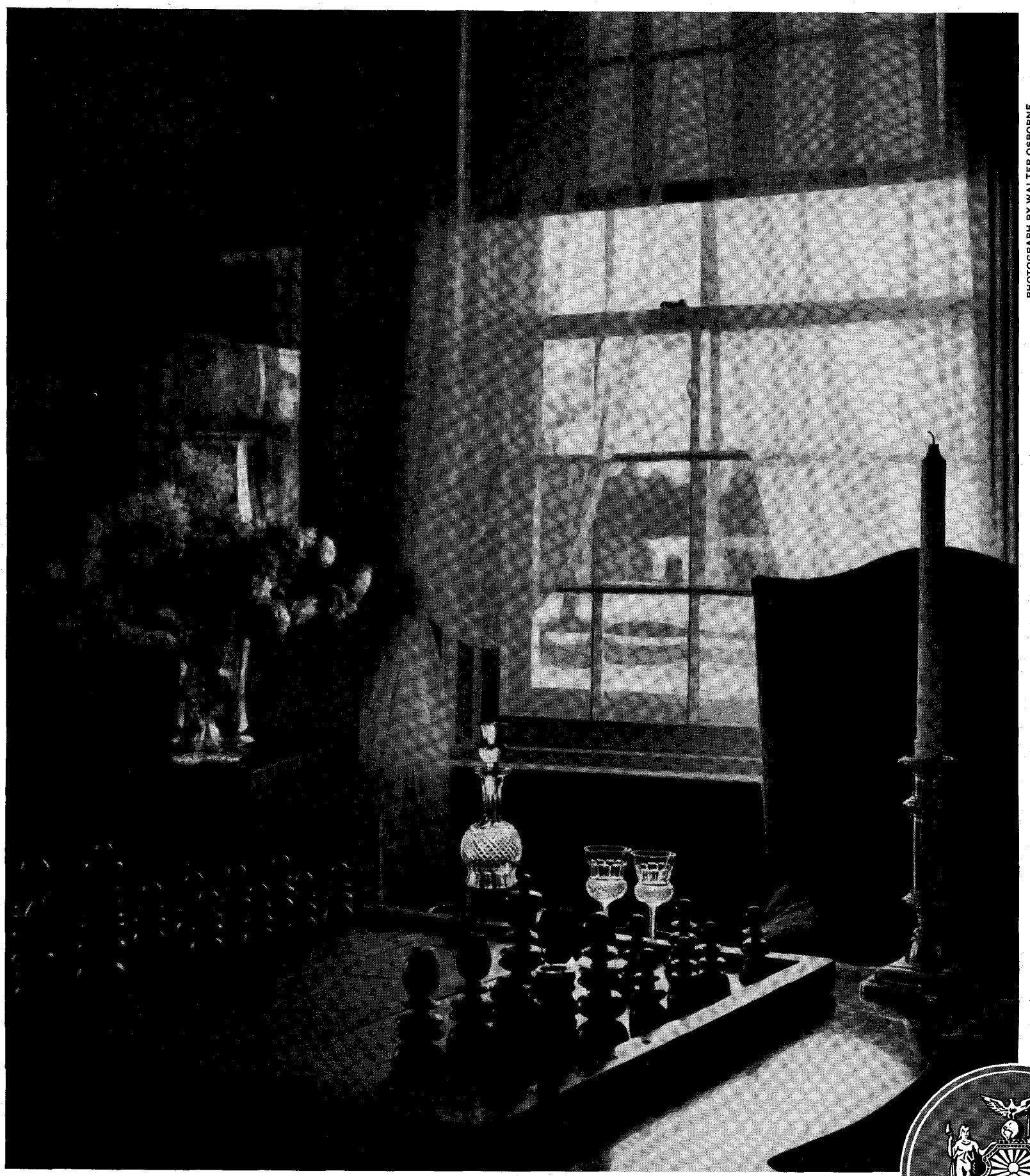

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER OSBORNE

THE STAMP OF LEADERSHIP

No Place Like Home

This room, this house, and a New York State boyhood inspired the lyric, "Home, Sweet Home." Author John Howard Payne lived here as a child and remembered its charm all his life.

A century later, the sixteen million people who live in New York State still believe there's no place like it for "home." Many find their place in the serenity of its rich country lands. Others choose the excitement and fresh opportunity of its wonderful cities. In this big state, the choice is wide.

Business and industrial leaders recognize this. Each day over the past three years, there has been an average of one and one-half new plants or plant expansions completed in New York State.

Whether you are now thinking of a vacation, new plant site or a great place to live, consider New York State and its multitude of advantages. Write Commissioner Edward T. Dickinson, Room 116, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York, for detailed information about your particular interests.

STATE OF NEW YORK
AVERELL HARRIMAN
Governor

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Would you call this fair play?

Umpire gives "Visitors" a special advantage by tagging out a "Home" team runner at the plate. "Home" team has to play by the regular rules. Would you call *this* fair play?

Hardly—yet you and most Americans face that same kind of unfairness all the time with some of your taxes.

About 23 cents out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, several million families and businesses escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in yours. They are people whose electricity comes from federal government electric systems.

And *you* have to help make up the taxes they escape.

Most Americans think everyone should pay his fair share of taxes. Don't you agree?

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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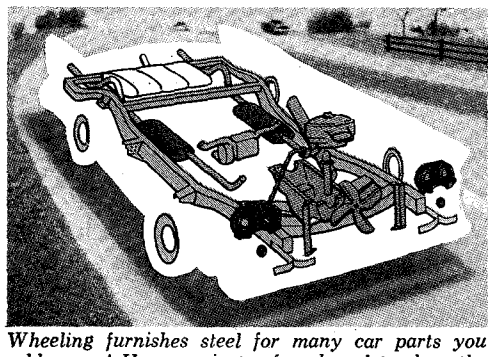
From wheel to wheel it's Wheeling steel that's what new cars are made of



Wheeling furnishes steel for many car parts you seldom see! Here are just a few, keyed to show the type of Wheeling steel they're usually made from. ■ *Wheeling* SOFTITE *Galvanized Steel* ▒ *Hot-Rolled Steel* ▪ *Cold-Rolled Steel* *Long-Terne Steel*

Start at the massive front bumper . . . back to the flaring tail fin. Just about every part in a modern car is fabricated from strong, easily worked sheet steel.

Always a major automotive supplier, Wheeling now furnishes steel that's far superior to any available even a few years ago — strong, ductile steel that frees the imagination of top American stylists.

Wheeling Steel helps the engineer, too. For example, Wheeling's SOFTITE — a long-lasting steel that's protected by the world's tightest zinc coating — successfully combats corrosive exhaust fumes. The result is tougher, safer mufflers for your car.

What's more, Wheeling "Sheet Steel" now comes in huge coils that often contain a single mile-long length of steel that greatly reduces the scrap loss formerly encountered during fabrication.

So next time you take a drive in your car, look at the strong, tough metal that made it possible. Then you'll see why top automotive stylists and engineers agree — *you can always rely on steel . . . Wheeling steel.* Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Virginia.

IT'S WHEELING STEEL

WHEELING STEEL

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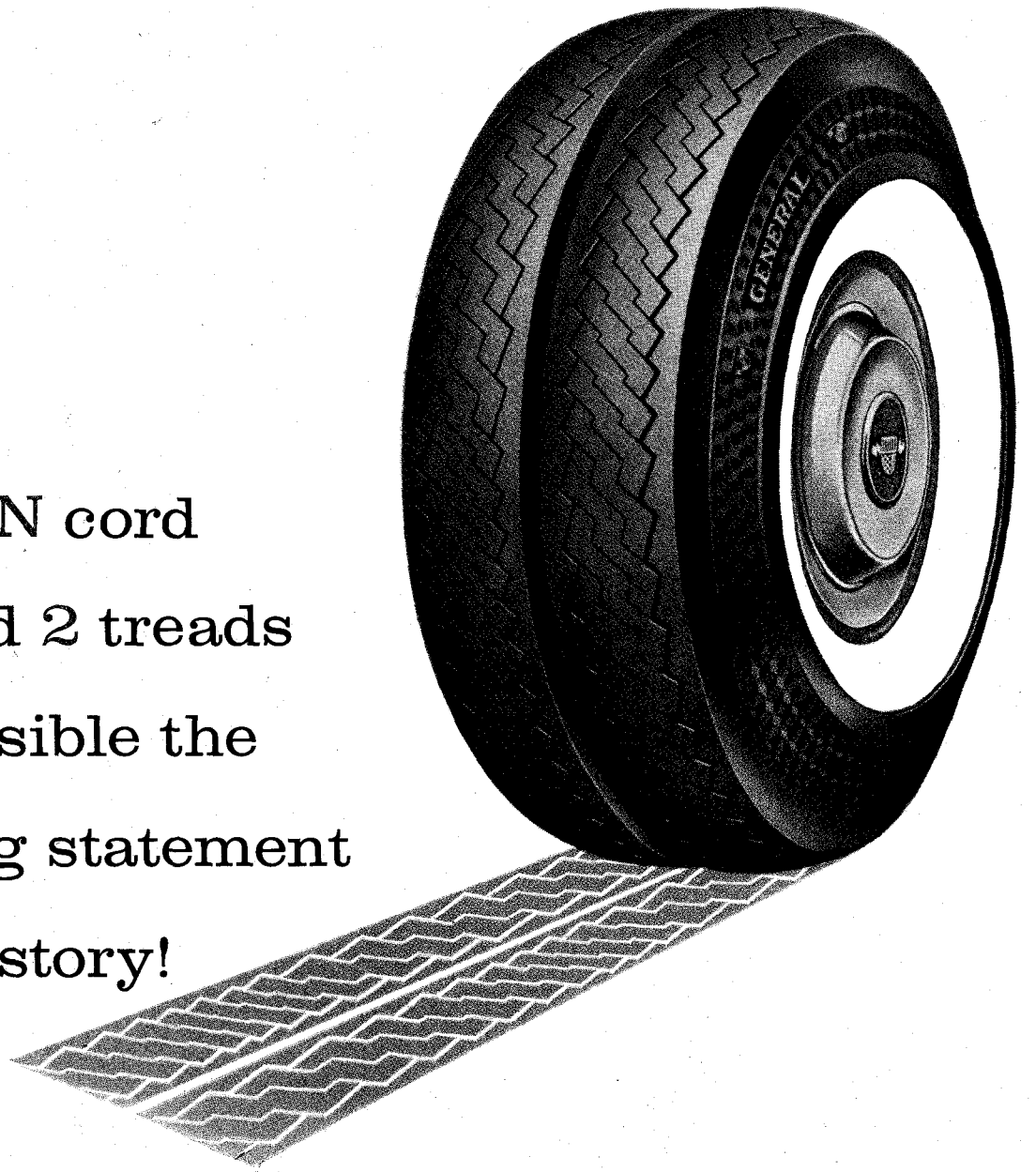


Only NYGEN cord
and 2 treads
make possible the
most daring statement
in tire history!

We pay for road service if you have a puncture!

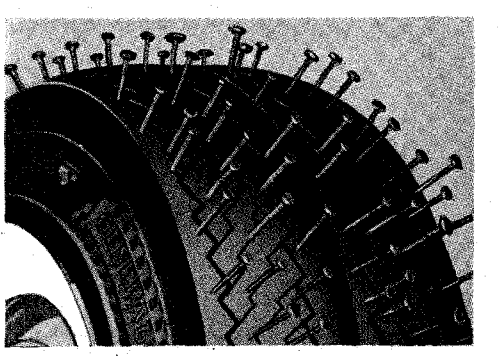
General's exclusive Strataseal construction seals punctures as you roll . . . makes possible this daring statement. See your General Tire Dealer or favorite Automobile Agency.

There's a world of difference between tires that are merely puncture "resistant" and the Dual 90, the Nygen Tire with 2-treads.

The Dual 90 seals as it rolls. And you can withdraw the puncturing object without losing a single pound of air.

This is priceless protection in traffic and at night. And a wonderful convenience anytime.

Enjoy the complete peace of mind of puncture-free driving. Call on your local General Tire Dealer for a demonstration.



NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES! 301 nails were driven into this General Dual 90 without the loss of a single pound of air!

GENERAL DUAL 90

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The Hospitals Fight Their Toughest War

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

A tough, penicillin-resistant germ haunts hospitals. As a result, some patients pick up an ailment worse than the one they came in with. . . .

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Our hospitals are currently waging a quiet war against one of the toughest germs ever to take up residence in their aseptic precincts. Not since the pre-sulfa-drug era, when serious infections were unavoidably frequent, has a garden variety of bacteria caused so much fuss and concern.

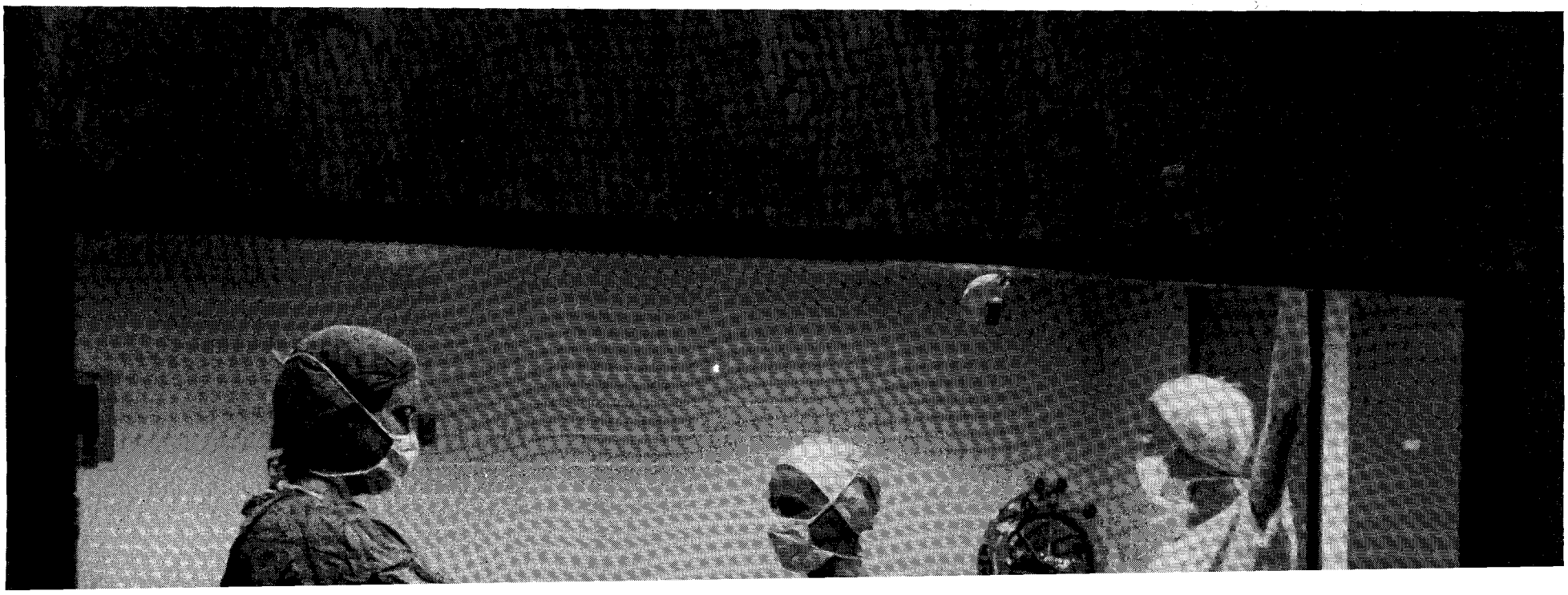
The troublemaker is a by-product of our antibiotic age, a germ that has become resistant to penicillin and to many of the other "wonder drugs" we have used so freely and confidently against the infections that plague us. It is a particular type or strain of the common Staphylococcus aureus, sometimes called the "golden staph" from its color in a laboratory culture.

Staphylococci have always been widely scattered among us, but in the past twenty years most of us had forgotten they were ever dangerous. Now this resistant breed is turning up in epidemic proportions as the cause of painful boils and abscesses, hard-to-cure infections of the digestive, urinary and respiratory tracts, and fatal pneumonias. Much of the Asian-influenza mortality in some cities has resulted from the staph invading lungs already weakened by the flu virus.

While the very young and the very old have been its principal victims, it has afflicted all ages—three-day-old babies, young mothers, college students and grandparents. In fact, the problem microbe often spreads through families in just that sequence, starting with the new-born infant who picked it up in the hospital nursery, and whose body has broken out in ugly sores.

Once in the family circle it may cause havoc for an exasperatingly long time. The nursing infant passes the infection to the mother's breast, which becomes abscessed and has to be

Behind this ominous sign on the door of a special operating room at Philadelphia's Temple University Hospital, nurses make ready for surgery on a staph-infected patient.



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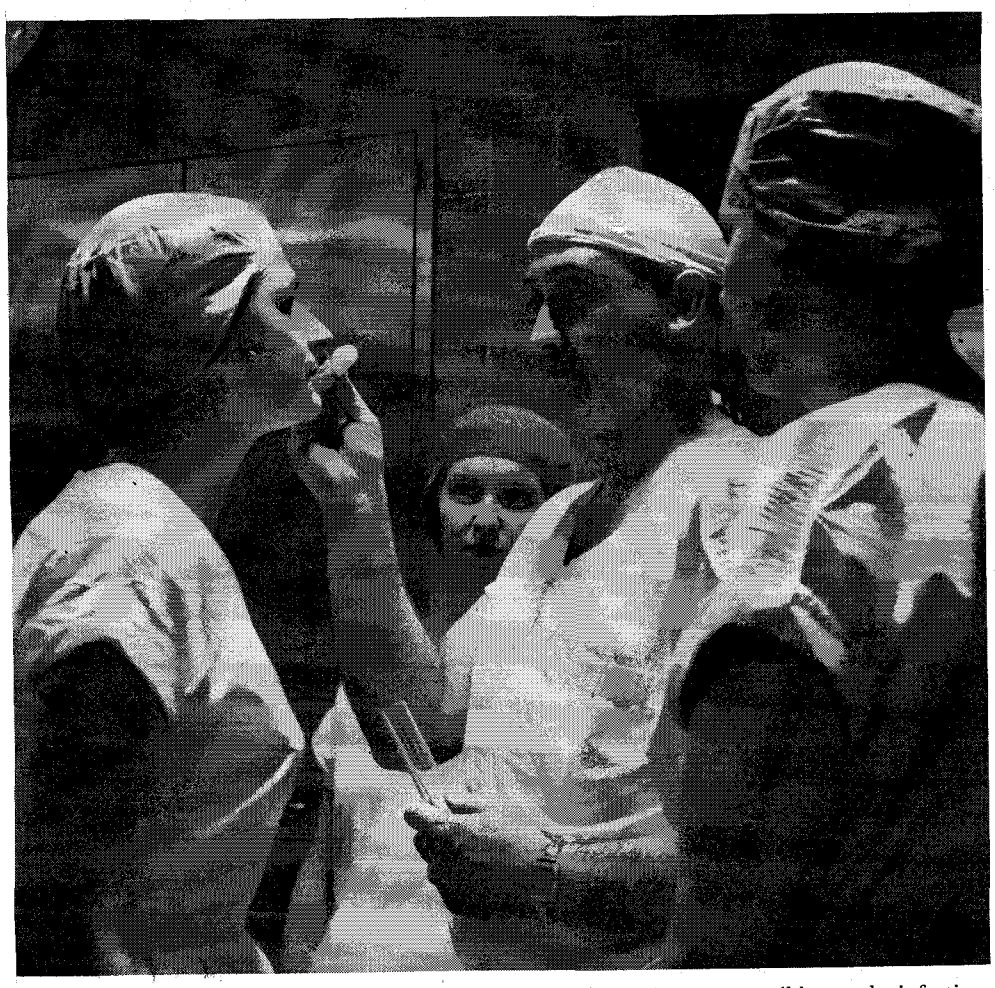
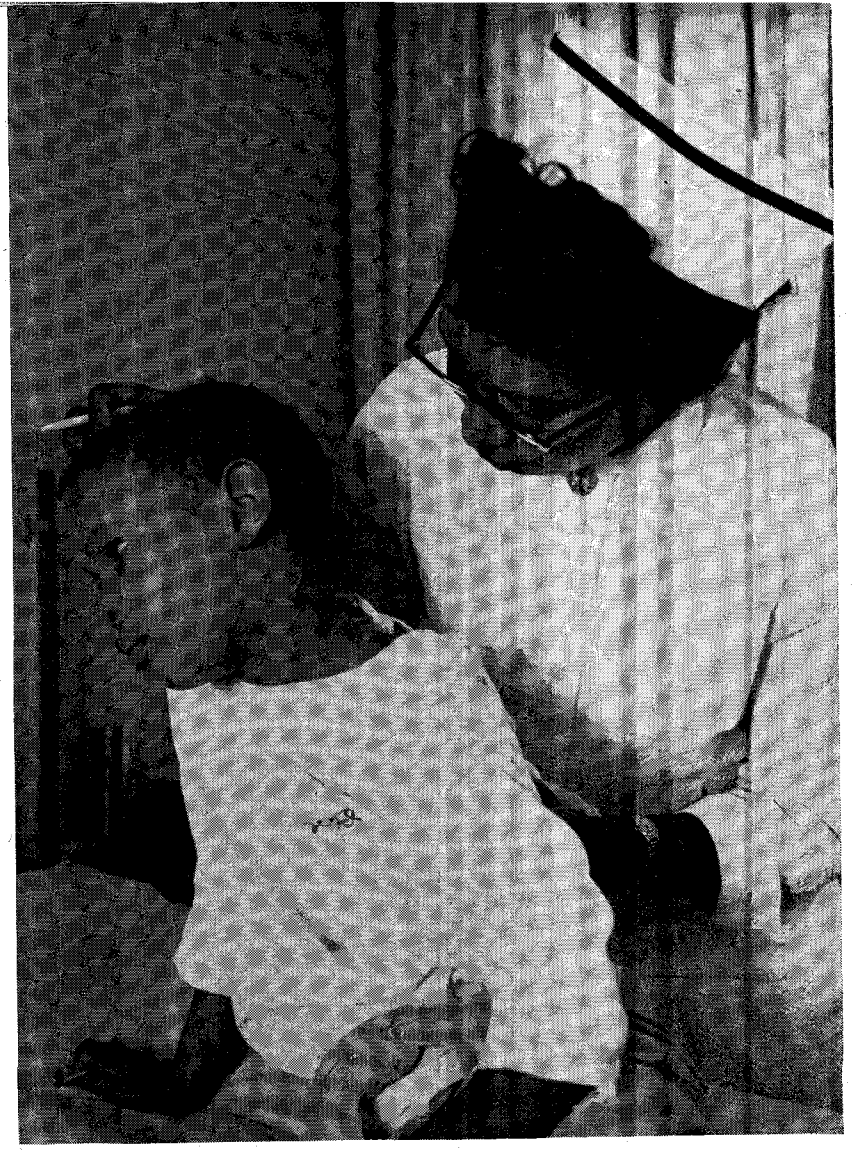
Photographs by Larry Keighley



Temple uses exhaustive and frequent tests to discover possible staph infections among its personnel. Here Dr. Elbert Close takes a culture from nurse's nose.

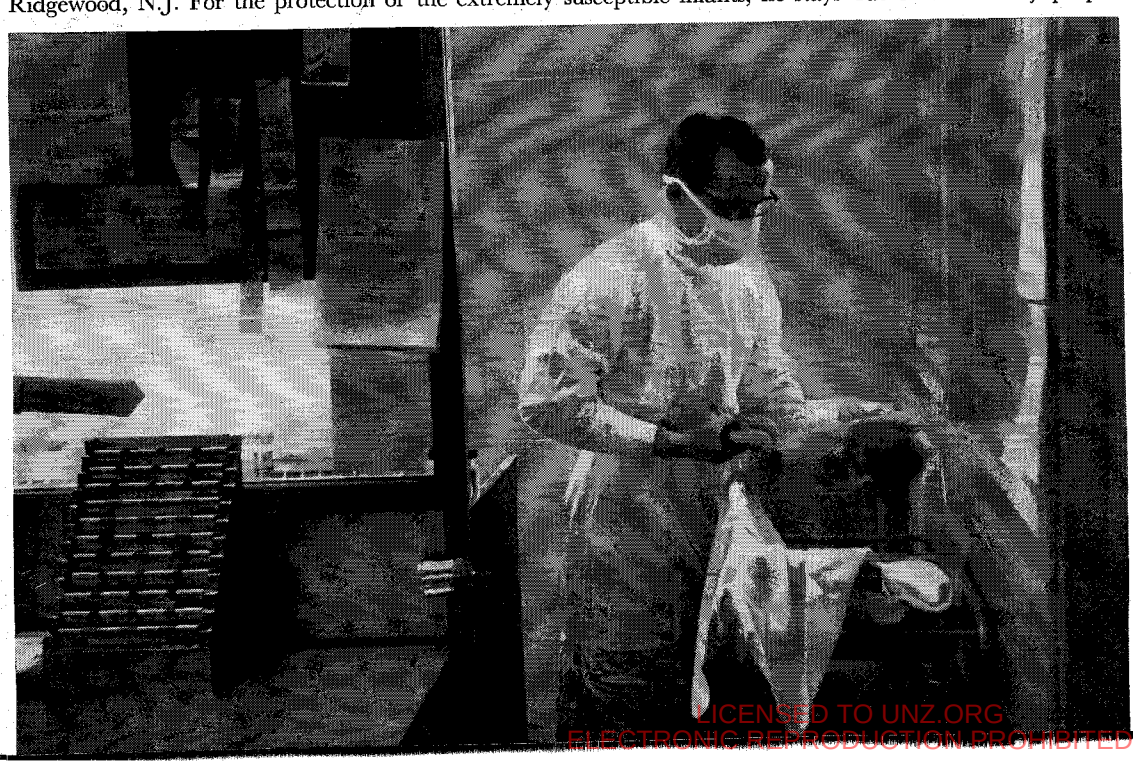


Staph caused the lesion on the neck of this six-year-old at New York's Hospital for Joint Diseases. He apparently is recovering, but some staph infections are fatal.

incised and drained. The father, helping to care for the baby, gets a large, angry boil on his arm, and this is soon surrounded by a crop of what the doctors call "satellite" boils. Meanwhile, other members come down with "the bug" in one form or another, and 'round and 'round the infection goes, for month after month. A single abscess has been known to drain for nearly a year. And in some instances a mother who contracted a hospital infection when her first child was born has brought the germ back to the same hospital more than a year later, when returning for the birth of her second baby. This has promptly started another small epidemic.

Fortunately, the staph germ does not gallop through a neighborhood, like measles or chicken pox. It thrives best in the intimate contacts of home or hospital. Here, however, it is a notorious offender on several counts. First, it remains impervious to penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin and most other antibiotics. Second, it fights off and sometimes destroys the scavenging white blood corpuscles mobilized by the body to combat it. And third, it seems to be much more virulent than most staphylococci, even aside from the treatment difficulties. The boils are nastier, the pneumonias more prostrating and more apt to terminate fatally.

Masked and gloved, Dr. Louis Pyle examines a new baby in the nursery office of the Valley Hospital at Ridgewood, N.J. For the protection of the extremely susceptible infants, he stays out of the nursery proper.



Moreover, the bacterial invasion is nation-wide and world-wide. The same "epidemic" strain of staph has been reported from Boston to Seattle to Houston, and it has caused trouble in England, Germany, India, New Zealand and Australia. Some authorities insist that any hospital which hasn't seen it simply hasn't been looking. Others have called the outbreak in this country "the most widespread and fatal of all acute infections."

Since there have always been occasional mild cases of infections arising in hospitals, no matter how careful everyone has been, the arrival of this tough new germ was often not recognized until it had struck one or two heavy blows.

There was the story of Mrs. K., a middle-aged woman happily convalescing from a successful heart operation in a large Eastern hospital. A friendly and generous soul, she would spend several hours each day doing little chores for one of her roommates in their semiprivate room, a younger woman too ill to do much for herself. Mrs. K. would help comb her friend's hair, bring fresh drinking water or get a bed jacket out of the closet. Then one night, a few days before she was to have gone home, Mrs. K. suffered a chill and a severe chest pain. Her temperature rose. It was soon apparent that she had pneumonia. In spite of massive doses of penicillin and other antibiotics, her lungs filled up rapidly. On the fourth day she died.

Mrs. K.'s pneumonia was not a complication of her heart surgery. It was caused, the laboratory studies showed, by a resistant "hospital strain" of staphylococcus—one she had contracted from the roommate whom she'd been helping.

(Continued on Page 107)

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MAN With MAGIC FINGERS

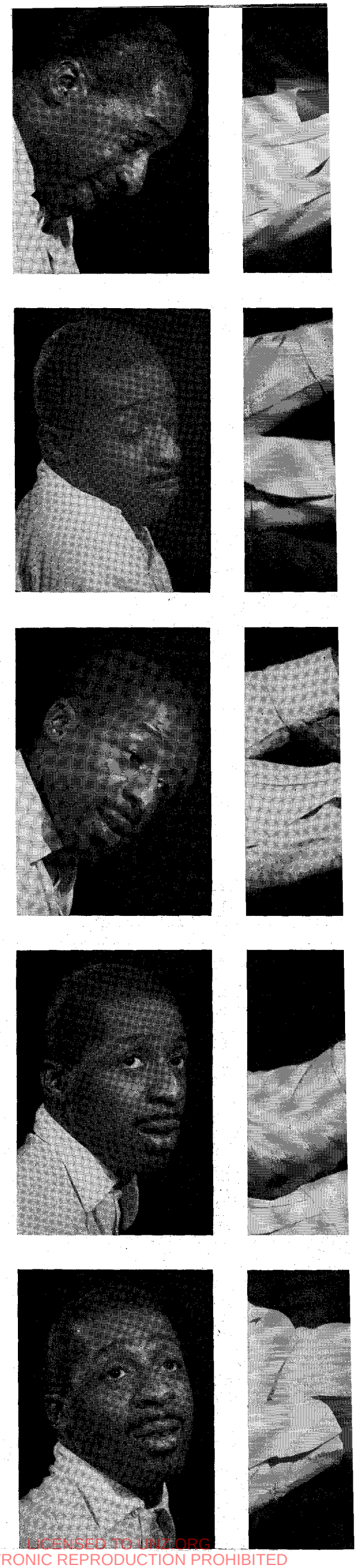
By Dean Jennings

"I don't know what I do or how I do it," says Erroll Garner, shy genius of the jazz piano. He can't read a note, but he makes $200,000 a year.

Erroll Louis Garner is a stubby little bachelor from Pittsburgh with eyes as soft as melted fudge, a nose like a boat hook, and a practically invisible goatee which clings precariously beneath his lower lip.

He has no car, home or office, and lives out of suitcases which often contain no clothes because he has absent-mindedly left them behind in a hotel. He conducts a six-figure business on street corners or in phone booths, and he is an insomniac inhabitant of the smoky, nocturnal world of jazz where cats growl, cool is hot and the natives dig things with their ears. He has never owned a piano or taken music lessons. He cannot read or write a note of music, and until recently thought that Bach was a kind of beer. Nevertheless, in the throbbing domain of the jazz piano, thirty-six-year-old Erroll Garner is the most.

Last summer, on the eve of an unprecedented solo performance with the full Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Garner talked to a new insurance agent about some policies, and impishly gave his occupation as "a lil ol' piano player." (Continued on Page 70)



The photographs at right show five phases of Garner in a creative mood. "I relive my life at the piano, plus all the real that's coming out of me."

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The Girl in the Tree

Every morning she was there—a pretty girl in a bathing suit and long red tights.

By DANA BURNET

It was Thursday in Lymington, Connecticut. It was Thursday in a lot of other places, too, but in the small coastal town where I live, the fifth day of the week has a special significance for me. For on Thursdays my wife, Jane, goes to the local beauty parlor to have her hair done, and so forth. She comes home around noontime with curled locks, polished nails and a spirit refreshed by the latest bit of village gossip, which she passes on to me during lunch. Thus my spirit is also refreshed and at times uplifted, as it was on a certain Thursday last autumn.

Indian summer had descended on Lymington. That morning a hot sun shone down, so I decided that Jane and I would have lunch on our lawn. Exploring for food, I happily found in the refrigerator a bowl of salad, some hard-boiled eggs, a pitcher of lemonade and some cellophane-wrapped sandwiches which apparently my wife had made and forgotten. Carrying all this provender outdoors, I arranged it on a table near the seawall—our place is on the water front—where Jane and I could look, as we ate, at the sparkling waters of Little Narragansett Bay. I mention these lyric details because they all contributed to the charm of the setting in which, when my wife arrived, she told me her newly gleaned tale.

"Darling, I'm glad you thought of lunching out here," she said as she kissed me. "I had the same idea when I got up this morning. That's why I fixed a cold lunch before I left. I see you found it all in the refrigerator."

"Yes," I said. "But I didn't realize you'd fixed it. I thought I was finding all that food by mere chance."

"Oh, no," Jane said, sitting down at the table. "Important things don't happen by chance. Not in this world, they don't. I mean, you always have to do something if you want something else to happen, don't you think?"

"You mean like making sandwiches if you expect to eat them?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Or like Rosie Beckwith waving at that plane."

I also sat down at the table. I had something of the feeling I have in a theater just before the curtain goes up.

"What plane did Rosie Beckwith wave at," I asked, "and why did she wave?"

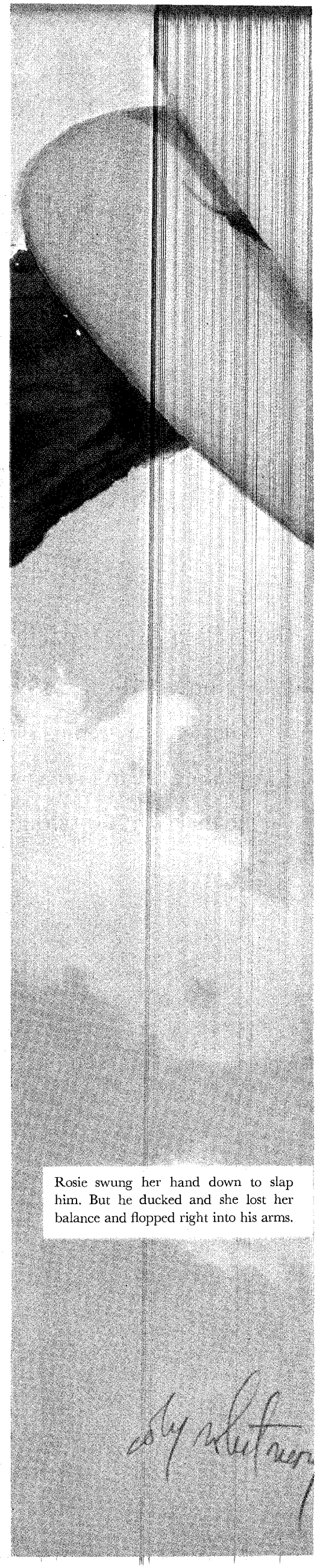
"Well, that's just it," Jane said. "That's what I'm going to tell you. And it's all true too—but you needn't look disappointed! It's just as interesting as if someone made it up, though I must say I thought the girls were gossiping when I first got to Sally's. They were simply buzzing in every booth."

I knew that the Lymington beauty parlor was known formally as Sally's Salon, but I found my wife's reference to "the girls" rather vague.

"Please be specific," I said. "Who was buzzing—the customers or the hairdressers?"

(Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore



Rosie swung her hand down to slap him. But he ducked and she lost her balance and flopped right into his arms.

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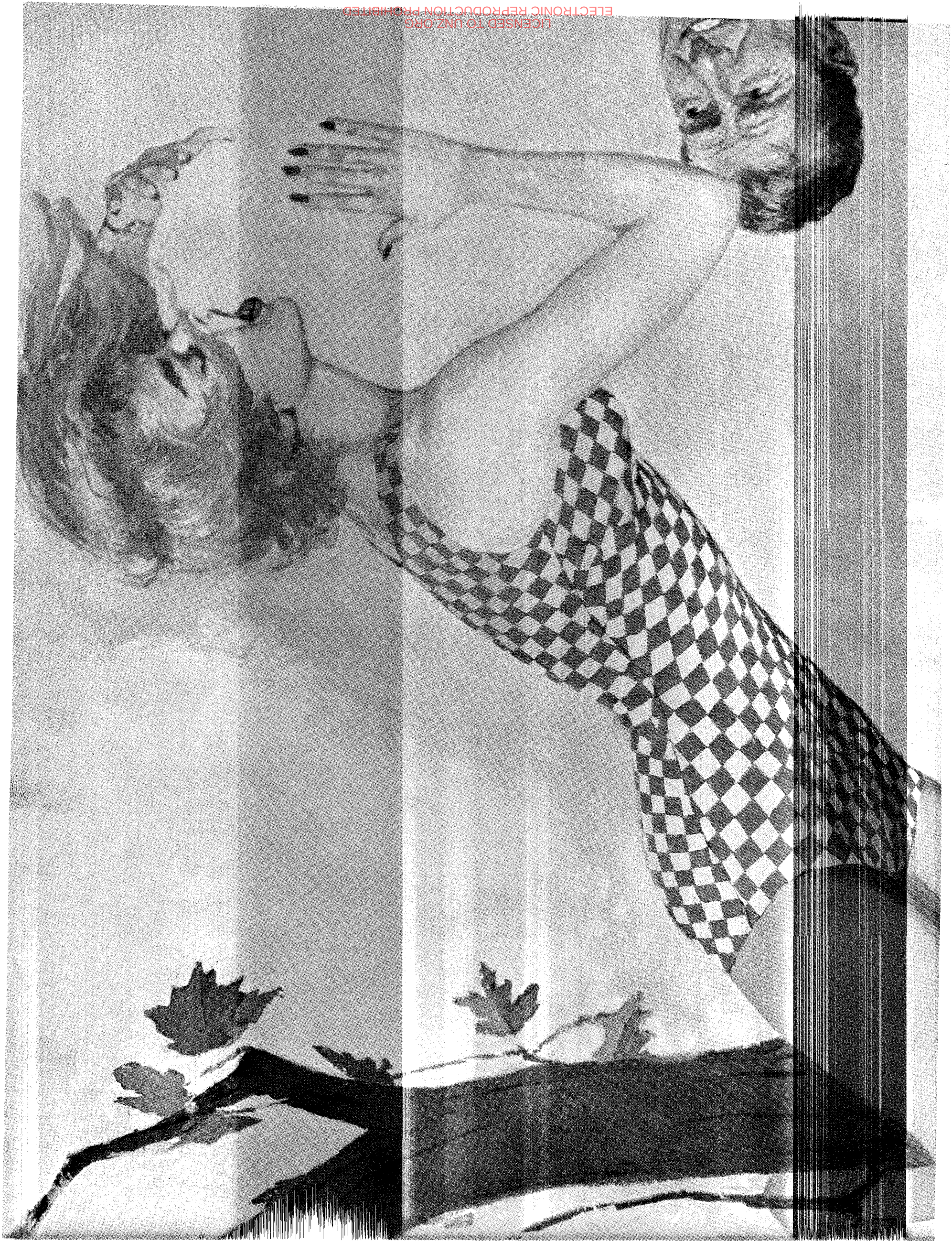
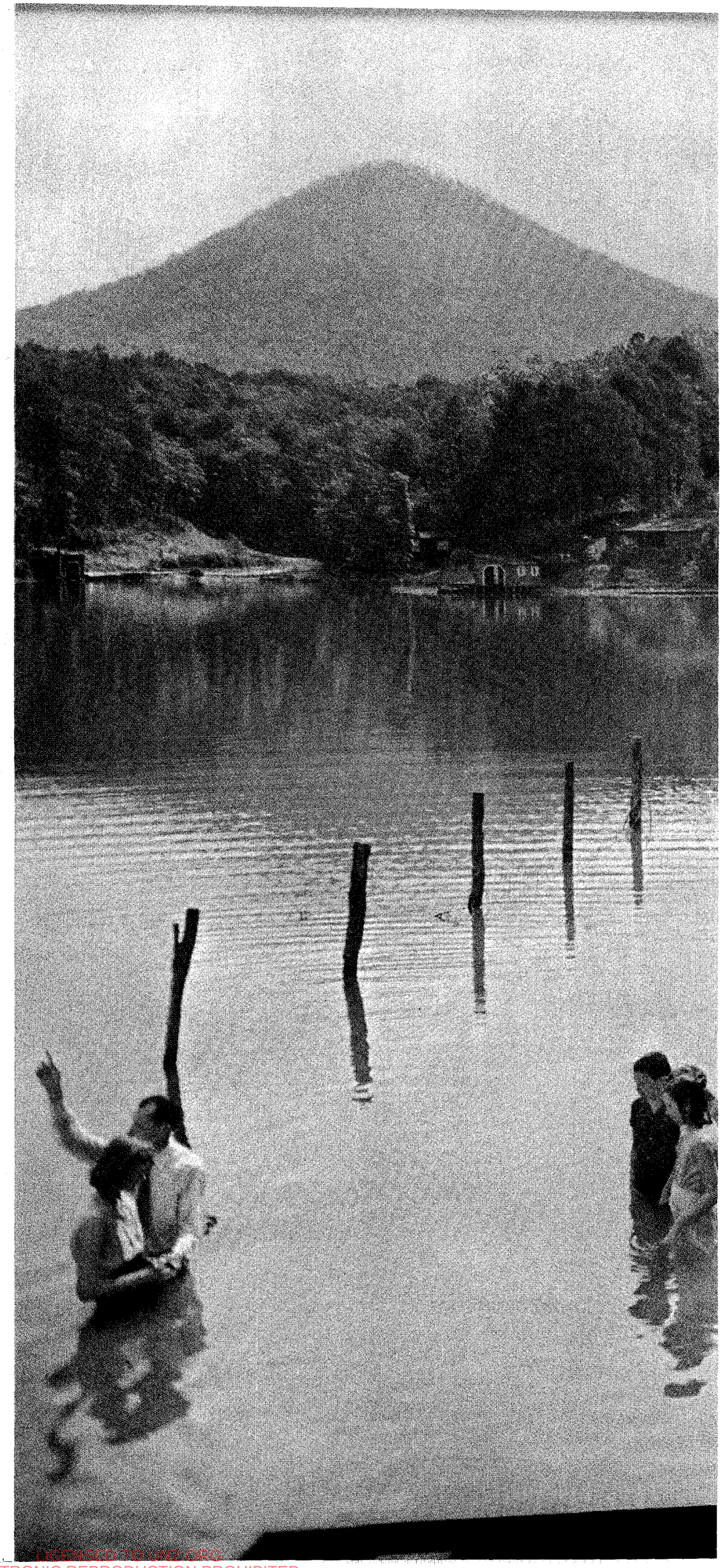


The Face of AMERICA

Outdoor Baptism

When Baptist pioneers spread through the green valleys and pine-covered mountains of the South, they named their churches after features of their new landscape and they held fast to the strict articles of their faith, including a belief that baptism, the symbolic washing away of sin, should be performed by immersion in natural waters, such as those of Lake Grandview at the foot of Sharptop Mountain. So it is that on the second Sunday of each August, the members of the Sharptop Baptist Church of Jasper, Georgia, gather on these shores to witness the rite by which young applicants profess their acceptance of faith in God. This beautiful Blue Ridge Mountain setting may be far different from that in a brown desert country once known as Judea, but the Sharptop Baptists feel that when Pastor Roy Blackwell immerses a new member of his flock in the clear lake waters, there is repeated in substance and spirit an event of almost two thousand years ago when John the Baptist led a young man called Jesus of Nazareth into the River Jordan.

● Photograph by Thurston Hatcher



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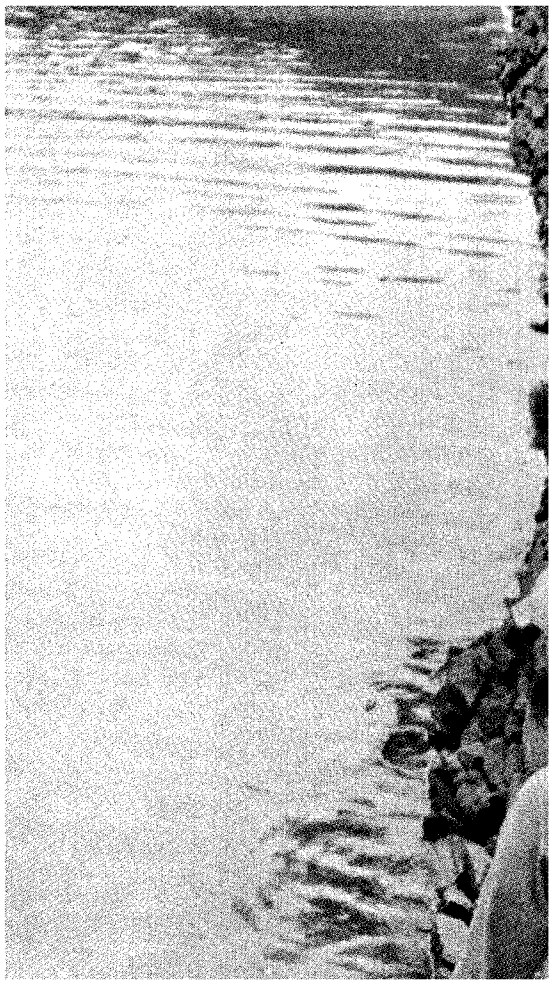

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"'Less you want to be buried in the free and independent soil of MacBurra, you'd best light down the mountain straightaway."

The Sharpshooter's Daughter

By M. A. HANCOCK

Sam's job was to coax one mean-tempered old man and his blue-eyed girl back into the Union.

The republic of MacBurra was eighty-six mountain acres bounded north, east, south and west by the state of North Carolina, and when Capt. Sam Buckbee was assigned his one-man mission to coax MacBurra back into the Union that summer of 1865, the Civil War had been over for nearly three months.

Sam was a lank Iowa Yank of twenty-three, and had two more months of occupation duty to serve before he could again put his hand to the plow. And if Brig. Gen. Shadrach (Iron Gullet) Howe had given Sam a choice, he'd have stood guard in a rattler's den rather than step one boot toward the MacBurran border.

For reconnaissance reports set the strength of the army of MacBurra at one man—giant-sized and tiger-tempered; and one girl—young, sharpshooting and as pretty as a dawn-tinted morning-glory. And Sam, twice engaged to girls he left behind him, and twice jilted by brief, heart-crushing letters marked "Soldier's Mail," had resolved to keep scorn and distance between him and beautiful women forever.

But Gen. Iron Gullet Howe, when he summoned Sam to his headquarters two hours before dawn on that summery Thursday, made no allowance for Sam's heart-defending strategy.

"Sam," croaked the general, "I am standing cheek to jowl with the most monstrous military mortification of all time. Forty miles north of here, in the Calhoun County mountains, is a self-styled republic that seceded three years ago from both the Union and the Confederacy. And yesterday, Sam, with a rock bombardment from a battery of homemade catapults, the two citizens of that republic routed my crack regiment of cavalry for the third time."

"You still got no call to make so free with my sleeping time, Shadrach," Sam growled. "I know those cavalry boys for a bunch of buttermilks without you rousting me out of my blankets in the black of the night." (Continued on Page 120)

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U. S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Yugoslav dictator Josip Broz Tito—"as popular a leader," says the author, "as a Communist dictatorship can have."

Will Our Yugoslav Gamble Pay Off?

We've given Tito more than a billion dollars in aid—for what? From Belgrade, a Post editor reports on a Communist country where Uncle Sam seems to have made some gains in the cold war.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

BELGRADE.

This, it soon dawns on you, is an impressive show. To one who, like myself, had last seen Yugoslavia more than ten years ago—before the break with Moscow in 1948—the most important single fact about this country is that it is still there. "I'll shake my little finger," Stalin had announced, "and there'll be no more Tito." Now look at it.

Once Russia's model satellite, with all the dreary aspects of complete subservience, this independent Communist republic of some 18,000,000 now shows the marks of rapid evolution, going heaven knows where at a fast clip. Things, you perceive at once, are on the move.

Only last month, the unpredictable President Tito electrified the seventh congress of this country's Communist Party by tartly stating that his government was on its own, and wanted no kind of direction from Moscow. Seventeen hundred Yugoslav delegates cheered as Tito went on to goad the Kremlin even more sharply when he praised his country's relations with the United States as "founded on mutual respect." Next day the ambassadors of Russia and her satellites walked out of the congress, but Tito had made his point with extreme clarity. He would be no stooge, he would be independent of both Moscow and Washington.

Can he? That's anybody's guess. The best way to generate an opinion on this nettlesome question is to take a look at the way this country impresses outsiders today, physically. The Western traveler still finds the place a trifle drab, the people poorly dressed, the shops still offering a rather modest choice of goods. But visitors who arrive in Yugoslavia from anywhere in the Soviet bloc see crowds of smiling people, among them a fair sprinkling of smartly dressed women; they marvel at the stores, which are bulging with precious and delightful things, and they end up by calling Yugoslavia "Little America."

(Continued on Page 132)

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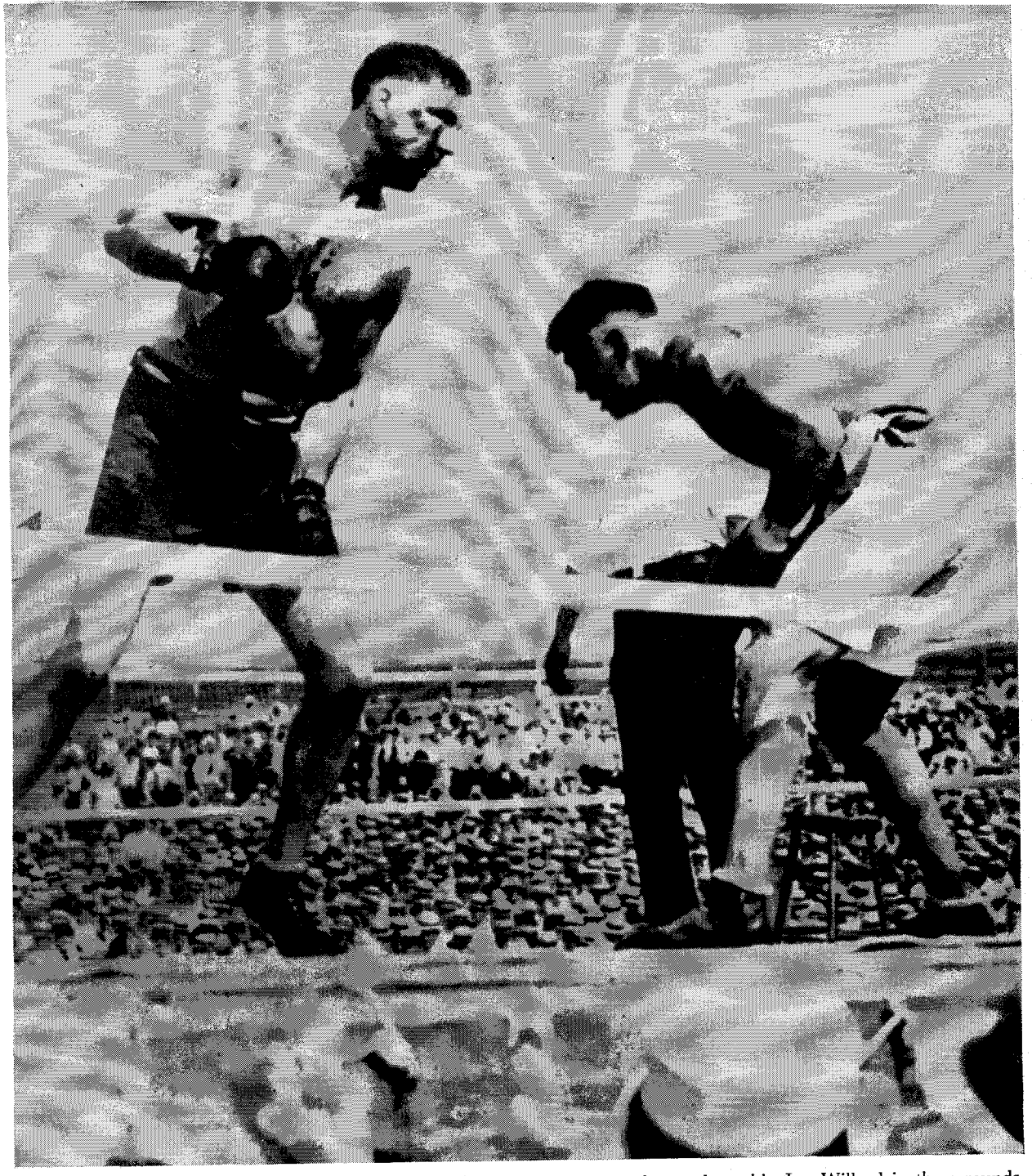

1919: A fierce young Dempsey (right), in his typical crouch, cut down big Jess Willard in three rounds.

1921: Carpentier (left) lasted four rounds. Five Dempsey bouts drew more than $1,000,000 each. This was one.

A Visit With JACK DEMPSEY

At 62, the most dramatic heavyweight king in the history of the ring is still restless, robust and sought after. But, he says, "I'm planning to slow down."

It was eleven o'clock at night, and we were sitting in Jack Dempsey's suite in The Waldorf-Astoria. He had been in New York for forty-eight hours, and I had been following him for eleven of them. In the morning he had attended a meeting of hotel and restaurant owners. At lunch in his restaurant on Broadway I had watched him trying to transact business with his lawyer in between jumping up to shake hands, sign autographs or answer the questions he has heard over and over for the past thirty years. In the afternoon he had slept for three hours, and now he had just returned from the annual dinner of the New York Boxing Writers Association, where he had made a speech and received an award.

Dempsey will be sixty-three years old on June twenty-fourth, but his hair is still thick and black and only slightly gray at the sides. Over the years he has grown heavier. When he won the heavyweight championship from Jess Willard in 1919 at the age of twenty-four, he weighed only 187 pounds and had a twenty-nine-inch waist.

"Jack," I said, "what's your weight today?"

He had taken his jacket off, opened the collar of his white shirt, slid the knot of his tie down and rolled up his sleeves. He was sitting relaxed in a corner chair, finishing a cigar.

"I weigh about two-thirty, maybe a little more or a little less," he said. "I'm very irregular, up and down."

"What's your waist measurement right now?"

"Well, I'm guessing," he said, "but about thirty-nine."

"Do you take any formal exercise?"

"The only real exercise I get is when I referee wrestling (Continued on Page 101)

His engagement to Mrs. Estelle Auguste was brol
in 1953—because of her friendship w
Kirk Douglas, she sa

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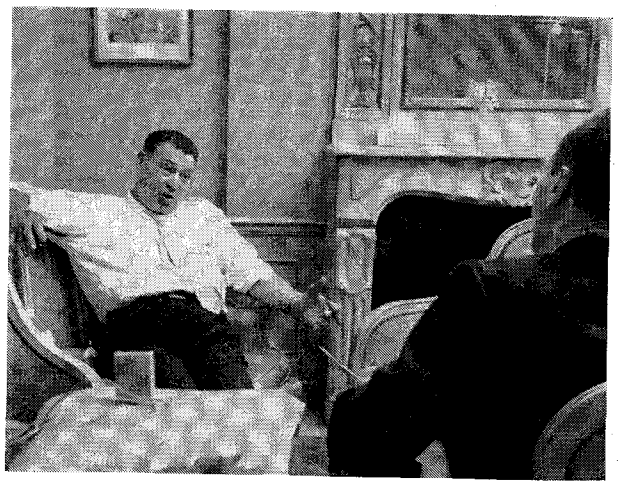
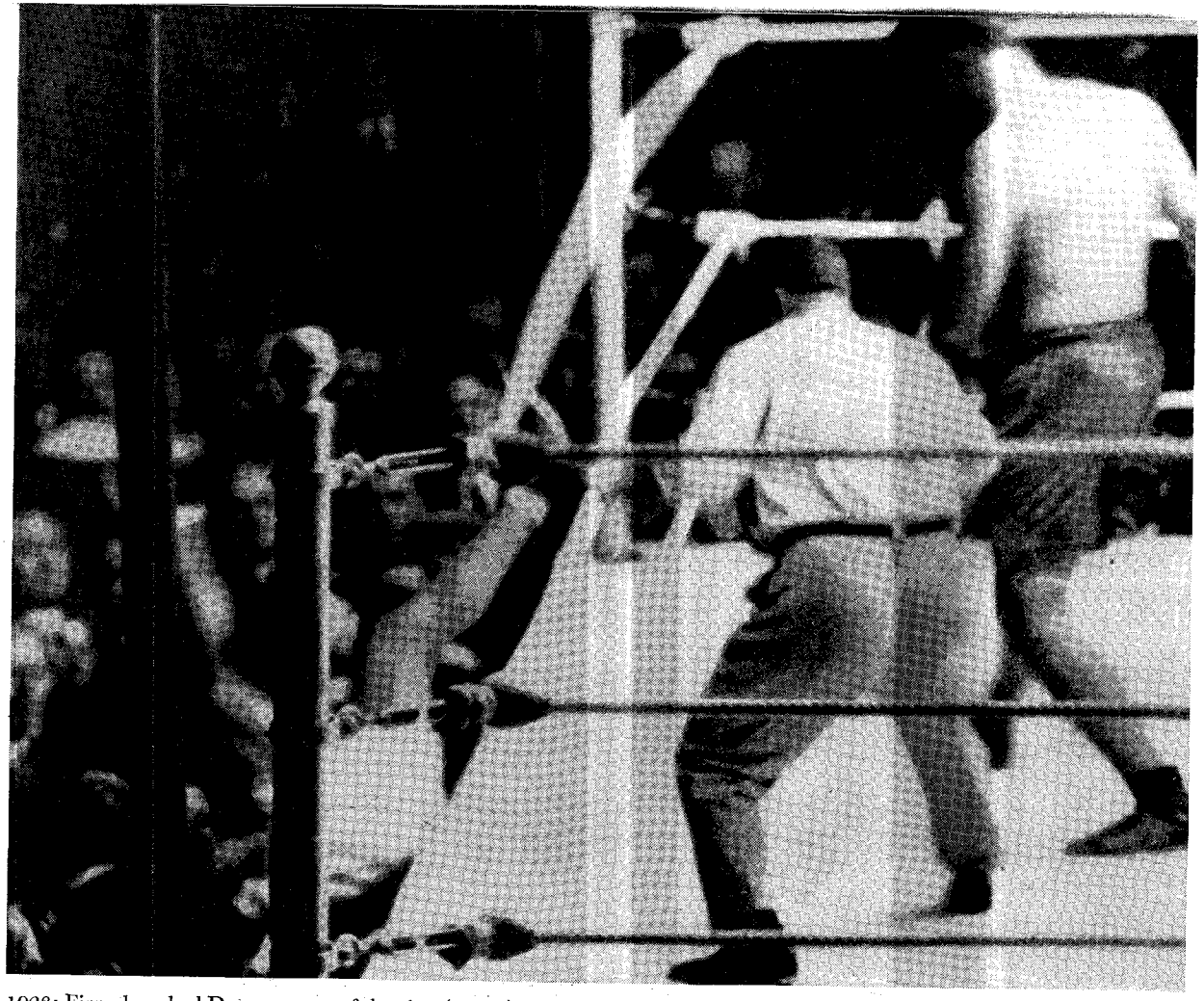


Champ and author. Dempsey travels about 50,000 miles a year. He referees matches and does publicity work.

By W. C. HEINZ

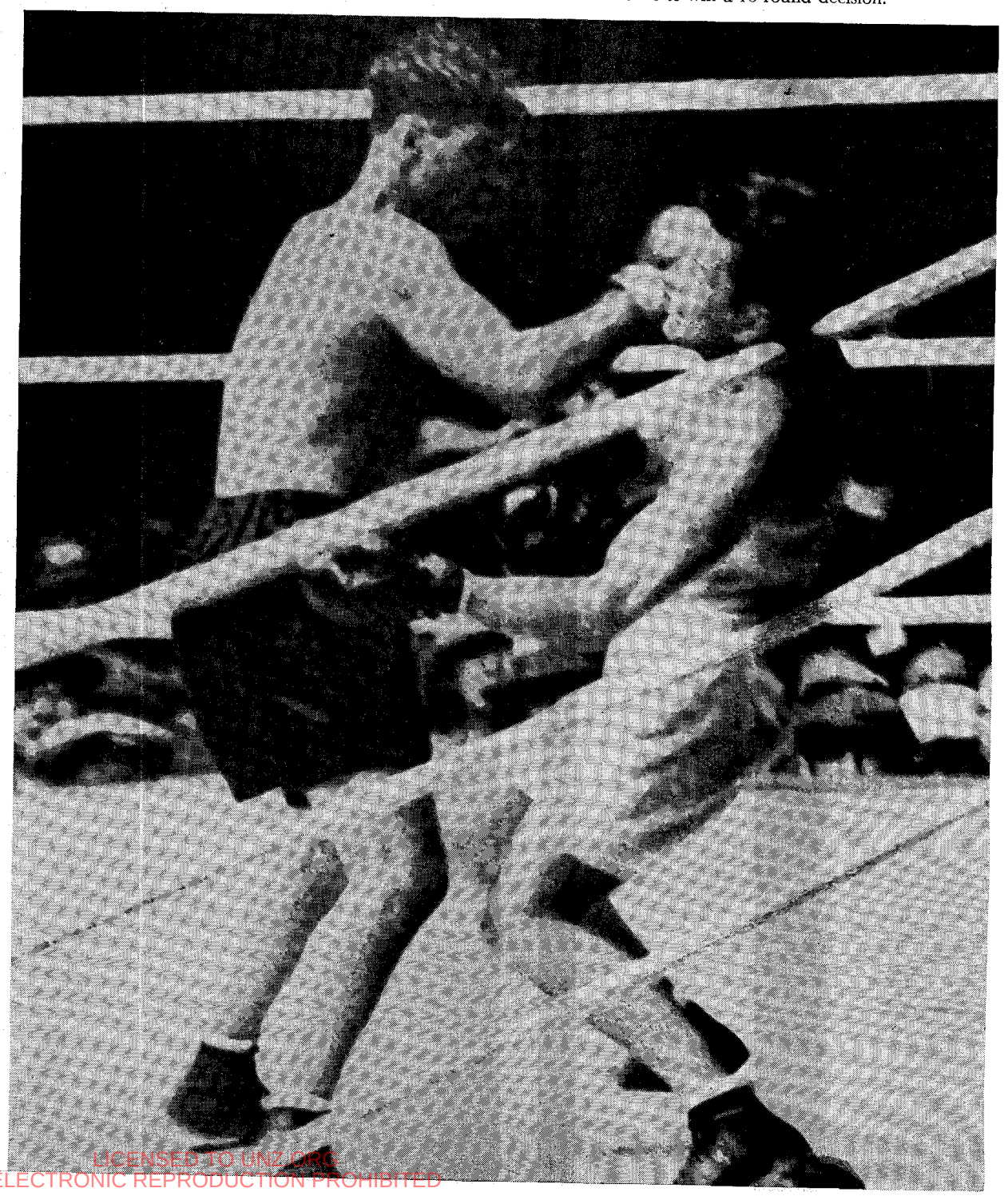
After an unhappy first marriage Jack wed actress Estelle Taylor. They were divorced in 1931. She died last April.

Hannah Williams married Jack in 1933. He won custody of their two daughters after his divorce in 1943.



1923: Firpo knocked Dempsey out of the ring (above) in the first round. Dempsey kayoed Firpo in the second.

1927: Tunney goes down for the famed "14-second" count. He revived in time to win a 10-round decision.



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He couldn't keep Kathy out of his mind.

But he had no right to love her. They came

FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS

By N. J. CRISP

Dave Bryant realized that he had stood for many minutes looking about him. In a sense, the room was like a cradle. His first memory was of lying in bed, watching his elder brother creep in, carefully shielding the light of the candle, while his shadow jumped and flickered behind him on the wall.

How many times had the room received him, tired or worried or hurt, and his cares had peeled off, melting away, and in the morning he was all right again. Now, soon, he would leave it at last, to return infrequently if at all. Two beds, a mahogany dressing table, a big wardrobe—there was little space for anything else.

Dave pushed open the lattice window. Too small, of course. When these cottages were built, big windows were a luxury. But from it he could see the length of the garden to the fields beyond. There were still the same things in the garden—cabbages, potatoes, runner beans, and, at the front, sweet peas. Always, as long as he could remember, they had grown in that order. From the window, too, he could see the manor house on the top of the hill, the tree-lined avenue curving its dignified way to the great front door.

Dave looked for a long time, but he could see nothing moving there. He sighed, picked up his wallet, hesitated, then opened it. Behind the cellophane was the photograph of Kathy. It was the only photograph of her that he had—the one taken in the grounds of the Tower of London. She was laughing, and in the background a guide was leading a party of tourists. It had been a laughing sort of day, taken gladly for granted at the time. But now—now that the time for leaving rolled inexorably nearer, there were so many things that wrenched his heart.

He went down the winding wooden stairs on which there was no room for two people to pass.

His mother looked at him, frowning. "Is that your best suit?"

He wriggled, uneasily aware that on his big frame it looked quite different from the sleek illustration the tailor had shown him. The tailor had said, "For an important interview, sir? I should advise a nice clerical gray. Single-breasted."

But for all his long-suffering contortions while they tacked and fitted, he might as well have bought a ready-made.

He said, looking at his wrists, "I think they ought to have made the sleeves a bit longer, don't you?"

She pulled his lapel into place affectionately. "You're the same as your father was. An awkward shape."

Dave glanced at the clock. "I think I'll walk round to the fair."

"It hasn't started yet." Her eyes were bright and questioning.

He didn't want to explain. She wouldn't approve, and she was probably right. "Are you coming later?"

"Perhaps. I don't expect so." She picked up some embroidered scarves. "You can give these to Mrs. Iles. She'll be on the sale-of-work stall."

He lifted the latch of the door, but turned with it half open. "I don't like leaving you," he said.

"For an afternoon?" she said mockingly. "Do you think I'll wither away?"

"You know very well what I mean. When I go. I could have a house. They said so. You could come too. Who'll cook for me?" he said, trying to lighten his words.

"Time you could cook for yourself."

"Really, mother ——"

"Really, my son, believe it or not, I want to stay here. In this little cottage where you and your brothers were born and brought up. Where Will brought me the day we were married, and where—where I saw him for the last time. Now stop (Continued on Page 77)

Kathy took Dave's arm. He noticed uneasily the attention this simple action attracted.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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You can remember practically anything, it seems, if you can remember the thing you remember it with.

Why Can't I Remember ?

A lady complains that she knows all the reminders—"Thirty days hath September"—but not what they're supposed to remind her of.

By PEG BRACKEN

Many people have, or are stuck with, a mental crutch or two, on which they lean when the going is rough. "I before E except after C" has saved many a business letter—which was correctly dated in the first place only because someone probably remembered that September hath thirty days.

Some people have more mental crutches than others and some of these crutches are fearfully and wonderfully made. You can remember practically anything, it seems, if you can remember the thing you remember it with.

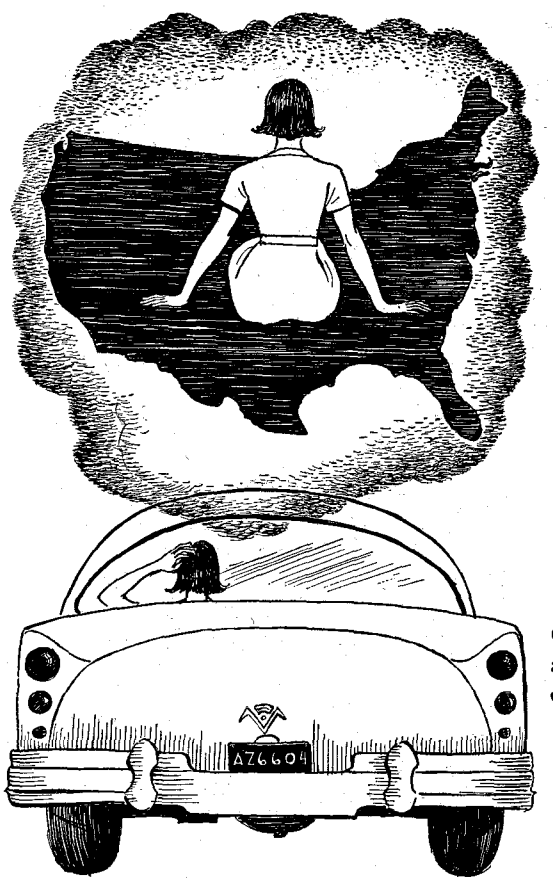
Having done some random research on the subject, I am awed by the many ways in which people remember many things. I would like to set forth my findings here, if I can remember where I put my notes.

When you are in downtown Portland, Oregon, there is a Magic Sentence which, mumbled aloud as you head north—if you know which way north is—guarantees you unpuzzled passage from Morrison Street to Burnside. *M*onday *A*fternoon *W*ilbur *S*wiped *O*ley's *P*rize *A*ngus *A*nd *B*lew, pinpoints Morrison, Alder, Washington, Stark, Oak, Pine, Ash, Ankeny and Burnside. By remembering this Magic Sentence, you will always know which street you just passed or which one is coming at you.

It must be admitted that some of our best mental crutches are not quite printable. You might be surprised, for instance, by the incantation your doctor probably mutters to himself whenever he tries to remember which wrist bone comes where.

It was good old "Thirty days hath September" which first brought the matter to my attention. I was murmuring that dreary verse the other day for possibly the ten-thousandth time, when I began to wonder if other people hobble along in the same fashion. I am comforted to find that some people have it even tougher than I do. (Continued on Page 104)

The absent-minded Navy captain couldn't distinguish port from starboard until he began to spread his right hand to form a star and curl the left into a "P."



One girl, when she is faced with a direction problem, mentally sits down on a large map of the United States.

An imaginary Muscovite, "Colonel Upizoff" ("up is off"), was the mental crutch of a woman who was baffled by light switches.

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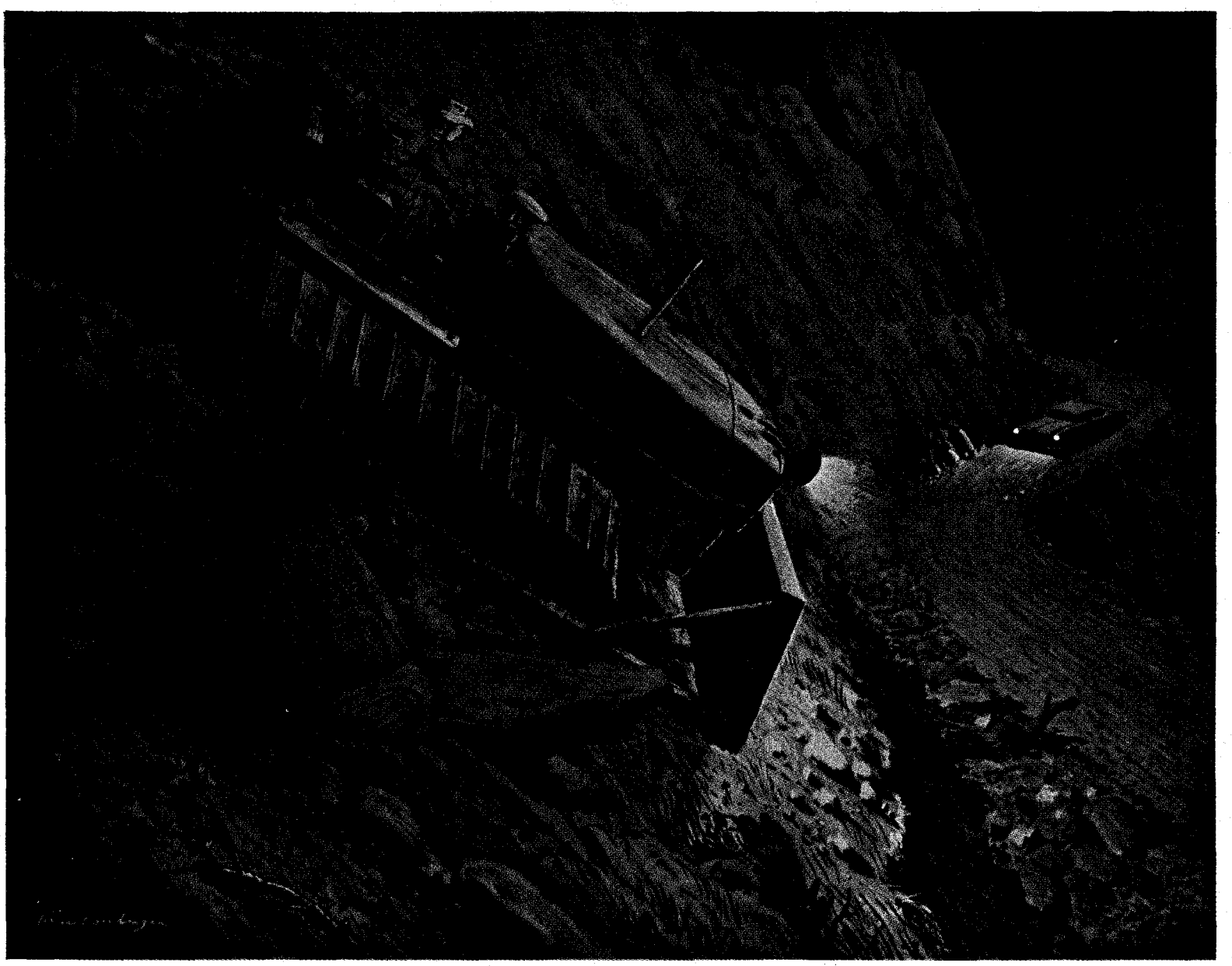

The bulldozer lurched over, crumbling the bank beneath it, and slewed downward in a minor landslide.

WILD RIDE

It was a dangerous plan, but he had to make it work . . .

By HUGH B. CAVE

If you had asked Mike Manley to line up his 207 Maniguan employees and pick out the One Most Likely to Succeed, the chances are he would have given the matter considerable thought, because he genuinely liked and admired the men who worked for him. But in selecting his candidate, Mike would have picked some muscular giant built in the image of himself, for he was a builder of roads where roads are not easily built, and had only gentle contempt for men of milder talents.

Which is to say, he never in this world would have picked young Luis Bonilla. Luis was a slender lad of twenty who sang love songs in a sweet tenor voice and composed poetry.

"That Luis!" Mike was heard to mutter on occasions. "What a pest!"

Indeed, Luis was a pest. Twice a week at least, with his soft, dark eyes full of entreaty, he presented himself before his massive employer and said imploringly, "Please, Señor Manley, have you reconsidered?"

"Leave me alone," Mike would growl.

"But I have the ability, *señor*. I know I have it! If I could but show you!"

"Stick to your trucks!" Mike would bellow. "And the little ones, at that! I've told you a thousand times, Luis, it takes a special kind of man to run a 'dozer! So help me, if you don't stop hounding me, I'll fire you!"

Why it was that young Luis Bonilla longed with heart and soul to operate one of the giant bulldozers, Mike had never bothered to find out. Why ask, when the very idea was ridiculous? Had he known, it would have made no difference. "A girl!" he would have snorted. "For Pete's sake, what do you think I'm running here? A matrimonial bureau?"

Patiently and persistently Luis tried, and got nowhere. He was getting nowhere with the girl, too, but that was to be expected. He, Luis Bonilla, was only a country schoolteacher's son, while the father of Rosita Colindres owned a silver mine. Anyone but Luis would have recognized the impossibility of such a romance and drowned himself.

For six months Mike Manley had been widening a stretch of the mountain highway between Tolentino and Manigua City—an awesome stretch which had claimed sixty-one lives since the coming of the automobile to Manigua. Every Saturday afternoon for five of the six months, Luis had been driving to Tolentino to call on his beloved. And the result?

"It is hopeless, Luis," she would sigh, with tears in her (Continued on Page 58)

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Art and Human Dignity

By FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

The art world today is divided into two camps—those who wish to preserve the ageless and guiding principles of humanism and those who seek to find in art an expression of their own groping with the mechanical determinism of the present day. The humanities today are understood by the masses as that residue of human experience which has proved to be of no practical value whatever in the ordinary conduct of contemporary life, whereas the sciences, bereft of philosophical or speculative significance, appear to offer the answer to every maiden's prayer.

The gulf lying between the artist and his public is wide and deep; it is the more serious because it has lasted now for nearly a century. Thus the thoughts provoked by this inquiry should not be considered as a polemic for or against contemporary art, but rather as an attempt to explore the terrain and climate in which the artist works today—for at best the painter and the sculptor are merely representative of their time and their environment.

The modern movement is not a theory; it is a condition. It is a condition arising out of a series of historical facts and consequences which center on the dignity of man—his position in the universe, his search for truth, and his constant desire to render truth in sensible form so that other men may grasp its meaning and its beauty.

Artists and laymen have become the victims of the scientific world they have created, and in their common fear for the future have lost contact with one another. The crisis in the arts is nothing more or less than the crisis of the human race. How far, one may ask, can the artist be held responsible for the society of which he is the product? How far can the *Zeitgeist* be laid at his doorstep? Are we to assume that he has sold his birthright for a *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 112)*

About the Author

Both as conversationalist and author (The Taste of Angels; Fifty Centuries of Art) the late Francis Henry Taylor was one of the wittiest and most perceptive in his field. For fifteen years he was Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. At the time of his death last November he filled the same post at the Worcester Art Museum, whose superb collection he was largely instrumental in developing. The article beginning on this page is excerpted from material which appeared originally in Daedalus, the Journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It was his last work. Photograph by Elizabeth G. C. Menzies

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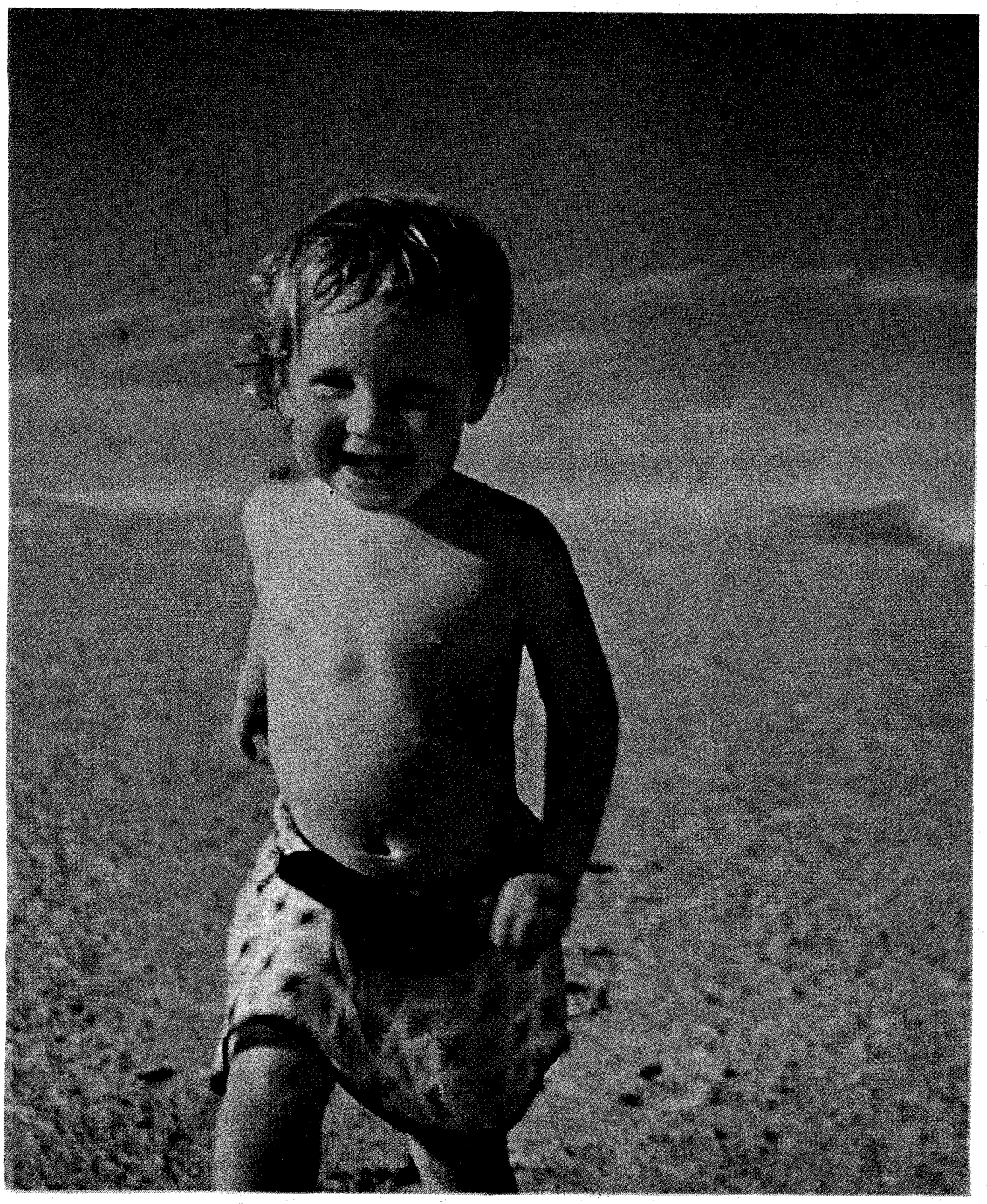
My Daughter's an Arab

By MICHAEL SHELDON CHENEY

Photographs by the Author

Vicki was born on the oil-rich Saudi Arabian desert. Here's the story of a little American girl's adventures in a storybook kingdom.



To Vicki, the endless desert was "the world's biggest sand pile," says her father. "She reveled in the hot, stinging wind that nearly drove us out of our minds."

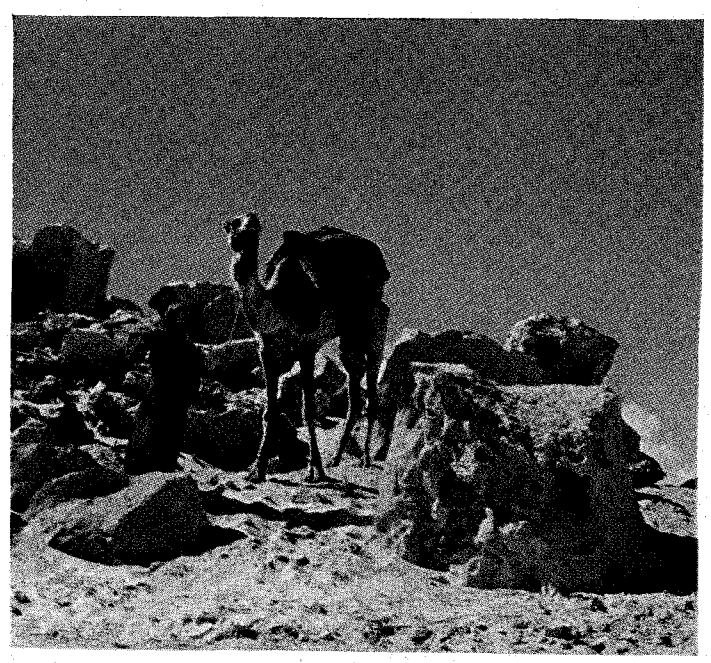
On a windy spring day in 1956, the Arab passport officer at Dhahran airport helped my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter aboard the plane that was to carry her away from the desert kingdom of Saudi Arabia, which had been until then her lifelong home. With a farewell pat on her head, he turned to me and observed, "Your little girl may choose to be an Arab."

The thought was, to me, a startling one—the more so because it was true. The official's face was serious under the flapping folds of his head cloth, his tone congratulatory as he stated a fact that I had never before really stopped to consider, that my blond, blue-eyed daughter Victoria is a native of Saudi Arabia.

Vicki holds what seems to her Arab friends a priceless birthright. Because she was born on sacred Saudi soil, in the Arabian American Oil Company's hospital at Dhahran, she has the right to choose, on coming of age, between American and Saudi Arabian citizenship. To the Arab mind she could be blessed with no finer privilege than that of belonging in the holiest land of all Islam, whose people are the chosen of Allah, the heirs to Paradise. That she might turn it down is unthinkable to them.

Vicki's Arabian heritage is far from unique. Some 1100 other American children have been born in Aramco's desert camps since oil was discovered in Arabia twenty years ago. More than 2000 junior United States citizens, either born in the "field" or moved there at various tender ages, live today in the four major communities that have sprung up in the fabulous oil fields along Arabia's barren Persian Gulf shore. They and their mothers now far outnumber the 2900 American employees at that remote job site. Their number is further increased each month by a dozen or more new American citizens, born to wives brought in from outlying camps to the busy maternity ward—locally known as the Stork Club—at Aramco's $7,600,000 Health Center at Dhahran.

These far-flung American kids are remarkably well-adjusted to the odd assortment of peoples and cultures, eastern and western, ancient and modern, (Continued on Page 118)



The exotic was ordinary to Vicki. "Camels and gazelle, donkeys and lean saluki dogs were to my daughter the most normal of animals."

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In the glare of oil-field flares, Vicki and her mother survey these ever-burning symbols of desert wealth.

Oasis for oil workers: The wading pool was Vicki's favorite spot in her air-conditioned, U.S.-style town.

Sunset dip in the Persian Gulf: Not far from Vicki's home, uncrowded beaches stretched for many miles.

At the Dhahran airport, Vicki greets fellow air travelers. Before she was six months old, Vicki was a seasoned globe-trotter.

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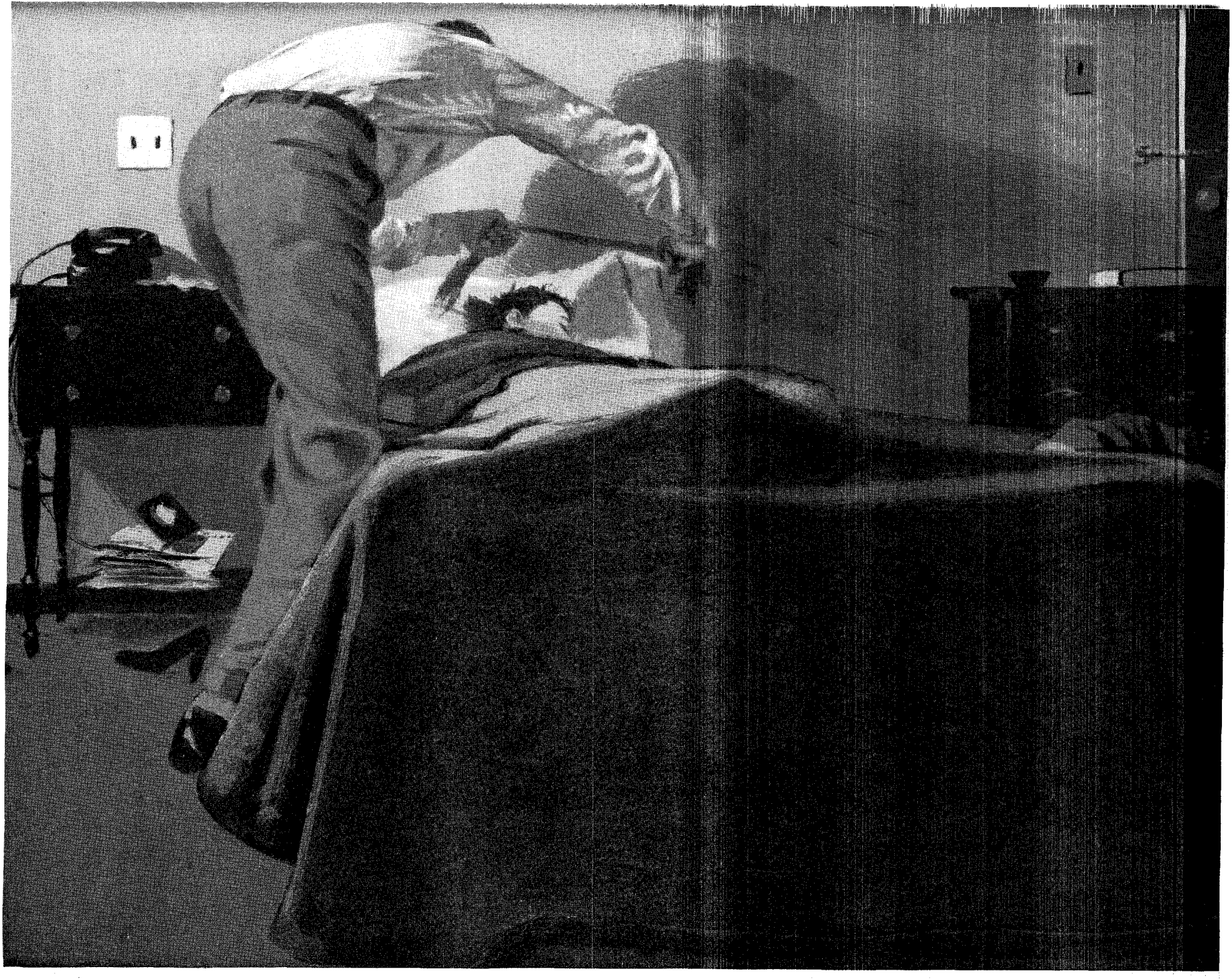

He held the short loose ends of the noose tight in his hands. Then he bent, positioning the noose over Kelly's head.

Death Stands By

The killer had the perfect setup: a $50,000 murder job, with someone else to blame for the crime.

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Kelly Pomeroy lifted her face and Detective Sgt. Miles Odeen saw the strain there, the smudged shadows beneath her eyes, the drawn look about her mouth. "Miles," she said, "it's a terrifying thing to know that someone *I* like and trust will kill me."

Kelly had witnessed the murder of mobster Jack Nevada, and identified the killer as Mario Marcotte, a powerful racketeer. Kelly's testimony would send Marcotte to the gas chamber, if she lived to take the stand.

Nevada's wife, Adria, told Odeen that Marcotte's brother had arranged to have Kelly killed. The job would be done by "one of the police," she revealed, "for fifty thousand dollars."

Odeen's boss, Capt. Harry Groggin, would not believe that one of his men could have sold out. Only under pressure from Clyde Pickens, the district attorney, did Groggin agree to go ahead with extra security measures. Vern Lister, the D.A.'s man, was assigned to check up on each of the guards.

That evening Odeen had supper with Kelly; then took over the guard. Before going to bed, Kelly took her usual sleeping pill.

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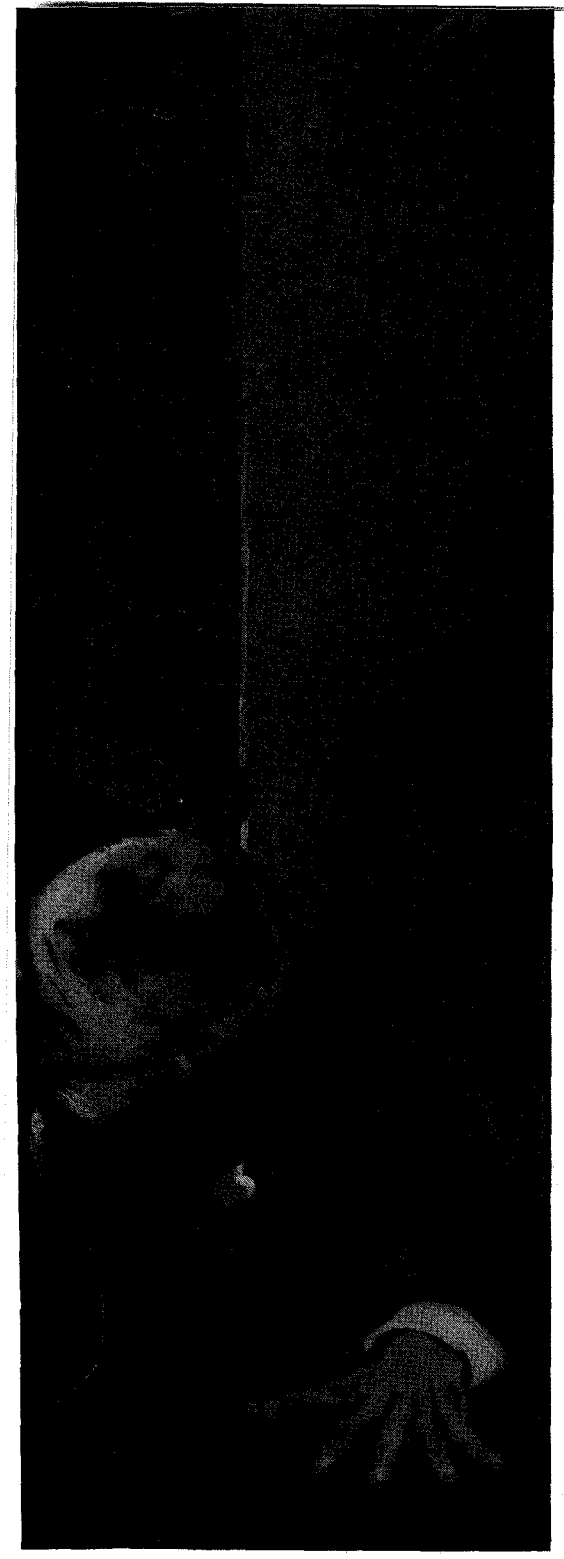


At three-fifty-six A.M. Captain Groggin called Odeen. "Miles," he said, his voice rough and breaking. "Is Kelly all right?"

"She's fine, captain," said Odeen, after making a check. "All secure."

"Thank God," said Groggin. "That was close. They almost got her." Then he revealed that Glen Squires, one of the guards, had died. "He swiped a sleeping pill from Kelly's bottle, took it before he went to bed," said Groggin. "The pill was poison."

CONCLUSION

Capt. Harry Groggin rolled a small red capsule back and forth in a cupped palm. "Holds ten grains," he said. "More, maybe, if it's packed in tight." He was a tired man, bitter and savage. His eyes were bloodshot. He needed a shave and a clean shirt. "The color's in the capsule," he said. "Seconal's a white powder. So's potassium cyanide. All the killer had to do was load a red capsule—one capsule—and drop it in the bottle."

Miles Odeen said, "What's the lethal dose?"

"Varies," Groggin said. "One tenth of a gram, minimum. That's a grain and a half—I looked it up. Ten grains is over six times the minimum lethal dose."

Clyde Pickens said, "Somebody wanted to be sure."

The three men were in the district attorney's office. It was not quite nine A.M.

"I should have caught it," Odeen said. "I took charge of the capsules the day I had the screens put up. Four capsules in the bottle, never any more than that. Every day I put in one or two, whatever Kelly used."

Groggin said, "Where was the bottle kept?"

"On the window sill above the sink," Odeen said. "No special reason, except that it was convenient there, handy to the water glasses and the cold-water tap."

"Four in the bottle," Groggin said. "The killer took one out, dropped one in. It was as easy as that. The killer got a cop instead of the witness, but that's not our fault." He looked up at Odeen. "Don't be so quick to grab the blame," he said. "I'm the man who really missed the boat. You tried to tell me something like this would happen, but I wouldn't listen."

Odeen said, "I should have caught it. I should have missed the two capsules Squires took home with him."

"I walked a beat with Squires, in the old Fourth, the tough end of town," the captain said. "Glen was a good, solid guy, but he couldn't pass a fruit stand without helping himself." Groggin's hand closed over the capsule. "He told his wife the guard detail was giving him insomnia, so the city should supply the sleeping pills."

Clyde Pickens said, "What have you told the papers?"

"Coronary," Groggin said.

"How many people know the truth?"

"Three, not counting us," the captain said. "We got one break on this thing. Pete Bailey was in the district car that covered the ambulance call. Pete's a smart lad. He didn't like what he saw. He got me on the phone." Groggin rubbed the back of his neck. "Pete knows or suspects, but he won't talk. He wants to make plain-clothes."

"For last night's work, he should," Clyde Pickens said.

"Ellie Squires knows. Glen told her he had the capsule, told her where he got it. He went to bed before she did. He was gone when she looked in, but she wasn't sure, so she called an ambulance. Time I got there, she'd put it together." Groggin's fist thudded against the chair back. "She won't talk. She wants the killer as bad as we do."

Odeen said, "Who's the third?"

"Doctor Poindexter, the medical examiner," Groggin said. "I got him out of bed to do a quick post. Turns out it doesn't take long to prove it was cyanide. The tissue's bright red. I braced Poindexter—told him we had to sit on the story, told him why. He'll go along."

Clyde Pickens said, "Who could get to that bottle?"

"Any one of the regular guards," Odeen said. "Six men, three women. The relief shift's not involved. It wasn't Glen Squires. That leaves us eight suspects."

"All cops, all veterans." Groggin's voice was harsh. "The bottle didn't help—no prints. We're not going to get anywhere with interrogation. We'll try to locate the poison source, but that's a hundred-to-one shot."

Odeen said, "As long as the papers call it a coronary, the killer can't be certain what we know or suspect. We've got to make the killer try again, and nail him when he does!"

Clyde Pickens said, "Will he try again?"

"He's got to," Odeen said. "Man or woman, whoever it is, the killer's got to try again. Look at it! Why did he plant the capsule? Money? Probably, but not money alone. I'd say there was pressure too; blackmail of one kind or another. The Marcotte brothers have one of the guards in the squeeze—'Do this, or we'll throw you to the wolves!'"

"That could be," Groggin said.

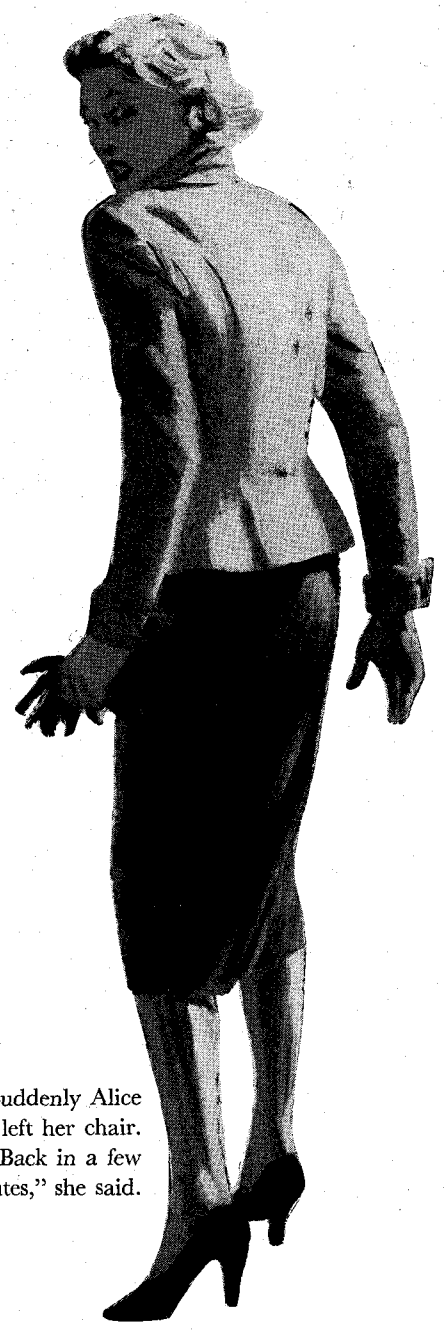
"Yes!" Odeen chopped at the air with a doubled fist. His face was as gray as granite. "Look at it! Now they've got him for murder, in addition to whatever else they had. Their situation hasn't changed. Mario Marcotte can smell the gas. He doesn't care what happens to the cop he's bought and squeezed. He wants Kelly Pomeroy dead. He'll make the killer try again. We'll get him when he does!"

"How can we be sure?"

"We'll give him a chance."

"Will he accommodate us by taking the chance we give him?"

"He will. Look what he's up against. He has to kill Kelly. No (Continued on Page 82)



Suddenly Alice left her chair. "Back in a few minutes," she said.

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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FUTURE UNLIMITED

A great inventor tells how he helped put America on wheels, and what remains for bright young minds to do.

By CHARLES F. KETTERING

This year the company for which I work—General Motors—is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. For forty of those years I have been a consulting inventor for the company. We sometimes hear it said that necessity is the mother of invention. If that were true, then it might be said that for the last several decades I have been working my head off because of necessity.

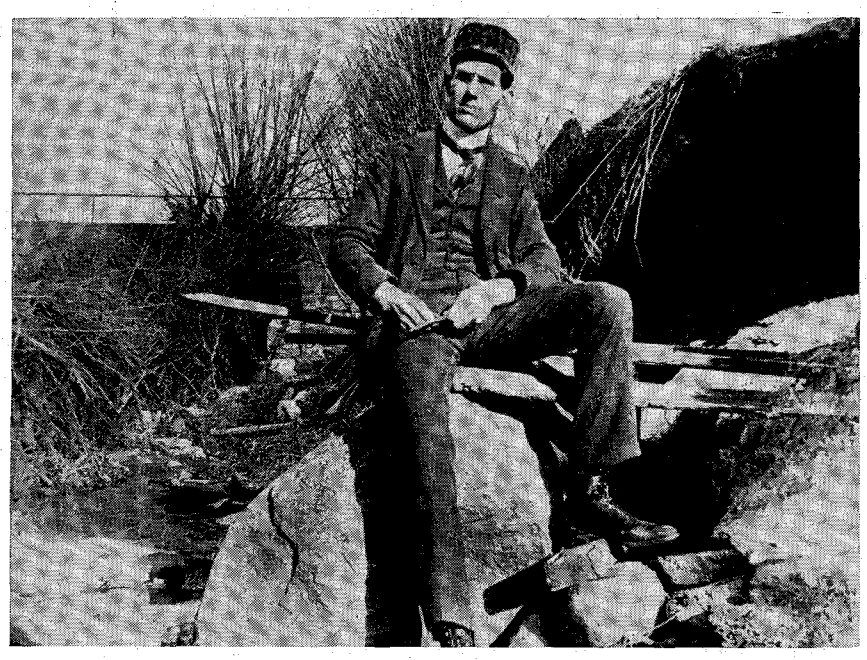
I can't go along with this maxim altogether. Necessity was certainly not the mother of the airplane. At the time the Wright Brothers were inventing the airplane there was no widespread clamor to fly. People did not believe it was necessary. The Wright Brothers just thought they knew how they could do it and so they went ahead and thereby opened up a huge new field of better living.

It might be argued that it has not been necessary to invent the automobile or to improve it through many inventions in the last fifty years. We would have lived with no more than the horse and the buggy. But I believe we are all thankful for fifty years of improvement in the automobile, and I am sure we will keep trying for more improvement just as hard in the next fifty years.

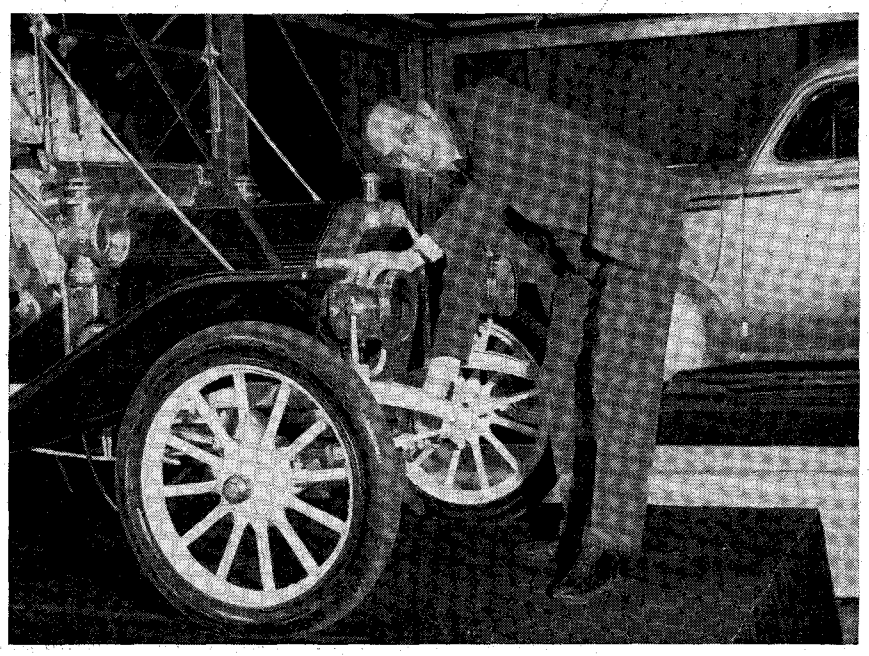
I am a little afraid of reminiscing. But to measure the possibilities of the next fifty years it may be worth looking back over the last fifty. It is amazing what the invention and development of the automobile and its applications have done to influence the habits and customs of our people in this period. Since 1908 manufacturers in this country have produced 160 million motor vehicles, and today the automobile creates ten million jobs in highway-transport industries, more than one of every seven existing jobs. It has created a quarter of a million businesses like motels and service stations, and influenced the building of two million miles of roads. It has made deep changes in how people travel, how farmers grow and market crops, and where schools are built.

The automobile industry pays about eight billion dollars a year in taxes. Almost one quarter of the retail price of each vehicle is tax money. This is an enormous burden, yet the automobile industry has produced the greatest transportation system the world has ever seen. In fact, if we assume the average American car seats five people we could take every person in the nation for (Continued on Page 126)

The Long, Varied Career of an Imaginative Man.

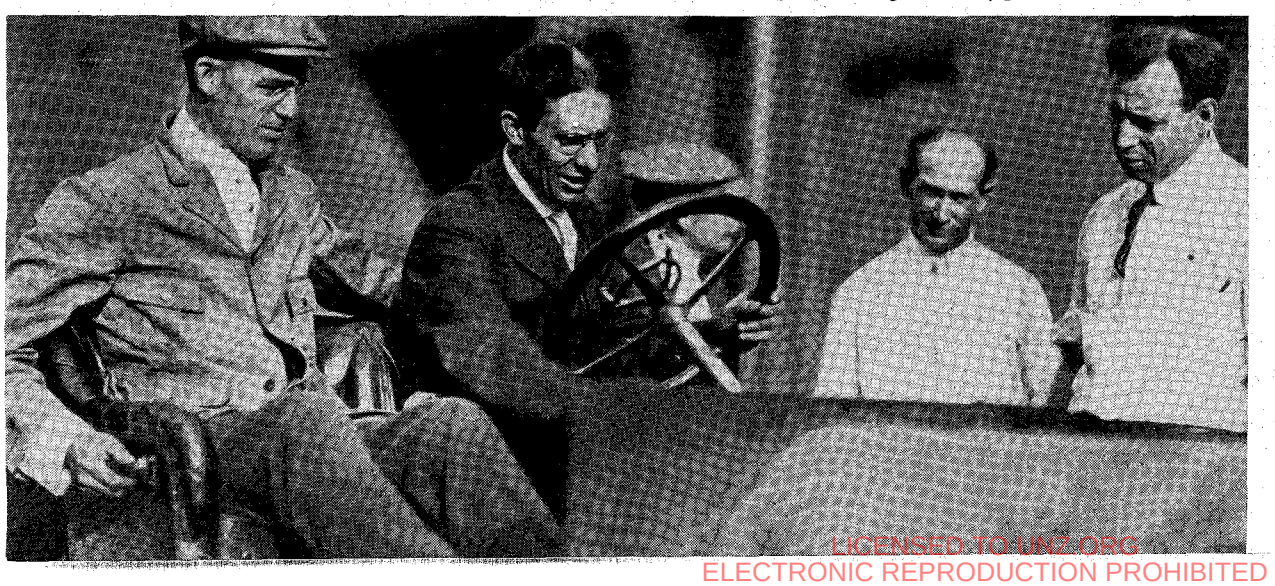


Country schoolteacher: Working his way through college, he taught school in Mifflin, Ohio, and experimented with electricity in his drugstore workshop.

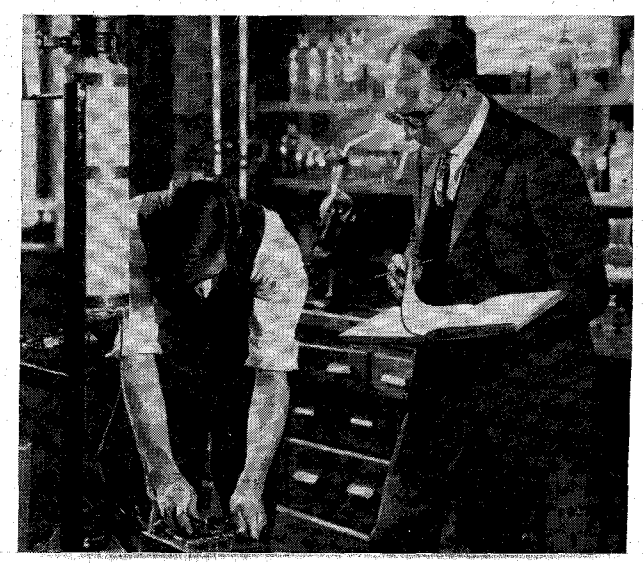


Inventor: Kettering's self-starter first appeared on the 1912 Cadillac. Here, in a 1940 picture, he cranks a 1908 Buick, showing what a bone-breaking chore it used to be.

Manufacturer: In the early days the author did his own test driving as here, at the wheel of a cut-down 1913 Buick. With him are co-workers from Delco—the company he organized to produce his inventions.



Researcher: In 1928 the question was, how to make anti-knock gasoline. He found the answer: Add tetraethyl lead.



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"I would advise young inventors and researchers to free themselves from categories, because basic truths have so much more in common than the specialists would have you believe."

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Post Scripts

The Disorganization Man

The kind of day
  That I have found
It doesn't pay
  To hang around
The house is one
  On which my wife
Decides we'll run
  An ordered life.

I know the worst:
  The life that she
Will order first
  Belongs to me.

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

Personal Point of No Return

You mean—you actually ATE that stuff I had in the blue bowl?

No, sir, this train does not stop in Fairfield. It goes right through to New Haven.

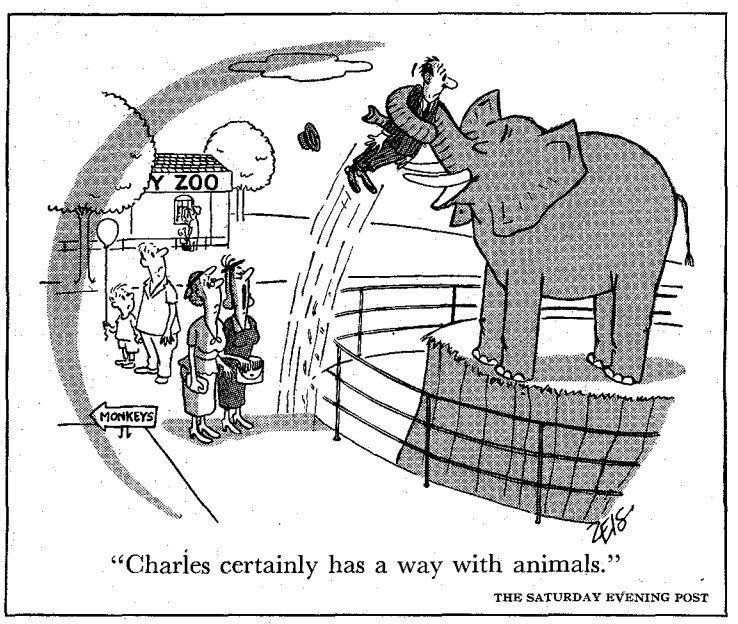
Well, I assumed, when you signed the lease, that you KNEW you'd be next door to a trumpet studio.

You know that TV set you bought Monday? It's just been reduced sixty dollars.

If you look at the invitation again, sir, I believe you'll see that the masquerade party was LAST night.

Yes, sir. We sold your 200 shares of Copper Brassco this morning. Funny thing, it went up 12 points in the last hour.

HERB GOCHROS



"Charles certainly has a way with animals."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

How to Behave at a Party

Have you ever been to a big party in New York City? No? Well, let me explain. It's like the Battle of the Bulge with canapés.

First of all, you only go to the party to meet new people. But when you get there you invariably see the same people you have been trying to get away from who are also there to meet new people. And what makes it doubly embarrassing is that at the last party you attended you all vowed you would drop dead before you would go to another one.

Any manual on basic training for a swank affair will tell you that the first thing to do when you come in the door is reconnoiter. You've got to figure what groups you're going to horn in on and what groups you can retreat to.

The reason you must have friendly bases is so that you will not fall into any of the categories of party failures. Take for instance the Lost Souls. These are people who walk aimlessly to and fro through the crowd, hoping against hope to find at least *someone* to talk to. Then there are the Fringers. These guests pause on the fringe of gatherings, listen to the conversation and throw in an opinion of their own from the backfield, praying to be accepted as one of them. Next, of course, there are the Leaners, who prop themselves against the wall, one foot braced behind them, ready to leap into any vacancy that occurs. Last and worst are the Untouchables. These poor souls have given up all chance of meeting ANYBODY, and as a sign of defeat have sat down—alone! Members of all the other categories may in time somehow redeem themselves, but an Untouchable is forever doomed to lonely bars and bingo games.

If you are really experienced at these things, and when the shank of the evening has shunk, you will take a close look around you. After surveying the spacious living room, the sunken library, the expansive terrace and the ornate rumpus room, you will betake yourself to the rear of the apartment. There in the smallest room in the place you will find everybody who is anybody, cross-legged on the floor, seated on the radiators, crouched against the wall.

There they are, all the familiar faces; and, taking advantage of the shouting and the laughter, you silently raise your glass in tribute and solemnly vow that you'll drop dead before you go to another party.

HAL BLOCK

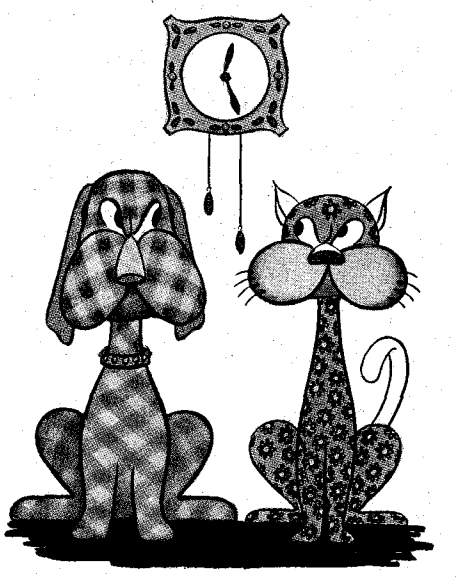
Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made

NEEDEN EIN NAILER

Mit needen ein nailer, der shoe ben gedroppen;
  Mit needen ein shoe, der horser ben stoppen
    Und tossen der rider mit grosser geploppen!
Der rider ben missen der shooten-gepoppen
  Mit hiden insiden ein blackenschmidt shoppen;
    Und das ist der reason der battle ben floppen!

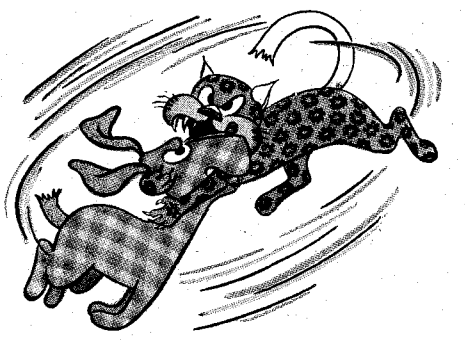
DAS GINGHAMISCH POOCH UND DER KALIKO KITTEN

Das ginghamisch pooch und der kaliko kitten
Siden besiden der selfers ben sitten.
Der midnighten striken ben longisch departen,
Mitouten der snoozen und snoren gestarten.



(Das pooch und der kitten ben fumen und stewen,
Und Ich ben deciden ein scrappen ist brewen.)

Das poocher ben snarlen mit woofen und growlen;
Der kitten ben archen mit spitten und yowlen.
Ach, Himmel! Der fighters ben rippen der stuffen,
Und soonisch der air ben upfullen mit fluffen!



(Meinselfer ben watchen das awfullisch fighten
Mit hissen und clawen und barken und biten.)

Mit mornen gecomen, meinselfer ben risen
Und looken mit finden ein grosser surprisen!
Das ginghamisch pooch und der kaliko kitten
Siden besiden der selfers ben sitten.

(Ich ben offswearen, und never repeaten,
Der piggenfoot-pickle-mit-icencream eaten!)

DAVE MORRAH

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great idea
SOUP 'N SALAD

Have you had your soup today?

Great idea: Soup 'n Salad! This is a fine way to have your soup today! Fill a big bowl with Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup . . . the soup that's rich and fulfilling with real chicken broth, plenty of chicken and plenty of noodles . . . enriched egg noodles. Then, *sit right down and enjoy yourself!* Soup like this—plus salad—is what you call a delicious lunch or supper, any day.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!
Ready in just 4 minutes! Thrifty, too!

So...once a day...every day...SOUP—*Campbell's*, of course!

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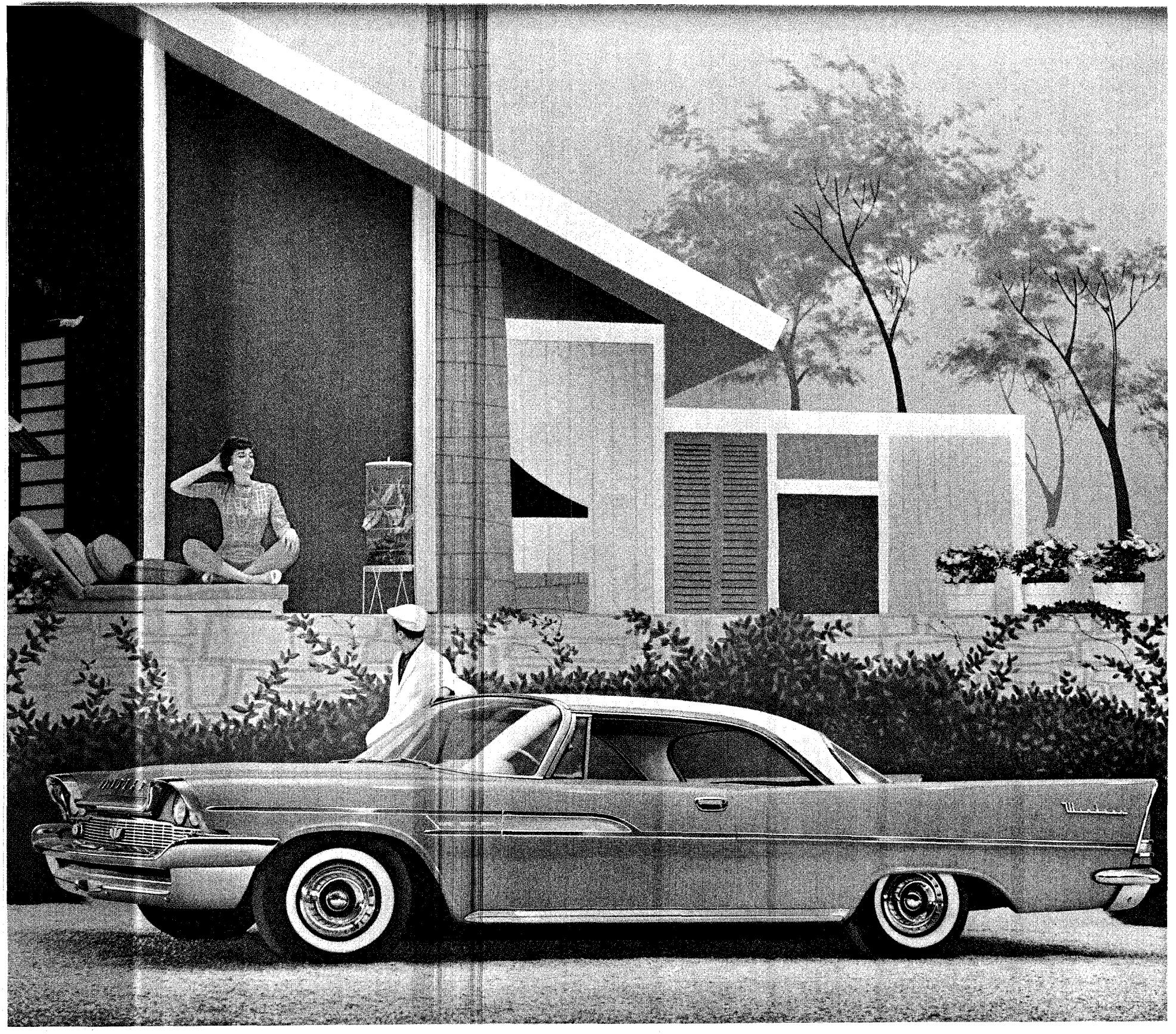


MIDSEASON SENSATION . . . NEW WINDSOR DARTLINE

It's all Chrysler and you'll like the price !

You want to just stand back and drink in this brilliant new Chrysler with its glistening new chromework and sparkling new colors.

But the real excitement comes when you get in and get going. The moment your hands touch the wheel you sense that this car wasn't made to sit still. You touch a button and in seconds you're effortlessly out on the open road.

As it irons out the rough spots, you know why Chrysler pioneered Torsion-Aire Ride. Under your foot you feel a reservoir of power, thanks to Chrysler's TorqueFlite transmission.

The stopping power of its sure-footed Total-Contact Brakes is more than a match for Chrysler's incredible go power. Styled for attraction, engineered for action—this Chrysler is *all* car. It's a car you drive because you want to, not just because you have to.

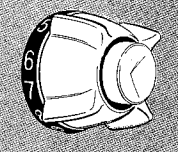
And it's never been so easy to step up to Chrysler. You can own the magnificent new Chrysler Windsor *Dartline* for only a few dollars a month more than most small cars!

See it—price it—at your Chrysler dealer today. Chrysler's a thrill you shouldn't miss.

EXTRA!

AMAZING NEW

auto-pilot



A Chrysler Engineering Exclusive that patrols your speed . . . conserves gas . . . lets you cruise accelerator-free.

SEE AND DRIVE ***THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER DARTLINE***

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"It's him," said the secretary faintly. "Get me out into the air."

ARSON, INCORPORATED

Who was the dead man? The answer to that question could shock the whole city.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"It's my guess we're up against something new and bad," Craig's superior said. Craig Batts, newly appointed to the investigative role of a fire marshal, was slugged by four men who pulled off New York's biggest robbery while firemen were busy quelling a suspicious blaze across the street. The crooks, all wearing fire fighter's garb, then neatly escaped in a red auto resembling an official car. This startling incident, Craig realized, lent great weight to the belief of Pieter Van Rensselaer, an eccentric fire buff, that a dangerous ring of arsonist-robbers was moving in on the city.

Later, Craig took another beating—this time when he privately sought out Clyde Tupper, the mysterious figure who wielded a strange power over Craig's "uncle," old Chief Fogarty. The young fire marshal was puzzled by the recent attempt on Tupper's life and Tupper's subsequent presence on the scene of an incendiary fire. Still another baffling factor in the series of ominous events was the theft of an official department file on Craig's father, who died battling a conflagration of unsolved origin. Now, at the door to the Fogarty apartment, a dying man blurted out a cryptic message to the old chief's daughter, Nora.

IV

It was Nora Fogarty's first contact with violent death. She stood shivering with the shock of it, and somehow the most horrible part of it seemed to her the glistening bald skull of the man stretched at her feet. He lay, one arm under his body, the other flung outward as if grasping for something. Nora shrank back against Craig and he placed an arm about her shoulders. He drew her into the parlor and pushed her down upon the davenport.

"If you're faint," he said, "put your head down on your knees."

"I don't faint," she said sharply.

"Sit there," he said, "while I telephone."

It was not the police he called for, but the Bureau of Fire Investigation.

"Assistant Fire Marshal Batts here," he said. "I've got a murder on my hands. I'm at Chief Fogarty's apartment." He gave the address. "Will you tell the chief? I'll call the police."

Next he called the police. "I want to report a murder," he said. He gave the address, was told to remain where he was until the police arrived, and replaced the instrument on its cradle.

(Continued on Page 89)

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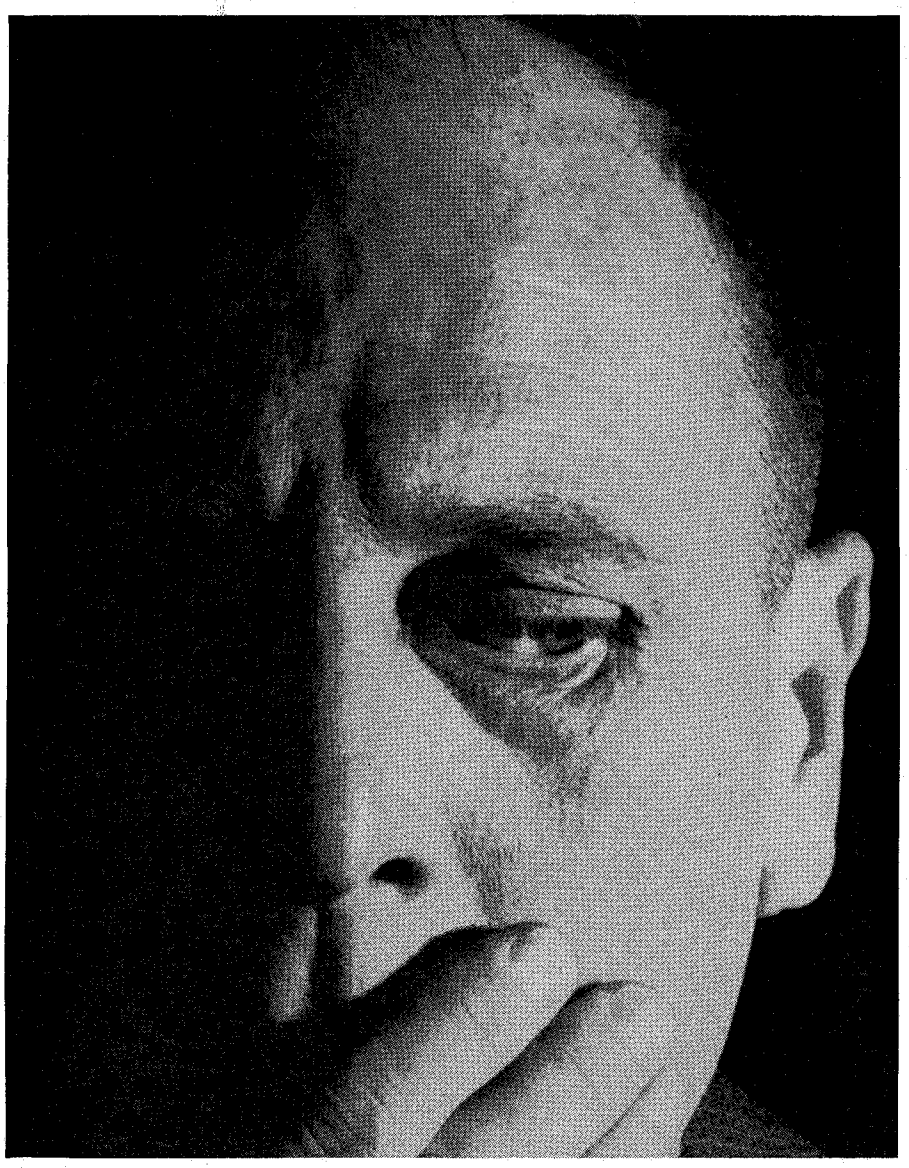


YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you *brush* false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It *soaks* into places no brush can reach, to keep plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

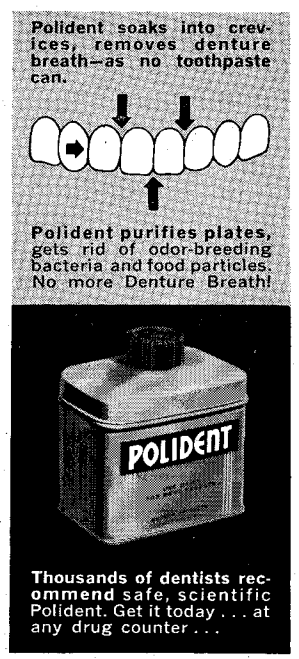
You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white . . . and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film – sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

Easy to use . . . Instant Action . . . Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Your false teeth start looking naturally white again . . . and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.


Polident soaks into crevices, removes denture breath—as no toothpaste can.
Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor-breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!
POLIDENT
Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Get it today . . . at any drug counter . . .

POLIDENT®

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?
Don't rely on weak powders.
Hold dentures firmly in place
with this long-lasting cream adhesive.

The Girl in the Tree (Continued from Page 26)

"Both," Jane said. "And, of course, you can't blame them, because it's exciting enough to have someone like Captain Pride settle here in Lymington, especially when he's the pilot of a transatlantic airliner. But when you think that he came here because of Rosie—just because she waved at his plane—well, that seems almost a miracle, doesn't it, darling?"

"I've no doubt it does," I said. "But would you mind going back and leading up to this miracle one step at a time? To begin with, I have no idea who Captain Pride is."

"I just told you. He's an airplane pilot. He flies to Europe about twice a month and he's going to settle here because of Rosie Beckwith."

"All right," I said. "So much for the captain. Now tell me about Rosie Beckwith. I'm not even sure I know who she is."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, darling! You met Rosie and her mother—she's a widow—when they first came here to live last June. Mrs. Beckwith bought that old salt-box house next to the Admiral Browning place on Whaleback Hill and the Brownings gave a big cocktail party for them because Mrs. Beckwith and Mrs. Browning went to Dana Hall together. But come to think of it, you weren't here for that party."

"No," I said, "I was in New York, trying to sell a story to an editor."

"You sold it," Jane said, "because that's when I bought my new bathing suit. But, darling, all last summer you saw Rosie Beckwith swimming at the club. She's that pretty red-haired girl who limps."

"Oh, that one," I said. "Yes, I know her. She's lovely. I just didn't associate her with the name."

"You never do," my wife said. "You always say you have a system for remembering names, but it doesn't seem to work. Like the time old Mrs. Bass begged you to stop calling her Mrs. Fish, because she said she was getting confused herself."

I said, "That was one time when my system failed me. Please pass the eggs. And tell me more about Rosie."

"Rosamund, her name is, but she's always called Rosie and she's lovely, as you say. Not a smitch of self-pity in her make-up, though she had polio as a child and can't dance or play running games. But when she was still quite young she decided she wasn't going to let her lameness spoil her life."

"How do you know she decided that?" I asked.

"Why, her mother told me—or rather, told us. Didn't I say that Mrs. Beckwith came into Sally's this morning while I was there?"

"No, you didn't."

"Well, I should have. Because that's how I learned the facts about Rosie's romance."

"Is it a romance?" I asked.

"Why, of course it is," my wife said. "What else would I be so excited about? Because I mean I'm always fascinated by the way any particular girl gets any particular man, especially if it's at all out of the ordinary. Now let's see. Where was I? Oh, yes; Mrs. Beckwith came into Sally's and, of course, everything stopped and everyone crowded around her, because all we knew up till then was what Sally had heard from her husband, who's in real estate."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's Sally's husband got to do with it?"

"I just said, he's in real estate. He's that Old Colonial Realty Company on Water Street. And he told Sally—and she told us—that last Saturday morning this Captain Pride came to him wanting to buy a house in Lymington."

"Captain Pride is the airplane pilot?"

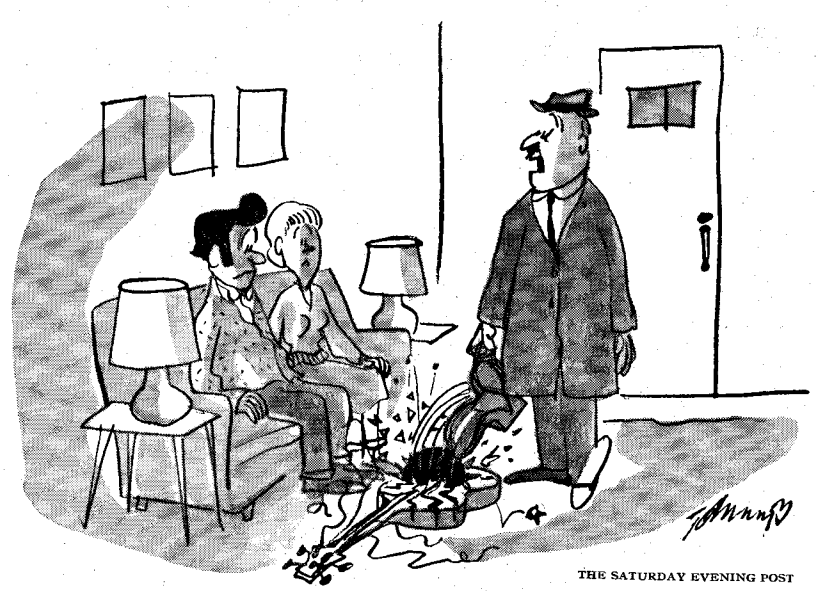
"That's right, pet. Hand me a sandwich, please. And Sally said her husband asked the captain how he happened to come to Lymington—just making conversation, you know—and the captain told him confidentially it was all on account of Rosie—only he called her Miss Beckwith—because she'd waved him down out of the sky."

"Well, that does sound romantic," I said. "But don't stop there."

"Let me take a bite of my sandwich," Jane said; and I said, perhaps somewhat explosively, "How the hell could a girl wave a transatlantic pilot down out of the sky?"

Jane swallowed and said, "Well, you see, she always waved at his plane or at the plane making that particular flight—and every other week or so it was Captain Pride's plane. Not that Rosie knew that, of course. She just knew that every Saturday morning about nine-thirty this huge plane appeared and it always flew directly over her head, so she had a kind of personal feeling about it."

"Where was she when the plane flew over her head?" (*Continued on Page 53*)



"Heavens! How clumsy of me."

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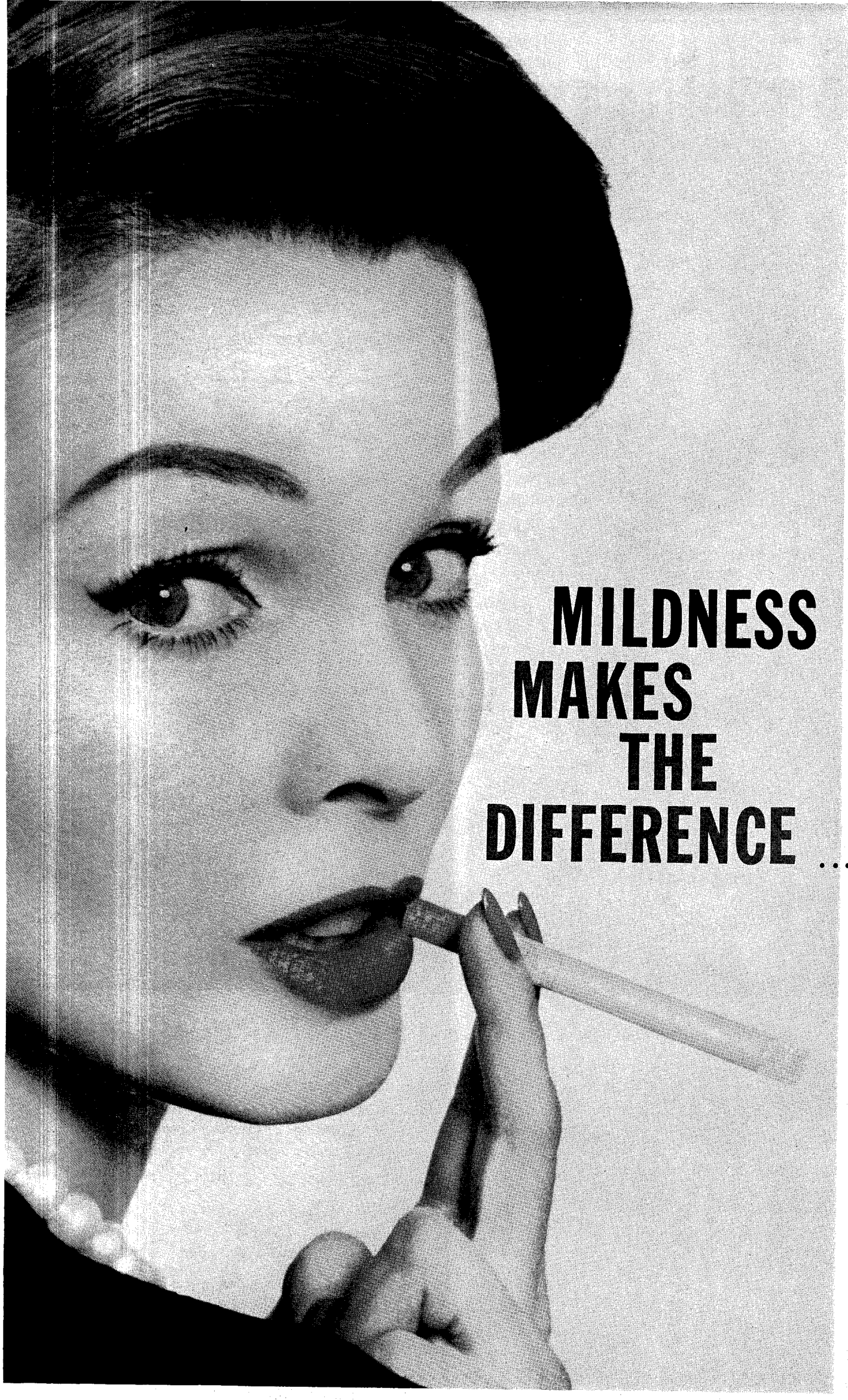

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BY THE MAKERS OF HERBERT TAREYTON—FAMOUS FOR QUALITY, DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TIPPED, FULL KING SIZE.

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He had a dream even bigger than Texas...

YOU CAN'T think about Texas without thinking about Sam Houston in the same breath.

A tough six-and-a-half footer, Sam was right there that April afternoon in 1836 when Texas was born. At a spot called San Jacinto, he and his men saw to it that twice as many Mexicans under General Santa Anna would never forget the Alamo. When all the smoke cleared away, there was Sam—president of a spanking new republic so big nobody could tell him for sure where it ended.

Sam spent the rest of his life working for Texas. He was its president twice. And when Texas became one of the United States, he went to Washington as senator. Whenever he thought Texas needed him he'd come running. The last time was when they made him governor.

Then Sam and Texas disagreed.

With the other state officials, he was asked to swear allegiance to the Confederacy. When they read out the governor's name in the capitol, you could hear the silence clear across Austin.

Sam Houston! Sam Houston! Still no answer.

Off in another room old Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, sat quietly writing a note to his people: "I refuse to take this oath . . . I love Texas too well to bring strife and bloodshed upon her."

These words cost him a lot. He was put out of office. He was called coward and traitor. But Sam had a dream—a dream even bigger than his beloved Texas. He could see a nation *united*, growing stronger and finer than any the world had ever known. And Sam was willing to give up everything—to do the one thing that seemed right to him.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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A man shows courage in many ways

The words freedom and bravery have appeared often in our advertisements about great Americans. Usually they have meant freedom in the political sense—and bravery in the face of physical danger. But there are many kinds of freedom—and many kinds of boldness and courage. We who work with life insurance think of freedom in the sense of freedom from want, and worry, and unhappiness. Life insurance brings these freedoms to millions of American families.

And what does bravery have to do with life insurance? Even though physical danger is not involved, the purchase of *enough* life insurance can be one of the boldest steps a man can take... a decision that can change his family's entire life.

Once the decision is made, the rest is easy. A highly-trained John Hancock agent is fully equipped with skill, experience, and the finest types of life insurance contracts. He can show you how your family can have security and independence in the most economical and modern way.

BYRON K. ELLIOTT
President

★ ★ ★

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(*Continued from Page 50*) "On the hill back of her house. There's a tree there that she climbs for exercise and ——"

"Rosie climbs a tree for exercise?"

"Yes; she thinks it strengthens her leg muscles. So she goes to the hilltop after breakfast every morning—except when it's raining—and climbs the tree. She wears a one-piece bathing suit with long red drawers, so she won't chafe her legs when she wants to hang by her knees, and she's been doing that ——"

"She hangs by her knees?"

"That's what her mother said. Mrs. Beckwith said Rosie'd been exercising regularly in the tree since last June, and quite often she was hanging from one of the top branches when the plane flew over the hill. But even when Rosie was upside down she still waved, and Captain Pride must have noticed the red drawers and seen this odd arboreal creature waving at him, so no wonder he wanted to come down and have a closer look. . . . May I please have some salad?"

I passed Jane the salad bowl, while my mind dwelt in rapt fascination on the picture of a pretty girl with red hair and red legs dangling from a tree branch as she waved at the unknown airman, who now, it seemed, had been brought to earth by that warmhearted gesture.

"Well," I said, "it just goes to show the power of sex over altitude. Or would you say that fate had arranged Rosie's romance?"

"No, I wouldn't," Jane said. "It happened because she waved—and kept waving. She's a very friendly girl, her mother said." Here my wife took a sip of lemonade; then continued, "Everything I tell you from now on is what Rosie's mother told us at Sally's this morning. Of course, I'll have to put it in my own words, but I'll try not to embroider it—though if I do it'll be because I've lived so many years with a fiction writer. But they've been very happy years, haven't they, darling?"

"Very happy indeed," I said. "But don't digress. You were saying you'd learned everything from Rosie's mother."

"Yes, and Rosie'd told her everything, so this is the real story. And Mrs. Beckwith said it was so unusual—and so wonderful—that she wanted all of us there in the beauty shop to hear it. And she said she was sure if we heard it, then every other living soul in Lymington would hear it, and that was what she wanted, especially since it was a kind of triumph of faith for her daughter."

"A triumph of faith? In what way?"

"Well, you see, Rosie's not only naturally friendly. She also believes in friendliness. I mean she believes there's a great store of love in the world—I'm quoting her mother—that you can sort of tap into by making affectionate gestures. Then somehow you get your own share of it."

I said, "That's not what I'd call a profound philosophy."

"No, darling," Jane said. "But if I had to wait for something profound to tell you, I'd be practically speechless."

"God forbid," I said. "So when Rosie waved at that plane, she was really showing her faith in the world's store of love, and asking for her share of it."

"Yes. You might say she was casting her bread upon the waters." Here, inspired by her thought, Jane tossed a bread crust toward a gull that was strutting on our seawall. This instantly brought other gulls swooping down, with fierce, raucous cries, and for a few seconds there was a wild war of wings on our lawn.

"Well, anyway," Jane said, "Rosie Beckwith's waving wasn't just aimless. It was a matter of belief, and that's what infuriated Bill Browning when she explained it to him. Because, of course, Bill's such a sourball—or anyway such a realist—that he can't stand people having ideals or illusions or ——"

"Jane, dear," I said, "I hate to interrupt you. But will you kindly tell me how Bill Browning comes into Rosie's romance?"

"Why, he's her next-door neighbor. I told you Mrs. Beckwith bought next to the Browning place, and Bill lives at home, so of course he's known Rosie ever since that cocktail party his mother and the admiral gave for the Beckwiths last June. But Bill is older than she is—than Rosie is—and he paid no particular attention to her till one Saturday morning when he caught sight of her in her tree. He was looking through his field glasses and saw something red in a treetop, and so ——"

"Bill was looking through his glasses?"

"Yes."

"Where was he?"

"At home. Up on the widow's walk, looking out ——"

"The widow's walk?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Don't you remember the admiral had a widow's walk built on his roof so he could go up there and look out to sea? Well, it seems Bill often goes up there too. I don't know why Navy men always want to look out to sea, I should think they'd get enough of it while they were on it, but anyway ——"

"Wait a minute," I said. "Bill Browning isn't a Navy man. He works in a bank in New London."

"But he went to Annapolis, didn't he?"

"So he did. I'd forgotten."

"Darling, how could you? All his family have always gone to Annapolis—the men, I mean, or anyway his father and grandfather—and that's why it almost killed Bill when he was washed out in his third year."

"I remember now, he had some kind of bad luck."

"He had flu, and it left him deaf in one ear. Only slightly deaf, but it was enough to end his Navy career. Such a little thing, really. Yet it changed his whole life, and Bill couldn't get over it. Don't you remember how sort of crushed he looked when he first came home from the Academy? Then after a while he turned into this grim character with an absolutely hard-boiled outlook on life."

"I wouldn't call Bill grim exactly," I said. "But his character doesn't bear on Rosie's story, does it?"

"Yes, it does," Jane said. "Because if he hadn't bawled her out for being so idealistic—well, Rosie might not have gone on waving at that plane, and then Captain Pride would never have come to Lymington to find her."

"All right," I said. "But when did Bill bawl out Rosie? The last thing you said he was doing, he was looking through his glasses and seeing something red."

Jane nodded. "Of course, what he saw was Rosie's drawers. But he didn't find that out till he went over and stood under her tree."

"Bill went over to Rosie's place?"

"And stood under her tree, yes. She was sitting on a branch, and she must have looked a little startling in her one-piece bathing suit, but cute, too, because she has a really cute figure. But apparently Bill wasn't interested in her looks. He just wanted to know what she was doing up there. So she told him. And Bill said she'd do better—get more exercise—in a gymnasium. And Rosie said she preferred to climb a tree, and then, all at once, here came the plane. It wasn't very high—it never was—and it passed directly over the hill, and Rosie stood up on her branch and waved at it.

"Then she looked down and saw Bill staring up at her. He asked her why she'd waved. Did she know anyone on that plane? Rosie said no, that she'd waved because she wanted to, and anyway she always did. And Bill said, 'What for? What good does it do you?' Well, she didn't want to tell him about her philosophy, so she said, 'Oh, I don't know. I just think if you feel like waving at something, then you might as well wave.'

"Bill didn't say any more at that time. He simply shook his head and went home. Rosie never expected to see him again—that is, under her tree—and she hoped she wouldn't. Because he always seemed to her a kind of barbarian, with his thick hair and bushy eyebrows and that big, hulking, sort of fierce look of his. But about a month later, on a cloudy Saturday morning, there he was again, standing below her as she hung by her knees from a top branch. So she had to say hello, and Bill asked her please to come down, or at least pull herself right side up, because he wanted to talk to her. But Rosie just swung there and asked him what he wanted, and he said he'd been watching her through his glasses for the past four Saturdays and she always waved at that plane. He said he couldn't figure out why, and it was driving him nuts.

"Well, of course Rosie didn't want him to go nuts, so she climbed down and sat on a low branch—I can just see her with her arm around the tree trunk and her red hair all wild and her red legs dangling—and Bill begged her to tell him why she waved. Well, barbarian or not, he seemed so intense about it that she told him about her philosophy. And that's when he bawled her out. He said, 'So you think the world's full of love, do you? And you want your share of it, do you? Well, that last part's understandable, because everybody wants love—especially women. But you're not going to get it by being mystical about it. You're not going to get it by waving at a transatlantic airplane flying a quarter of a mile above your head.'

"So Rosie said, 'That airplane has people in it. I'm waving at them, and especially at the pilot, because I think he's so wonderful to fly across the ocean.' And Bill said he was no more wonderful than a gob in a submarine, but never mind that. The point was that her waving made no sense, because she got no response from it. And Rosie said, 'Oh, yes, I do—or at least I did once.' And Bill said, 'When did you?' And Rosie said, 'It was one Saturday morning with a high overcast, just like this, and the plane flew low under the clouds. And when I waved, I saw the pilot wave back at me.'

"Well, Bill said she'd imagined it, and Rosie said she hadn't, and they argued till they both lost their tempers, and

Old Woman on a Fine Day

By May Williams Ward

Scatter back, skim forth,
Skitter through the blue;
Don't blame you, birds,
This fine day!
Guess I'll zig a few
Zags with you along the
breeze
Not going anywhere,
Then float down to rest
again
In my wheel chair.

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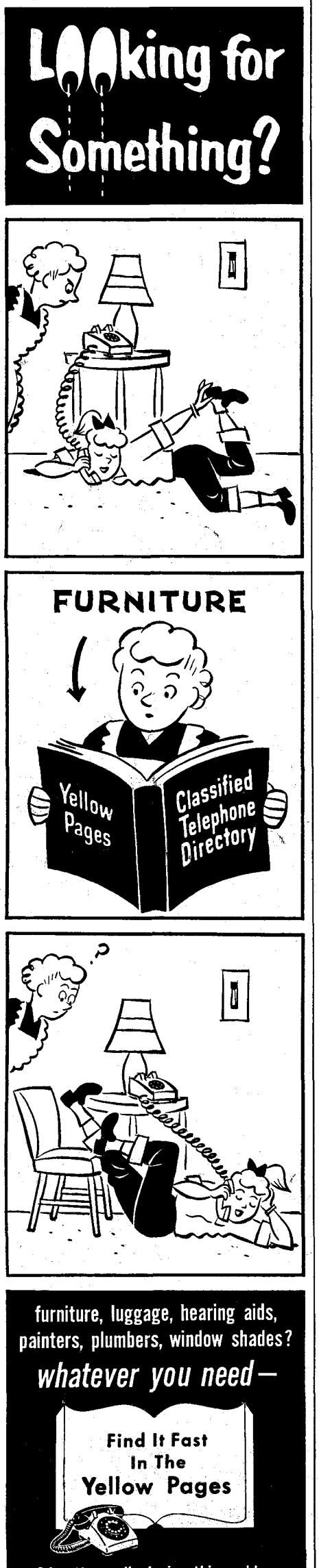
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then—you can guess what happened, can't you? The plane came over, flying low under the clouds, and Rosie pulled herself up on her branch and leaned out as far as she could and waved at it as hard as she could. And the pilot saw her. He turned his face toward the window beside him and waved his hand. Not only that, but he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, signaling O.K. to Rosie.

"It all happened in a few seconds, of course, but Bill saw it as plainly as she did, and at first he couldn't speak. So Rosie said, 'Go ahead and apologize,' and Bill said, 'All right, I apologize for doubting that you saw the guy wave back at you. But now I know what goes on in your subconscious mind.' And Rosie said her mind wasn't subconscious, it was perfectly conscious and she knew what she was doing, and Bill said, 'So do I know what you're doing with that cockeyed philosophy of yours. You're building a fantasy around that airplane pilot.'

"So Rosie said, 'Really? What sort of fantasy?' And Bill said he supposed it was the usual thing, the classic daydream of the knight in gold armor on a white horse—or is it a white knight on a gold horse?—who comes riding to rescue the maiden from the awful fate of permanent maidenhood. Only Rosie had turned the knight into an airman in a white suit with gold braid on his cap, Bill said. But actually her airman was the same old fairy-tale figure and she probably expected him to drop down out of the sky someday and marry her while his copilot flew the plane to Europe. Well, by this time Rosie was so mad she said, yes, that was exactly what she expected—except that commercial pilots didn't have parachutes, so how could her dream man drop down out of the sky? And Bill said, 'On the wings of love,' and Rosie swung her hand down to slap him. But he ducked and she lost her balance and flopped down off the branch right into Bill's arms.

"Well, for a minute he just held her, and you can't blame him, because she's a lovely young thing. And in that skimpy bathing suit—well, you might think it would take his mind off their quarrel. But no, Bill just stood her on her feet and then went on scolding her. He said, 'You're lame. That's why you daydream. You're afraid to face reality; you're afraid that your lameness will handicap you in getting the man you want. So you make up this fantasy.' And Rosie said, 'That's a lot of cheap, secondhand psychology! You don't know what you're talking about!' And Bill said, 'Oh, yes, I do. I went through the same thing when I had to give up the Navy.'

"Then he told her how at first he used to pray for a miracle to give him back his hearing, but finally he had to face the fact that he was definitely handicapped—for a Navy career. So he quit kidding himself and got a good civilian job, because he'd learned to stop believing in miracles. And he told Rosie he knew it was none of his business, but he just couldn't stand seeing a handicapped person take refuge in any kind of pretense. That was why he was telling her that the sooner she stopped dreaming of her airman, the better off she'd be.

"Rosie was furious. She said she didn't consider herself a handicapped person, that her lameness was a nuisance, but not really important because she had so much else to be thankful for. She said, 'I'm healthy and strong, and I've had enough men make passes at me to know that I'm reasonably attractive, even if you don't think so.' And Bill said he hadn't thought about her attractiveness at all, that he was just considering her as a fellow creature who'd been physically afflicted, and he hated to see her try to hide from that fact behind a curtain of make-believe. And Rosie said she wasn't hiding from anything, that she didn't feel afflicted and that she'd never stop believing in miracles because she was perfectly certain one was going to happen to her. Well, that burned Bill up, so he said O.K., it was her life and if she wanted to waste it on some fool belief, that was her privilege. Then he said, 'But no miracle will ever happen to you.' And he turned and walked away."

At this point, Jane stopped to refresh herself with another sip of lemonade, and I thought how fortunate I was to have a wife who could bring home so felicitous a tale. For of course I already knew that Rosie's faith had been justified.

"So the girl was right," I said. "The miracle did happen to her."

"Yes," Jane said; "it happened last Saturday morning, after she'd finished her exercises. The plane had flown over as usual and Rosie had waved at it, but this time its pilot wasn't Captain Pride. Captain Pride about then was driving into Lymington in a sports roadster painted white—you might say it was the equivalent of a white horse—and he turned into the Beckwith place just as Rosie came down from her tree. And Rosie knew him right away. She didn't know his name, of course, but she'd had those two glimpses of his face, and anyway she knew in her heart who he was. So she just stood there, and he stopped his car and got out and came to her waiting under her tree."

"How did he find her?" I asked. "How did he know where she lived?"

"That's what Rosie asked him, and he said it was easy. He knew Lymington from the air—it was the point where he always crossed the coast—and he knew that the girl he was looking for lived on a hill marked by one tall tree and a salt-box house. He'd made a couple of inquiries in the village, and here he was and there she was, and he told her he was glad to see what her costume consisted of, because from the air it had puzzled him. So then Rosie told him why she wore it and all about herself, and they exchanged names and she asked him to come to the house and meet her mother. Captain Pride said he'd love to, but if she didn't mind, he'd do that later. Right now he wanted to drive back to the village and talk to some real-estate man. He told Rosie he'd decided it was time he was putting down some roots somewhere, and he said he'd picked Lymington because he'd fallen in love with it from the air."

"Because of Rosie?" I asked.

"Yes, because of Rosie," Jane said. "Because he told her it was the feeling of friendliness he'd got from her waving at his plane that had started him thinking about living here.

"Then he asked her to have lunch with him somewhere in the village so he could tell her how grateful he was to her, and of course Rosie said she would. So he said he'd come back for her and meet her mother after he'd seen the real-estate man, and then he took Rosie's hand and kissed it."

"A true knight of the air," I said.

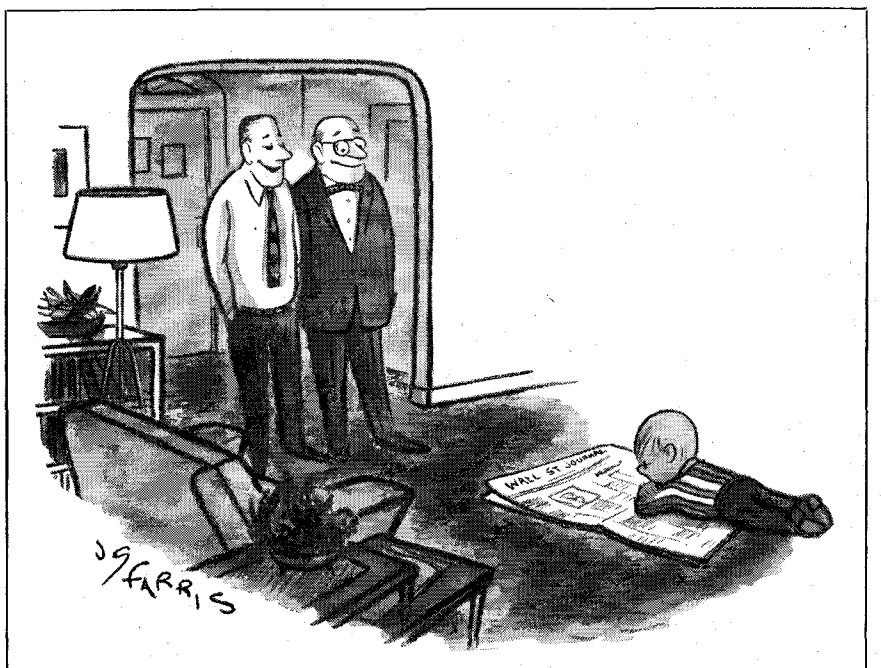
"Yes," Jane said, "and Bill Browning saw him do it."

"Bill Browning saw Captain Pride kiss Rosie's hand?"

Jane nodded. "He was up on the widow's walk of his house again—Bill was—and just by chance he was looking over at Rosie's place through his glasses. Or maybe it wasn't by chance that he was looking over at her place. But Rosie didn't know he'd seen her till maybe half an hour later. She'd gone into her house to take a bath and get dressed, and was in her room doing her hair when her mother came in to say that Bill Browning wanted to see her. He was downstairs, Mrs. Beckwith said, looking black as a thundercloud about something.

"So Rosie finished doing her hair—all she does anyway is brush it straight back from her forehead—and then she went down to see Bill. He told her right off what he'd seen through his glasses and asked her if the guy who'd kissed her hand was her airman. Rosie said he was and that she was going to have lunch with him. And Bill said, 'So your dream did come true,' and Rosie said yes, and Bill said, 'Do you really think it was because you waved at him?' And Rosie said she was sure of it.

"So then Bill Browning did an unexpected thing. For a barbarian, that is. He looked at Rosie with an expression that she told her mother later was ferociously meek. Then he turned and walked to the door. There he stopped and turned around again and said, 'Rosie Beckwith, I've fallen in love with you. I don't know how it happened, but it started the day we had that quarrel, when you fell out of the tree into my arms.' And Rosie said, 'But you haven't seen me since!' And Bill said yes he had, he'd been seeing her regularly through his glasses, and every time he'd seen her he'd fallen deeper in love. Then he said, in his ex-Navy voice, 'Now hear (*Continued on Page 56*)



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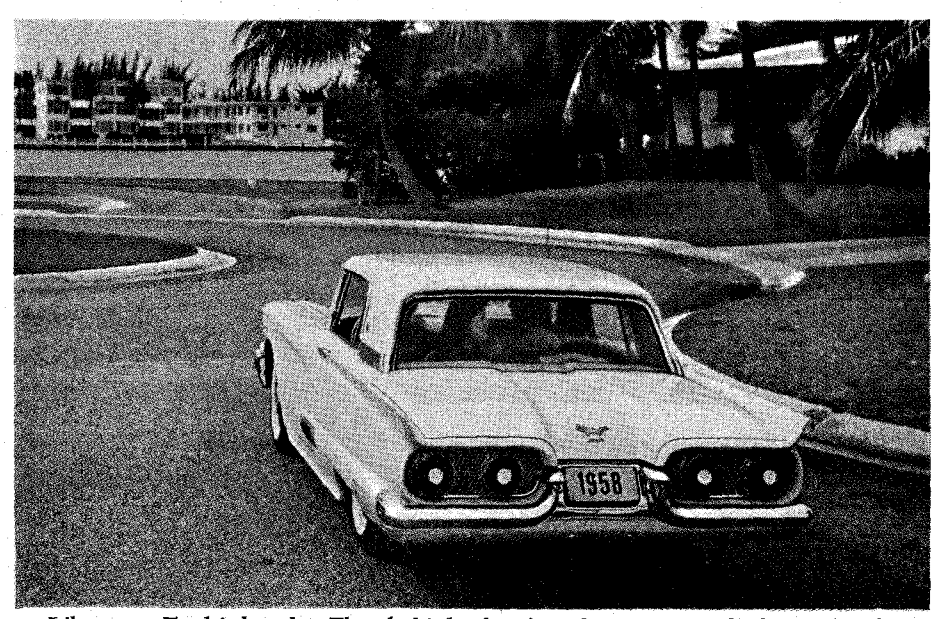

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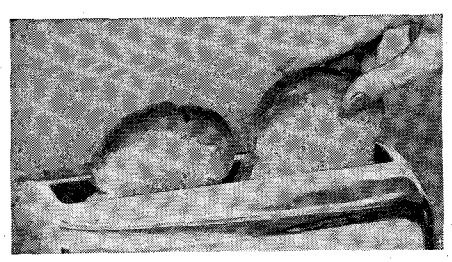

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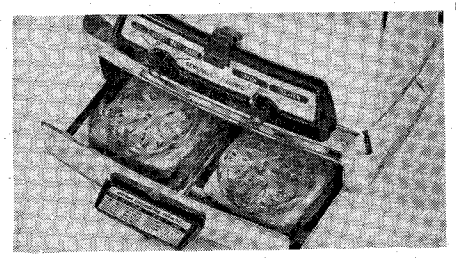

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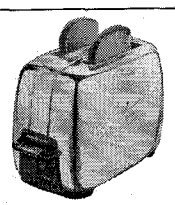

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(*Continued from Page 54*)

this, dearest Rosie! I love you and I have faith that you're going to marry me, not that airplane driver!' And then he waved his hand at her."

I said, "Bill waved his hand at Rosie? While he was still there in the room with her?"

"Yes, he did," Jane said. "He stood in the doorway and waved at her two or three times, as hard as he could, because he wanted her to know he'd accepted her philosophy. Then he walked out of the house and left her to keep her date with Captain Pride."

My wife stopped to light a cigarette and I waited till she'd had her first puff. Then I said, "Well? Go on, finish it."

But Jane's mind seemed to have wandered strangely from the subject. She said, "It's a lovely philosophy, really. I mean, the idea that you wave at something—or someone—and get back something you want in return. But it doesn't work for everyone, I guess."

"You mean it didn't work for Bill Browning?" I asked.

"I wasn't thinking of Bill. I was thinking ——"

"Did it or did it not work for him?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes, darling, it worked beautifully. Because when Rosie had lunch with the captain—they went to the Sea-View Restaurant for lobsters—he told her he was married and had three young children, and that was why he wanted to move to the country. And Rosie told her mother afterward that up till then she'd been so upset thinking about Bill Browning that she hadn't been able to eat. But when the captain told her he was married, she felt terribly happy and hungry, and ate a whole three-dollar lobster. So then she guessed that she must be in love with Bill."

"Well?" I said. "Did she guess right? Are they engaged?"

"Yes," Jane said. "Bill was waiting outside the restaurant when Rosie and the captain came out, and Rosie introduced him—Bill, I mean—as her fiancé. Bill was stunned, but he recovered very quickly. So that's how it ended and I hope you enjoyed Rosie's romance, darling."

"I not only enjoyed it," I said, "I agree that it constitutes a triumph of faith. For however you look at Rosie's philosophy, it certainly worked."

"For her, yes," Jane said. "But it didn't seem to work for me when I tried it driving home from the beauty parlor. I tried it on Mrs. Bodkin, but it just didn't ——"

"Mrs. Bodkin?"

"Yes, she's that cleaning woman I've been trying to get for so long. The very best in Lymington—and as I was driving along Main Street I saw her polishing the Wentworths' front-door knocker. So, thinking about Rosie, I slowed down and waved at Mrs. Bodkin like mad. But she just gaped at me, and then I felt a slight bump and —— Well, you know there's a fire plug opposite the Wentworths' and ——"

"Oh, no!" I said. "Not another fender, Jane!"

"Darling, it's just a tiny dent because I was going so slowly."

"But I've just finished paying for the last one!"

"But it's really almost nothing, darling. I just thought I ought to tell you."

"I'll go see," I said. I got up from the luncheon table and looked down at my wife. "Your duplicity is plain to me," I said. "First you disarm me with a delightful piece of gossip. Then you give me the bad news about the fender. You are a woman of infinite guile, and I don't know why I go on living with you."

"Oh, dear," I heard Jane say, but I was already walking away toward our garage, which is on the street next to our house. But before I got halfway across our lawn I thought of Jane sitting there alone at the table feeling bad about the fender, so I stopped and looked back at her. Her face was turned toward me, and it is a beautiful face, and I thought, *Oh, what the heck. If you've got somebody worth waving at, you might as well wave.*

So I waved at my wife, and she straightened up and waved back at me, and I walked on to the garage wondering if Rosie's philosophy was contagious and thinking it might be a good thing if it was.

THE END

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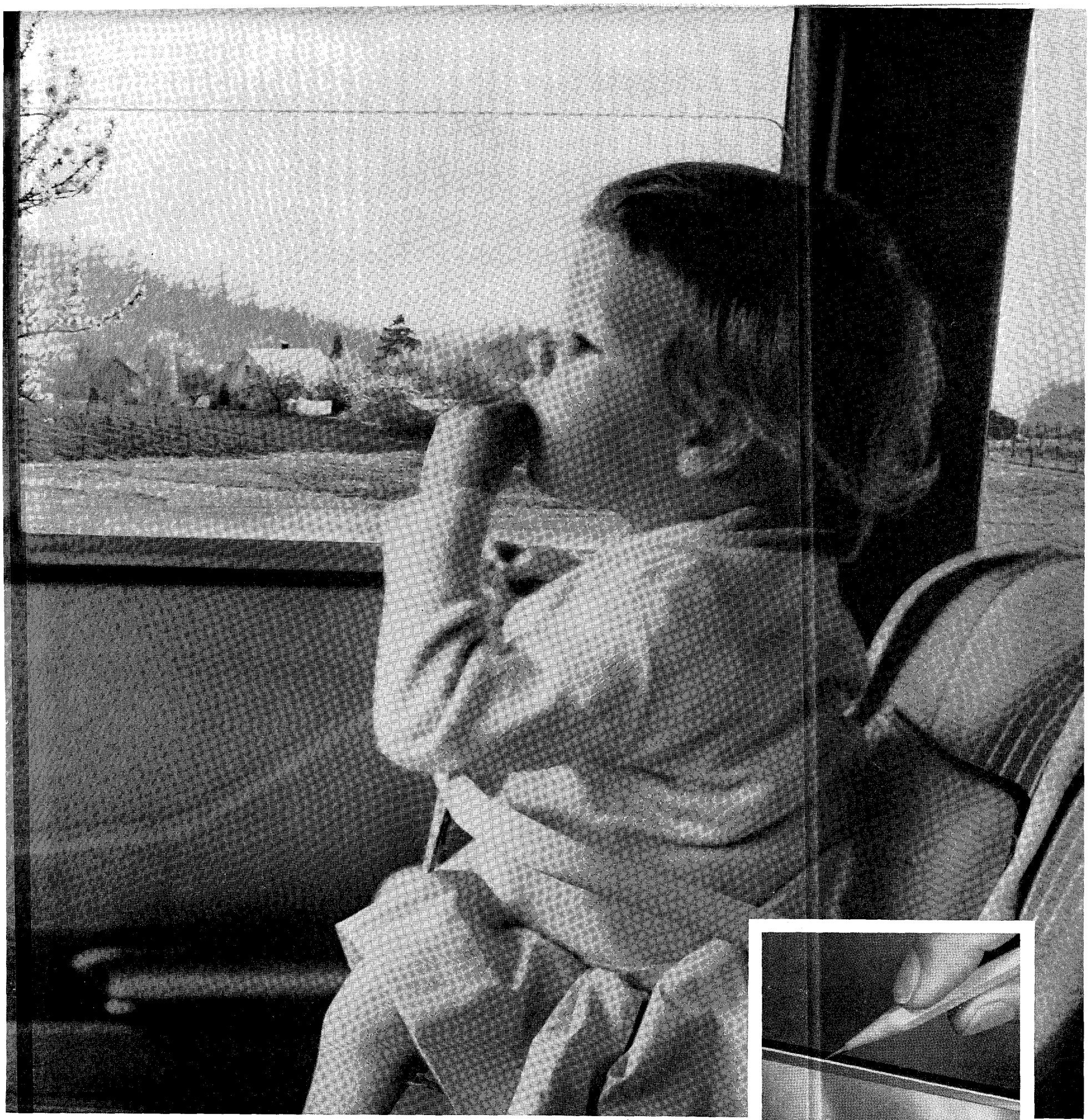

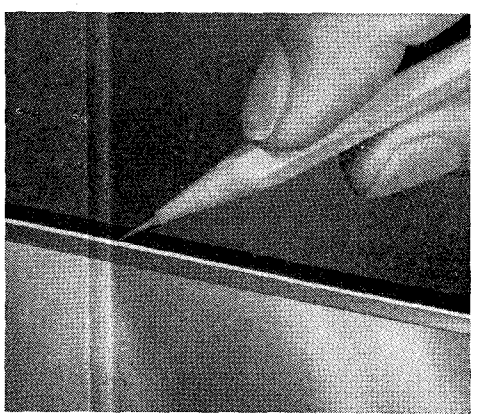

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Wild Ride (Continued from Page 37)

lovely eyes. "You know what papa would say. A boy who drives a truck ——"

"He thought well enough of the truck once," Luis said, recalling the day he had discovered the Colindres car in a ditch and hauled it out, thus meeting his beloved for the first time. But he didn't press the point. The poet in him dreamed of the impossible, but the schoolteacher's son knew only too well that being invited to a rich man's home for coffee on a stormy night, after playing the good Samaritan, was a far cry from being welcomed as an equal.

On a Saturday evening in August, Luis and his beloved strolled the silent streets, and Luis recited a poem he had written about the hopelessness of young love.

"If only Señor Manley would let me drive a bulldozer," he said. "A truck driver is nothing, I admit it, but even your father would respect a man who moved mountains."

His beloved only squeezed his hand, so he walked her back to the big walled house where she lived, and whispered his farewells. The big house was in darkness tonight, Señora Colindres having retired and her husband, Jaime, being away in the capital. Luis, his hands in his pockets, trudged disconsolately toward his jeep, standing just inside the gate.

Halfway to it he halted, puzzled. A car had turned in between the gateposts to block his exit—a large black car. Luis frowned at the four men who stepped out of it. Two of them he knew by reputation, and their presence in Tolentino surprised him. Army colonel Francisco Chavez and the politician Vicente Giron were no friends of his sweetheart's family, he was certain. The other two were large, scowling men—bodyguards, Luis guessed—who were probably not even friendly with their own mothers.

"You have come a long way for nothing, gentlemen," Luis murmured uneasily as the quartet halted before him. "Señor Colindres is not here."

"It so happens that he sent us," said Chavez, who was thin and tall, with a deceptively feminine face, and wore a uniform and carried a holstered revolver prominently on one hip.

"In that case, if you will move your car and let me out, please ——"

"Come into the house," the colonel said.

"But I was just leaving."

"The house," Chavez repeated firmly, and one of the strong men stepped forward to Luis' side. And then, while the fourth man went to close the gate, young Luis found himself walking across the yard and climbing the wide stone steps of the Colindres residence, with a massive set of fingers locked tightly about his arm.

A servant was sent to summon Señora Colindres, and when that admirable woman appeared, Colonel Chavez bowed to her. "Permit me to introduce myself," he said, introducing the others as well and calling the two strong men Pedro something and Diego something. "You understand, *señora*, why we are here?"

The mother of Luis Bonilla's beloved was a tall, handsome woman, regal in her flowered dressing gown. She gazed at her callers without expression. "I am afraid I do not."

"Your husband has not told you?" The colonel appeared distressed. "This is most awkward. He was to have prepared you. Of course, he expected to be with us and perhaps meant to tell you tonight."

Señora Colindres continued to frown.

"Tonight, *señora*, ex-President Bajada returns to Manigua from exile to take his rightful place in the national palace. He will come on horseback over the mountain trails from the San Marlo border, with an escort. We are to meet him here. Your husband is one of us."

"I do not believe you," Señora Colindres said calmly. "My husband despises Bajada."

"I assure you ——"

"Furthermore, we do not mix in politics. We are peaceful citizens living in seclusion here at the end of the road."

"But, *señora* ——"

"You do not even lie convincingly, Colonel Chavez. If my husband had planned to be with you and found himself detained, he would have given you a letter for me."

"There was no time for letters!"

"No time for a simple 'Believe what Colonel Chavez tells you' over his signature? You do not flatter my intelligence, colonel. I must ask you to leave. Under the circumstances, I cannot offer you the hospitality of this house."

The four exchanged glances, and Chavez exhaled a sigh before drawing his revolver. "It would have been so much easier had you believed me, *señora*. Now you force me ——" The weapon swerved as Luis Bonilla lurched from his chair. "Sit down, you fool!"

Luis stopped his forward motion and sank back, poised like a crouching cat on the edge of his chair. The mother of his beloved glanced at him in surprise.

Chavez, scowling, said crisply, "We will wake the rest of the household, I think. Since we may have several hours to wait, it will be safer if we all wait together." He glanced at the two strong men and moved his head.

Luis Bonilla sat very still. He was not now composing poems for his beloved. Once before, he remembered, he had saved the Colindres family from disaster by hauling their car out of a ditch. If he could save them again ——

Twelve persons occupied the room, but it was a large room, not crowded. Chavez and his henchmen made up one group. In another sat the servants, frightened and silent. In a third sat Señora Colindres, her daughter Rosita, and the two small children—a boy and a girl—of the cook, who was visiting relatives tonight. Only Luis sat by himself.

He had thought the situation through and arrived at certain conclusions. First: if the man Chavez now awaited managed to reach the capital, the impending insurrection might easily succeed, for Chavez controlled a sizable faction in the army. Second: if it did succeed, Jaime Colindres and his family would certainly lose their Tolentino property, which was all they owned.

Luis saw the two children watching him, and squirmed on his chair. They expected him to do something, he supposed. They were great favorites of the family, those two, and on his visits to Tolentino he always brought them candy and told them stories. In their eyes he was a heroic figure who built roads through Manigua's awesome mountains. With Mike Manley's help, of course.

He looked at his beloved. She had taken up a book and was waiting for the children's attention, so she might make the waiting easier by reading to them. She caught Luis' eye.

You, too, he thought unhappily. Hadn't he told her again and again that he would turn the earth inside out and dry up rivers for her, if given the chance? He glanced at the inexpensive watch on his slender wrist. It was quarter to two in the morning. He stood up.

"I should like to go to the bathroom."

Chavez shrugged. "Go, then. Be quick about it."

Luis crossed the room and went along the hall, followed silently by Pedro, who resembled a huge cat walking upright. He opened the bathroom door and stepped inside. "If you please," he said faintly, closing the door in the man's face and sliding the bolt.

He turned the water on full in the hand basin, crossed the room swiftly and opened the shutters at the window. The window overlooked a tilted red-tile roof. It was a simple matter for one so slender to squeeze (*Continued on Page 61*)

Can You Name This Star?

The juvenile cowboy at left was born and bred in Chicago. At the time this was taken, he was thirteen and a boy soprano in an Episcopal church choir. His singing led to a national radio program—in which he was a small voice. Pursuing his cowboy ambitions, he obtained kid roles on the Tom Mix Show. (Typical line: "I'll hold your horse, Tom.") He served in the Air Force in Oklahoma, made a U.S.O. Show hit, did the night-club circuit, and got his first real break in 1952 on television. Still young in heart and quip, he'll turn thirty-nine any day now. Can you name him?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
George Gobel

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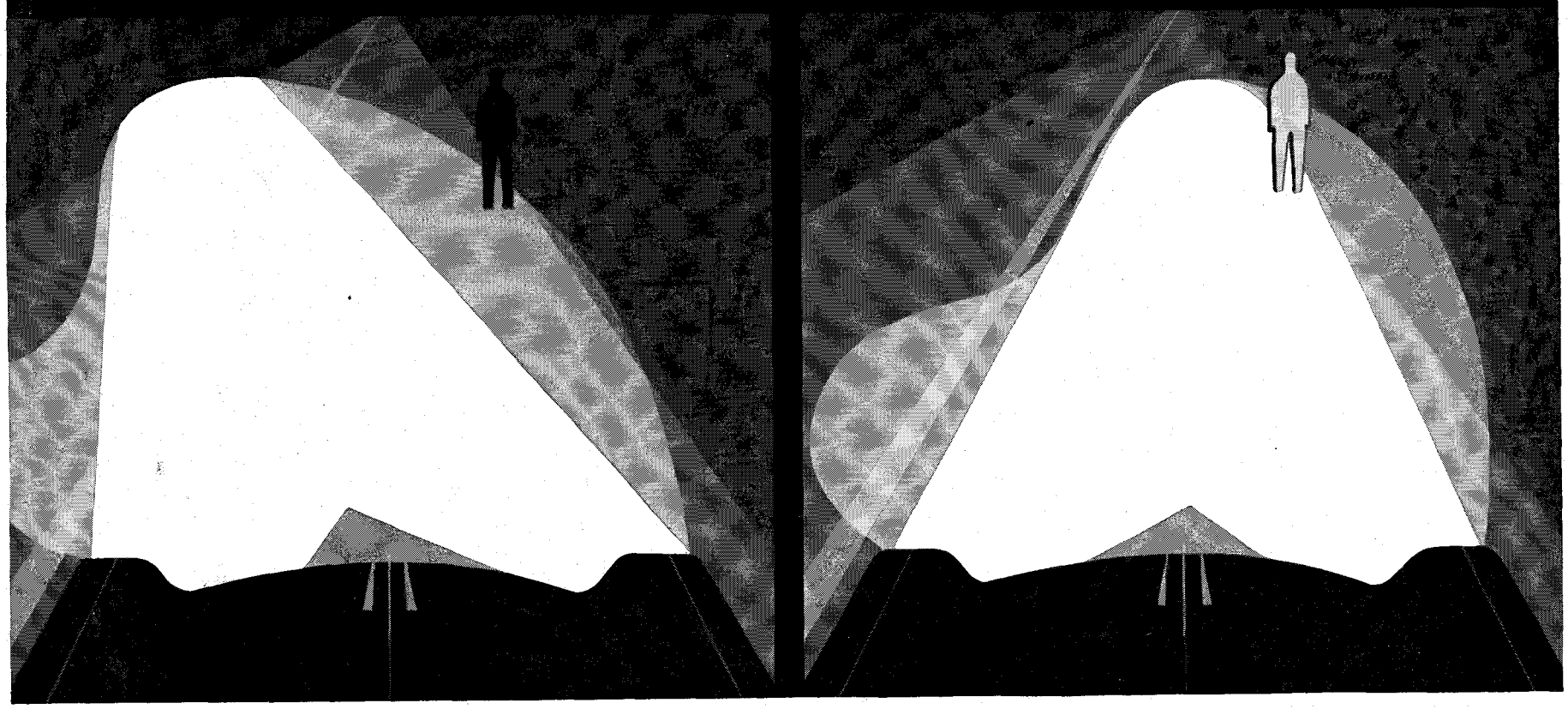
AIM TO LIVE

what you can't see can hurt you...



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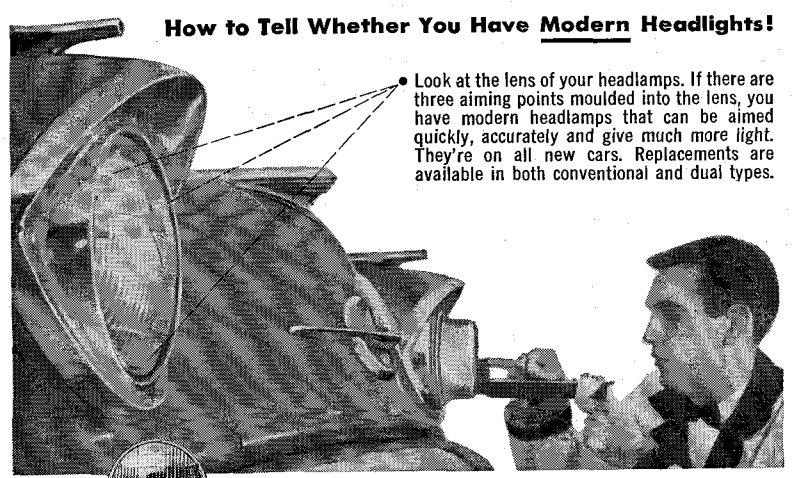

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(*Continued from Page 58*) through the aperture, slide down the tiles and drop to the yard.

He picked himself up, knowing what he must do. To do it he needed a weapon, and there was just such a weapon strapped under the driver's seat of the jeep, because Señor Manley's work often took him into back-country districts where it was wise to go armed. Luis turned the corner of the house like a swallow in flight, hoping the sound of running water in the bathroom would not too soon arouse the suspicions of the strong man at the door.

From the veranda above came the voice of Colonel Chavez, mellow with sarcasm, "You are leaving us, *amigo?*"

Luis halted with a sigh. He looked up, his lips dry against his teeth.

The man above said, "We should be sad without your esteemed company. Please use the stairs."

In silence Luis climbed the steps and returned to the sitting room, where Chavez pushed him to a chair. Pedro came in from the hall and said, "He left the water running."

"Go in over the roof and shut it off. Señor Bajada would not thank us for damaging a door in his future country home."

Luis lifted his head and gazed at his beloved. Her face was colorless.

"So you would have run away," Chavez jeered, quick to note the girl's expression.

"I was not running!"

"Really? When you were halfway to the gate before I stopped you?"

The thrust, Luis shrewdly guessed, was aimed not so much at himself as at Mike Manley, his employer. Mike Manley had played a major role in ousting Bajada from the national palace. Luis' loyalties blazed like prodded fire.

"I was not ——" he shouted furiously; then glanced at the two women and stopped his tongue.

If in their eyes he had tried to desert them, that was how it had to be. The revolver under the jeep seat, still there if he could get to it, was too high a price to pay for his self-respect.

He said, "Very well, I am a coward," and awaited the reaction of his beloved as a condemned man awaits the bullets of a firing squad. He, Luis Bonilla, who had promised to move the world for her, was reduced to a man of straw who would abandon women and children to save his own neck. What irony!

His beloved only frowned at him, seemingly bewildered.

But Chavez had found something with which to pass the time, and would not let it drop. Time and again he scowled at Luis and chuckled, always with a sly wink at the women to be sure they were aware of his amusement. And when he tired of that game and listened to the tale being read to the children, he found there, too, a way to twist the knife in Luis' ribs.

It was a fanciful tale of a prince who fought dragons for his princess. "A man of courage, you perceive," Chavez murmured when Rosita paused for breath. Or, "Not a single ignominious retreat to the bathroom, you will notice." Or, "For some of us here he should be an inspiration."

Luis clenched his hands and wept internally with rage and mortification. How, unarmed, was he to turn the tables on this monster?

At three o'clock the idea came to him. He stiffened on his chair. "Colonel Chavez," he said hesitantly, "I would like a word with you in private, please, if you will be so kind."

"We have no secrets here," Chavez retorted.

"If you—if you insist." Luis shifted his chair so that his back was toward the women. "Well then, I have been thinking. By this time tomorrow you will own the country. I could be of some small assistance to you, perhaps. After all, why should a humble truck driver be your enemy?"

From the part of the room that Luis could not see came a gasp. "Luis!" his beloved exclaimed, the word no doubt shocked out of her.

The colonel's lip twitched with amusement. "This is a proposition, little man?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Only a very small one. It—it occurs to me that Señor Bajada is a long time coming, and you may be concerned about the time. I could shorten the waiting if you will permit it."

Chavez scowled. "How?"

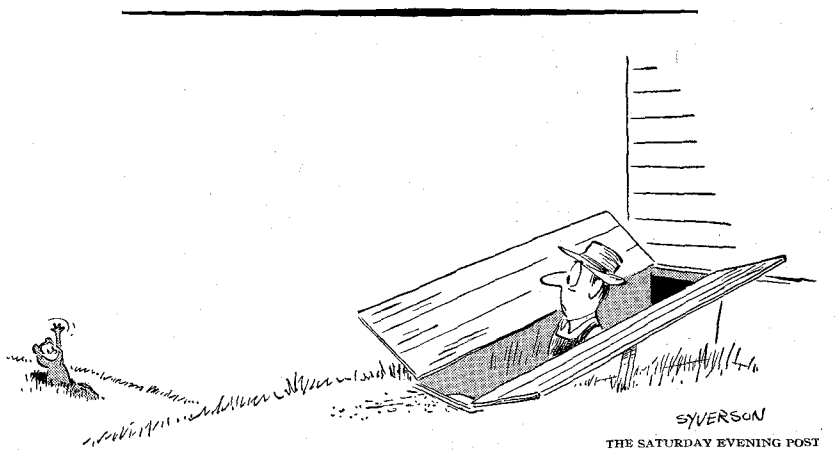
"For you and your car the road ends here at Tolentino. But I know this country well, and at the wheel of a jeep I am an expert. I could drive you to Cabeza de Toro in that jeep, a saving of eight miles in the saddle for your President Bajada."

The room was still while Colonel Chavez weighed the offer. Luis scarcely breathed. But in the end the colonel stood up. "You will remain here," he instructed the strong man named Diego. And to Luis and the other two: "Come!"

Luis walked to the door with his gaze fixed firmly on the back of the colonel's glossy head, sick at the thought of what he might see on his beloved's face if he turned.

Never before had Luis attempted to take a jeep over that track winding north through the mountains from the road's end at Tolentino, but he had walked it and knew what to expect. For half a mile he guided the snorting little vehicle with great skill through a vast maze of boulders. Then, with the mountains massed all about and the jeep but a struggling beetle in a rock pile, he knew he must postpone no longer what the matadors call "the moment of truth" and braked the vehicle to a halt.

"A cigarette for my nerves," he muttered when (*Continued on Page 63*)



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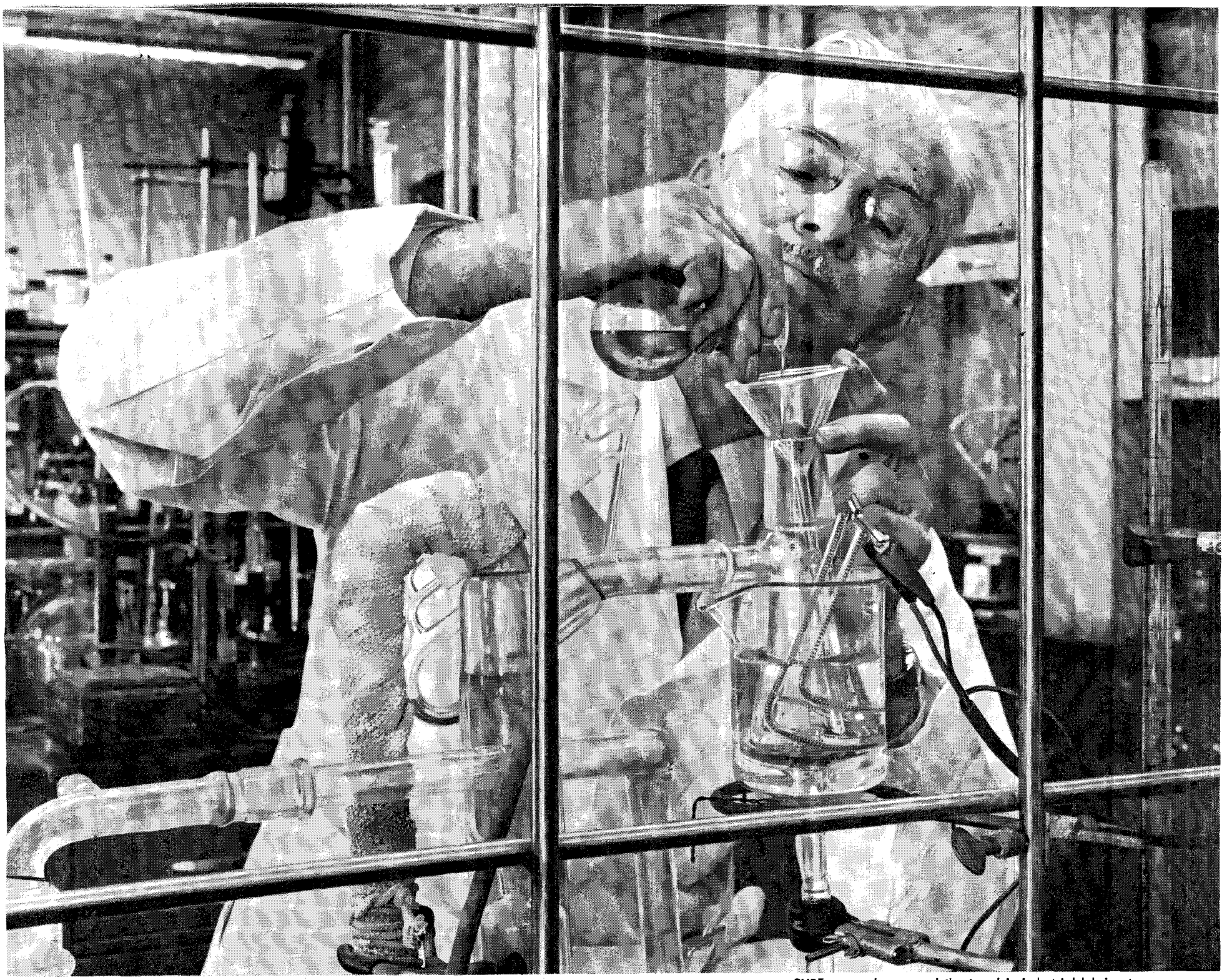

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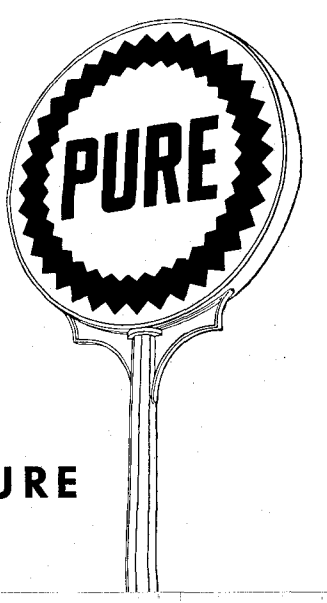

BE SURE WITH PURE

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(*Continued from Page 61*) Chavez, beside him, sent a questioning glance at his perspiring face.

His left hand curled under the seat. His fingers found the concealed weapon and withdrew it. Whipping it into view, he said hoarsely, "Now, gentlemen!"

Chavez only gazed at him without expression. The fat politician in the rear said calmly, "Take him, Pedro," and the catlike strong man, all shoulders and curling arms, swung a huge fist at Luis' ear.

Luis threw himself sideways and fired, and there was no sound—only that of Pedro's fist against the side of his head. Agony exploded behind his astonished eyes. He fell from the jeep and Pedro clambered out after him, relentless as a landslide, to lift him by the shirt front and club him again and again across face and head, until Chavez, from the jeep, said, "Enough."

Battered and bloody, Luis sank to the ground.

"Take him back to the house," Chavez ordered with a shrug. "We will go on if we can." Leaning from the vehicle, he gazed at Luis and shook his head. "You will never be the hero you aspire to be, little man. You are too stupid. Two blunders in the same night. Take my advice and stop trying." The jeep moved on.

Luis was slung over the cat man's shoulder and carried, and the silent houses of Tolentino were about him when he recovered enough to speak. "Who—who unloaded the gun?" he asked faintly.

"I did, when we first arrived and I closed the gate."

"How did you know it was there?"

"My friend, if there is anything about your *yanqui* boss that Colonel Chavez does not know, even to the place and time of his pending execution, it is not worth knowing."

Silent in his misery, Luis was borne into the house and dropped on the sitting-room floor. The dropping finished him for a time. When his eyes and mind functioned again, he found Rosita on her knees beside him, holding cool cloths to his battered face. The wife of Jaime Colindres stood by to help, and the children of the cook looked on in wide-eyed silence. The two strong men watched without interest from across the room.

Luis reached feebly for his beloved's hand. "I—I had no intention of joining them, Rosita! Believe me!"

"You must not talk."

"There was a gun in the jeep. That was why I went out over the roof earlier. But Chavez knew it was there."

She closed his mouth with her fingers and went on bathing his face, but looked at him strangely now, with a little frown. Luis freed his lips and said with a groan, "I am a fool, as Chavez said. Only a fool full of stupid ideas that don't work. But I was trying to help."

To his vast astonishment, the girl of his dreams bent her head and placed her lips very gently on his for a moment, and a tear fell from her face to his, running down his swollen cheek.

"What—what was that for?" Luis gasped.

"You are brave."

"But I have failed you!"

Her hands were gentle and her eyes full of tenderness. "You tried, and that is what counts," she said. "My singer of songs has become a man of action. If we live through this awful night we can speak to my father. There will be no reason for him to scorn a driver of trucks—especially such a brave one—when he is destitute himself."

Luis gazed at her in silence, wondering what was wrong with him. He should be happy, but was not. She loved him. With her own lips she had confessed she loved him. Yet he was miserable. The beating must have damaged his mind.

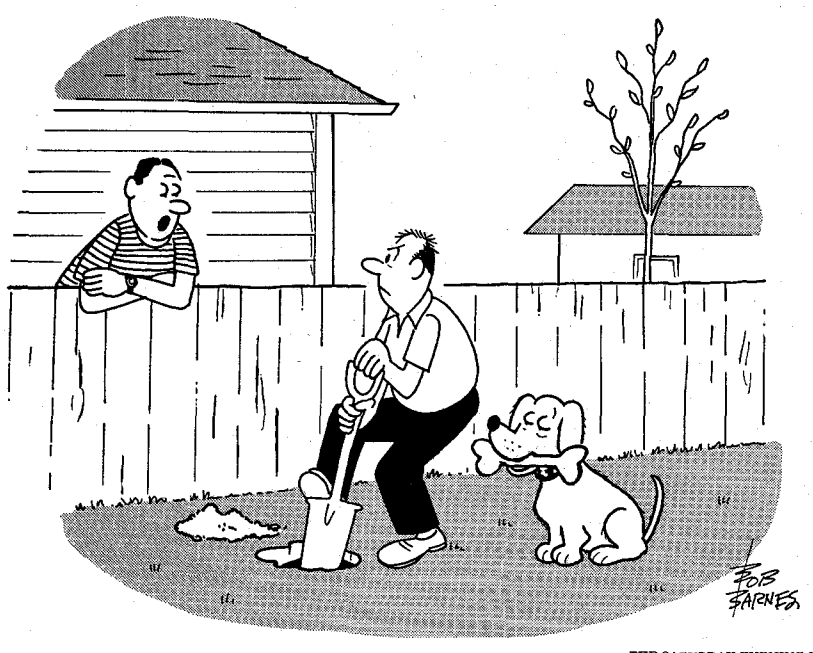
"Try to sleep now," Rosita murmured. "Rest."

He shut his eyes. He heard again the mocking tones of Colonel Chavez, and groaned. It was not enough that Rosita loved him. An hour ago he would have thought it was all the world, but now it was insufficient. Perhaps she was right: tomorrow her father would be in no position to refuse his blessing. But it would be the fault of Luis Bonilla if that happened.

From the street outside came the clatter of the returning jeep, and sudden stillness again as the vehicle stopped outside the gate. Luis opened his eyes. Voices were followed by quick footfalls on the stairs. Colonel Chavez strode into the room.

The colonel had no interest in Luis Bonilla. To Pedro he said crisply, "Remain here. Guard these people until someone arrives with orders." Beckoning the second strong man, he wheeled to the door.

Señora Colindres said with great dignity, "Have you the president, Colonel Chavez?"



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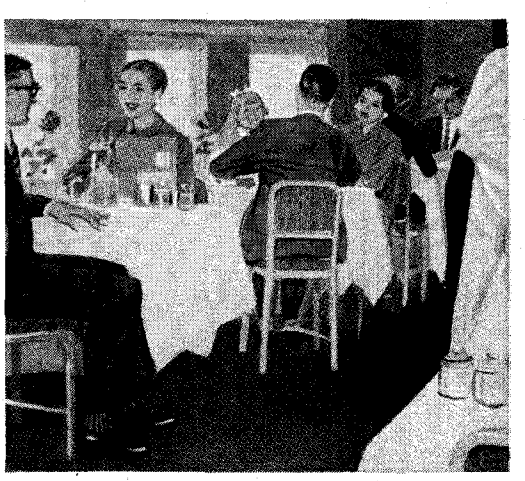

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The colonel bowed. "We have the president, *señora.* And in four hours we shall have a palace to put him in. I bid you good day."

They were gone.

Luis heard the sedan start in the yard below. Four hours, he thought. Probably less than that, now that Mike Manley, the mover of mountains, had widened the most dangerous part of the road and thereby reduced the hazards. He heard the car leave the yard with its burden of bloodshed and disaster. The silence of the mountain night returned.

He looked at Señora Colindres. She stood with her gaze on the empty doorway, steady as stone, her fine mouth a thin white line. He looked at his beloved. A tear rolled down her cheek. Pedro, left to guard them, sprawled on a chair, resigned to a long wait.

Luis reached for his beloved's hand and drew her close. He spoke in a whisper.

"No, no," she whispered in return. "You have been brave enough."

"The stars never fall into a man's hand," Luis told her. "He must reach for them."

"But it is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible. Do as I say."

She looked at him strangely, for it was not like Luis to give orders. His eyes commanded her and she nodded. Reaching for the basin of water with which she had bathed him, she rose to her feet.

As she went across the room, Luis lifted himself on an elbow. "Pedro!" he called softly.

The cat man scowled at him.

"I have a proposition, Pedro."

Amused, Pedro strolled over to stand above him. "Have you? Talk, then. It will pass the time."

"I think it will," Luis murmured—and the basin, flung by his beloved, took the cat man full on the back of his head.

He lurched about, off balance and startled for the wink of time that was needed. Luis seized him by the knees and dropped him, and was swarming over him before he struck the floor. But this was not Luis Bonilla, the poet. This was the Luis Bonilla who had been hurled from a jeep and beaten senseless, and knew what would happen if he failed again. And the floor of the Colindres sitting room was of tile, even harder than the cat man's head when the head was bounced against it.

In a moment Luis rose and handed the strong man's gun to his beloved. "Have your mother call the villagers," he instructed. "They will take care of this man."

"Luis! Where are you going?"

"I have something to do."

She did not try to stop him. This was not a Luis who could be stopped. On his way to the door he stumbled a little, weaker than he had thought himself, but by the time he reached the foot of the steps his legs were steady again because he willed it.

Chavez had taken the jeep key. There was another taped under the dash. Luis adjusted his bruised and battered body on the seat and gripped the wheel. Then, with a vast assortment of pains blazing inside him, he sent the little vehicle hurtling over the cobbles with a roar to lift the villagers out of their beds.

The streets of the town fell behind and chill mountain air whistled about the windshield. The infamous road to the capital rushed forward like a scared snake into the gleam of the headlights. Never before had any man, not even Mike Manley himself, taken those awesome curves at such a clip.

Thirty minutes from Tolentino, at the first rung of the vertical stretch that had claimed so many lives, Luis tramped on the brake and swerved the jeep into a roadside clearing. Mounds of gravel and a watchman's shack loomed there in the darkness, and in the single small window of the shack glowed a light.

Luis paid no attention to the light. It meant simply that old Quirio Garcia, the watchman, was brewing coffee instead of sitting outside the door on his broken-legged chair. Quirio would understand, anyway. Leaping from the jeep as it screeched to a halt, Luis turned and raced across the road.

He looked down. He was not too late. The lights of the pursued car crept at a snail's pace along the horizontal directly below him. They crept toward him, because the sedan had just rounded the first of the many hairpin turns, a quarter mile distant.

Luis sped back to the clearing. Ignoring the shack, he threw himself toward a massive yellow hulk of machinery looming dark and silent between mounds of gravel. It was an old friend, that hulk of machinery. He knew it well. Clawing his way up the side of it, he crouched on what appeared to be a vast ribbon of metal and jabbed a thumb at a button. The starting motor awoke from sleep with cheerful promptness, just as it had on many a dark night before when Luis had persuaded old Quirio to look the other way while he acquired an education.

He threw the clutch to engage the diesel and danced impatiently on the 'dozer for a hideously long moment while the big engine warmed up for action. He yanked the lever into running position and leaped upward to the padded

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seat. At that moment the shack door clattered open and a thundering voice turned him to stone.

With one hand on the shift between his legs and the other reaching for the master clutch, Luis gazed in horror at the massive shape striding toward him. It was the last man in the world he wished to see.

Mike Manley halted by the 'dozer. "What in the name of the saints," he demanded, looking up, "do you think you're doing?"

In the doorway behind him appeared another figure—the tall, spare, white-haired figure of Jaime Colindres, the father of Luis' beloved. Luis gasped.

The explanation was simple, had Luis but known it. Just before midnight Mike Manley had left the bar of the Hotel Nacional, in the capital, and strolled through the lobby on his way out to his car. He was going home. A polite "Good evening" from a man sitting in the lobby halted him. He shook hands and said, "Jaime Colindres, what are you doing so far from Tolentino?"

"I wish I knew," Jaime scowled. "I don't like what I think."

"Trouble?"

"Everything is trouble these days. I was asked to come in for a conference. Chavez sent the message. Very important, he said; very urgent. It turned out to be a meeting with some of his henchmen, quite pointless. The colonel himself wasn't even there and isn't in town, I'm told. I am worried."

Mike Manley had been building roads in Manigua for years and knew what was going on. "Get home," he advised, then thought of his own position and frowned. "I think I'll go with you. I've a lot of trucks on that road that friend Chavez would find handy for transporting rebels from the border."

They talked as they drove, discussing many things. At the top of the great climb, tired from clawing their way up the mountain face in low gear, they stopped at the watchman's shack for coffee, and were drinking it when a car droned past outside. Mike Manley reached the shack door too late to get a look at the car, but made sure there was only one before returning to his coffee. Then the sound of Luis Bonilla's jeep brought him to his feet again.

Through the shack window, astonished, he had watched Luis start the 'dozer. Now, with Jaime Colindres framed in the doorway behind him, Mike stood beside the growling hulk and bellowed, "Get down off that thing!"

Luis trembled under the accusing gaze. "*Señor*, I—I must have it! You don't understand!"

"You're as crazy as a bedbug!" Mike shouted. "Get down, I say!"

Tears of frustration flowed down Luis' face. The precious seconds were ticking away; in his mind they were the ticking of a time bomb under the palace. If only he could explain! But even if he did, the answer would be the same. He was incompetent, Mike would say. He opened his mouth to plead, but looked again into the big man's granite face and knew it was useless. He sighed, stood up, and suddenly hurled himself feet first at Mike's head.

Mike Manley went down in a heap, struggled blindly to rise, was given a shove and stumbled over the mounded gravel and went to earth again, cursing. When he staggered to his feet the second time, it was too late. Luis had scrambled to the padded seat again. The bulldozer thundered toward the road.

That was an incredible accomplishment, really. Mike himself says so, and

Morning After Storm

By Herbert Merrill

Fire had flicked a crooked tongue
And licked the fingers of an oak.
Then from darkness thunder spoke,
And all night long the roof has sung
Over and over the same refrain
Under the gray batons of rain.

Now, like a lovely woman, comes
Morning with her silver eyes.
From her footprints flowers rise,
From her hand a fat bee hums
And all around her robins shout
And fluff bedraggled feathers out.

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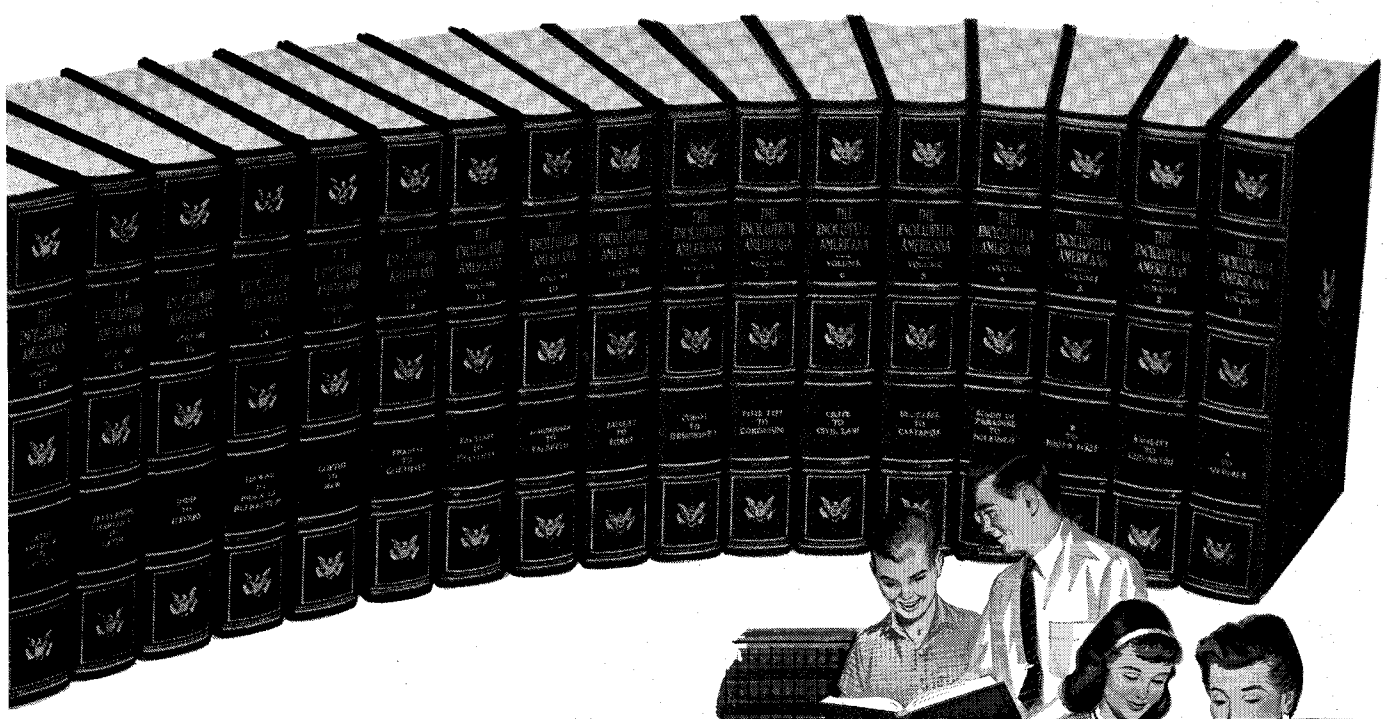

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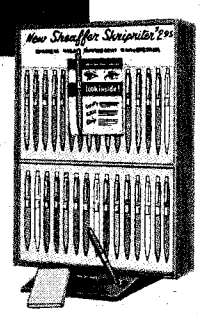

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Mike is no man to compliment without reason any wild-eyed employee guilty of assault and battery on the person of Mike Manley. The mountainside there was all but vertical, awesomely booby-trapped with brittle limestone ledges that might have crumbled under the 'dozer's great weight, and patches of rubble just waiting to be nudged into a landslide, and gnarled stumps eager to tear off a cat track. Yet when Mike and Jaime Colindres rushed to the road's edge, expecting the worst, there below them was the monster clawing its ungainly way downward at incredible speed, slewing and twisting through the pitfalls as though able to smell out every danger.

"Good grief!" Mike remembers saying. "He must have invented that thing!"

Luis Bonilla had not invented his roaring steed, but he loved it as the knights of old loved their chargers. Of all the 'dozers he had secretly practiced on, this was his favorite. The two steering clutches were but extensions of his educated hands, and his feet danced a ballet on the foot brakes. Perched there on his bounding seat, with legs spread wide and the controls bristling between them, Luis Bonilla was poetry in motion. And what motion!

From his perch he could see the black sedan of Col. Francisco Chavez creeping along the road below. He chose his route accordingly. The car's occupants were, of course, unaware of him. To see him, they would have had to look up, a luxury they could not permit themselves on that unfinished highway whose outer edge was space. Nor was it likely they could hear him above the growl of their own vehicle, in low gear for the perilous descent.

Now the road was just beneath him, a pale ribbon of gravel visible through a screen of tall bushes and mammoth boulders, with the approaching car but a short distance away; and Luis was confronted with a problem which the watching Mike Manley knew could not be solved. That drop to the road was high and almost vertical. Mike turned away, groaning.

Luis Bonilla did not even hesitate. The 'dozer lumbered forward, flattening the bushes and weaving between the boulders. For a ticklish moment it teetered on the brink. Then it lurched over, crumbling the bank beneath it, and in the midst of a minor landslide it slewed and snorted onto the highway, right side up.

The oncoming sedan was but a few yards distant. With a synchronized clutch-and-brake maneuver that was beautiful to watch—only now Mike Manley was running for the jeep and not watching—Luis swung the 'dozer to meet it. His hummingbird right hand sped to the blade handle and pulled. The great blade rose like a curling lower lip outthrust in search of a victim.

There was no room in that place for a car to pass. On one side the bank formed an immovable barrier, and on the other yawned empty darkness. Col. Francisco Chavez applied the car's brakes and fought the wheel in sudden panic. Tires screeched in loose gravel. But it was too late. The sedan continued its forward progress as though the 'dozer blade were a giant magnet.

A head and hand thrust themselves from a rear window, and the hand clutched a revolver. It was a wasted effort. The bullets screamed off the big blade and Luis relentlessly guided his yellow monster forward. The revolver stopped barking at him. Doors flew open as the occupants of the car saw themselves being pushed backward to the road's fearsome brink. Men flung themselves into the highway. Chavez, abandoning his desperate struggle to put the machine into reverse, at last yielded to panic himself and leaped to safety.

The colonel was just in time. Shoved to the edge of space, the black sedan wobbled, plunged over and dropped from sight. Its headlights painted a pair of phantom railroad tracks in a void where no railroad could exist. Up from nowhere rose a series of quavering drumbeats, growing fainter. Then silence, except for the now-contented growl of the 'dozer, poised there in the road like a giant cat waiting to pounce.

It has been said by some who were not present that Chavez and his companions might have escaped in the moment or two that followed, had they been alert to the opportunity. Some of them, at least, were armed, and Luis Bonilla was not. A single bullet, say the scoffers, would have tumbled Luis from his perch and allowed the insurrectionists to flee down the road.

Mike Manley has a thundering answer. "Shoot him?" says Mike with magnificent indignation. "They were so astounded they couldn't move! Anyway, you can't shoot that boy. He's indestructible!"

In any case, when Mike and Jaime Colindres came roaring down the road in the jeep, the would-be rulers of Manigua were still there and still dazed. And when Mike pointed a revolver at them, they meekly lifted their hands. The revolution was finished.

It was not much of a story outside Manigua. American newspapers gave it only a line or two. "An attempt by insurgents to seize control of the government of Manigua resulted in failure yesterday, and leaders of the abortive revolt have been arrested." But in Manigua, and especially in Tolentino, it was a different tale. Luis Bonilla's name was on every tongue.

He took it well, all things considered. To Jaime Colindres he said humbly, "I will work very hard, papa, to make our Rosita proud and happy." To Rosita he said, "You, my beloved, were the inspiration."

And to Mike Manley, with a solemnity befitting his new station in life, Luis spoke as follows: "I thank you, *señor*, but the new job at the silver mine of my father-in-law will take most of my time. For friendship's sake, however, if you have need of me for some difficult task—involving, of course, the operation of a bulldozer—please feel free to call on me."

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

You've reached middle age when you run out of gas while driving alone.

One thing that's harder than the diamond you give a girl is getting it back.

Most women lie about their age just by looking the way they do.

Perhaps nobody has changed the course of history as much as the historians.

There are few places where it's harder to keep your head above water than in a bar.

When a woman isn't boss of the house, the house is probably still under construction.

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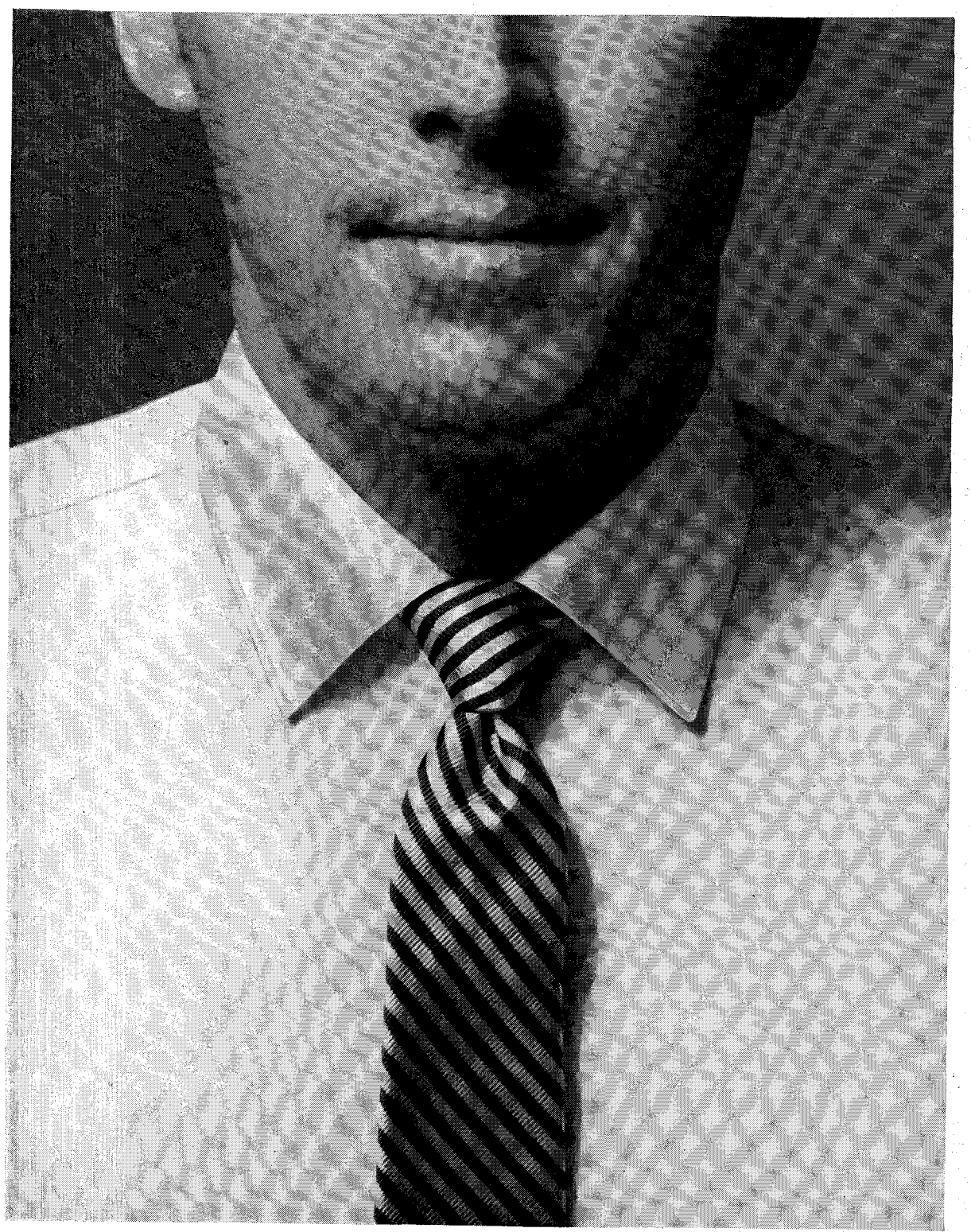
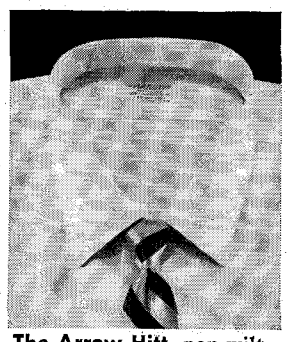
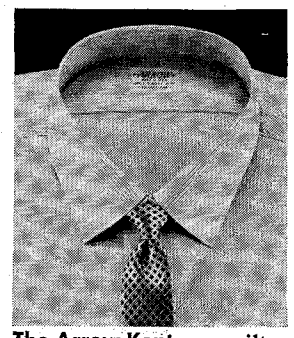


The Arrow Whip, soft, medium-point collar with permanent stays, in fine broadcloth.



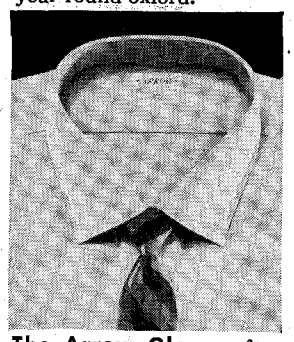
The Arrow Hitt, non-wilt, medium-point collar in fine broadcloth.



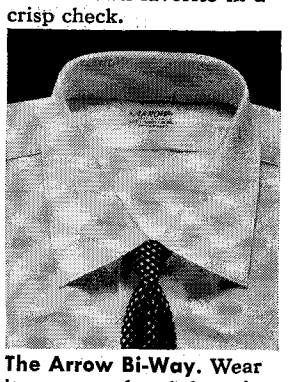
The Arrow Kent, non-wilt, shorter-point collar in a classic stripe.

The Arrow Devon BD, soft, button-down collar in year-round oxford.

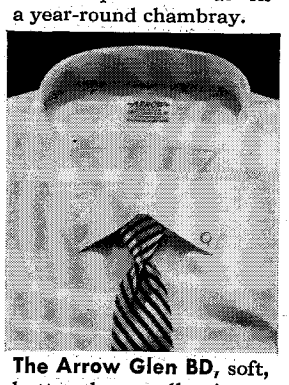
The Arrow Glen BD, soft, button-down favorite in a crisp check.



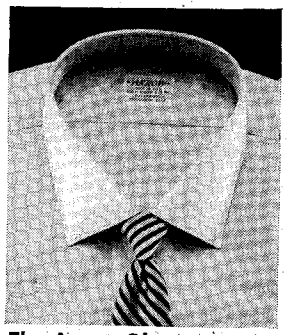
The Arrow Glen, soft, shorter-point collar in a year-round chambray.



The Arrow Bi-Way. Wear it open or closed, here in an open-weave fabric.



The Arrow Glen BD, soft, button-down collar in an airy mesh fabric.



The Arrow Glen, soft collar with smart, shorter points, end-and-end fabric.

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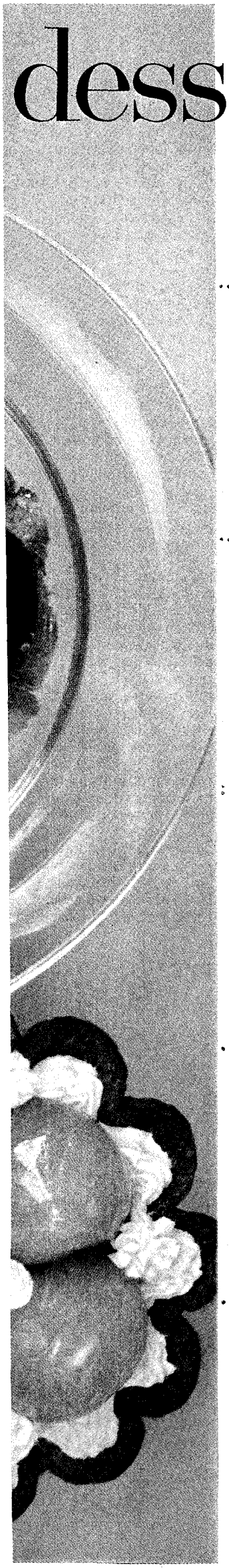


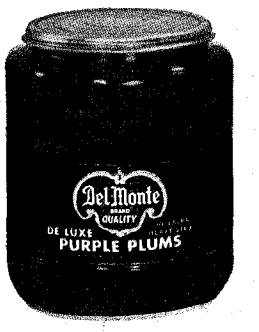
desserts . . . *delicious ways to explore the wide and wonderful world of Del Monte fruit variety!*

May Baskets with sparkling Del Monte Fruits for Salad

So pretty! DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad bring you real salad-size pieces of mellow peaches and pears, tart-sweet pineapple chunks, dainty apricots and bright cherries. Isn't it nice to make discoveries like this in flavor and convenience, and be perfectly confident of quality? You can, with DEL MONTE!

May Basket Salad-Dessert: Fill grapefruit shells with drained DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad. Serve with this Nut-Date Dressing: Combine 2 tablesp. cornstarch, 2 tablesp. sugar, ¼ teasp. salt. Add ¾ cup syrup from fruit and 2 tablesp. vinegar. Cook stirring constantly, till thick and clear. Cool. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped, then ½ cup finely cut dates and ½ cup chopped walnuts. Makes about 1½ cups.

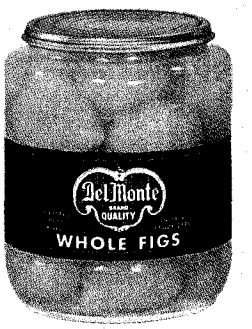
Plum Puff with exciting Del Monte De Luxe Purple Plums



Rich, purple, completely captivating – DEL MONTE DeLuxe Plums are a happy change of pace in fruits, any way you serve them. So have this fun adventure in flavor soon. The quality's just what you'd expect from DEL MONTE—any fruit, any time.

Plum Puff: Drain 1 jar (1 lb. 13 oz.) DEL MONTE DeLuxe Plums, saving syrup. Pit plums. Remove crusts from and cut bread into 1½-in. squares to make 3 cups. Toss with ¼ cup sugar and ½ teasp. cinnamon; then in ⅓ cup butter, melted. Arrange half the bread in buttered 1½ qt. baking dish; then plums; then rest of bread. Pour over 1 cup syrup from plums; add ¼ cup chopped walnuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes. 4 to 6 servings.

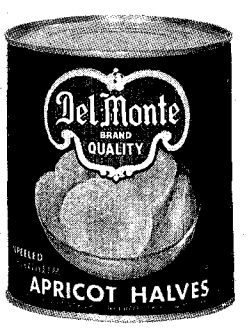
Fig Jewels with luscious, honey-colored Del Monte Figs



For intriguing flavor, enjoy DEL MONTE Figs —a delicately sweet, deliciously different fruit of great distinction. Most attractive to look at —we treat these beautiful Kadotas with such respect, you'll find them tender, yet firm enough to hold their shape.

Fig Jewels: Sift together: 2 cups sifted flour, 2 tablesp. sugar, 2 tablesp. cocoa, ½ teasp. salt. Cut in ⅔ cup shortening till crumbly; add ⅓ cup cold water, 1 teasp. vanilla. Divide into 6 equal portions; roll out to fit over bottom of large muffin tins or individual pie pans. Prick well with fork. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 min. Cool; remove from tins. Just before serving time, fill with drained DEL MONTE Figs and garnish with softened cream cheese as shown.

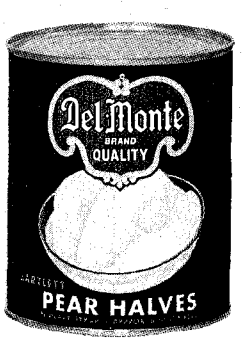
Apricot Crisp with glowing and juicy Del Monte Apricots



Ask anybody who's tried them – DEL MONTE Apricots have the most marvelous flavor! Reason: They're packed riper. Golden, tender and tempting, these magnificent apricots are prime proof DEL MONTE puts flavor first in any fruit. Choose from 4 styles—Whole, Halves, Peeled and Unpeeled.

Apricot Crisp: Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; add ½ lb. marshmallows and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, till marshmallows are melted. Pour mixture over 4 cups crisp rice cereal; stir till well coated. Press into buttered 8x8x2-in. pan. Cool. Cut into 6 strips; remove from pan and top each with sweetened whipped cream and 3 or 4 drained halves from a No. 2½ (1 lb. 14 oz.) can of DEL MONTE Brand Apricots.

Pear Sparkle with fragrant and tender Del Monte Pears



Juicy and smooth as silk, DEL MONTE Pears are fine-grained, creamy Bartletts. Hand-sorted, packed as they reach their mellowest ripeness —DEL MONTE Pears come in a syrup specially chosen to complement their subtle, delicate flavor. What more delightful way to vary your salads and desserts? And you can trust DEL MONTE for this kind of quality, time after time.

Pear Sparkle: Prepare 2 pkgs. cherry or strawberry-flavored gelatin according to the directions on box, using 1 cup syrup from a 1 lb. 13 oz. can of DEL MONTE Pear Halves and 3 cups water. Chill till firm. Put gelatin through potato ricer or beat vigorously with fork. Transfer to chilled serving dish; top with pear halves. Serve with a custard sauce. 6 to 8 servings.

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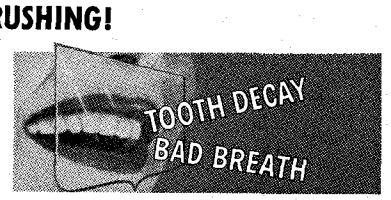
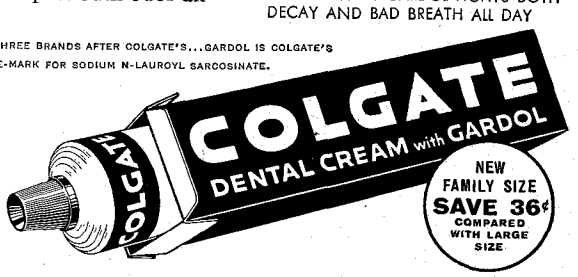


COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS BOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY

*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S...GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.



WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Man with Magic Fingers (Continued from Page 25)

Even as Garner was volunteering this modest self-appraisal, he was voted the No. 1 jazz pianist of the world in the Down Beat International Critics Poll, far outstripping such keyboard giants as Duke Ellington, Dave Brubeck, Oscar Peterson, Teddy Wilson and Earl "Fatha" Hines. One of his new albums, Concert by the Sea, had just passed the 225,000 sales mark, an all-time high for a pop pianist, and in one short period he had been the guest star on the Steve Allen, Garry Moore and Vic Damone television shows and the Woolworth Hour on radio. In Chicago, Garner buffs were forming lines two blocks long every night to hear him at the London House; and in Paris, three months before his scheduled concerts at the Olympia Theater, French speculators were scalping tickets at double the going price.

The secret of this mass devotion, as expert John S. Wilson, of The New York Times, has suggested, seems to be that Garner has not only won over the followers of such immortals as the late Art Tatum, Fats Waller and Jelly Roll Morton but, more important, is also fracturing lovers of classical music who formerly wouldn't have been caught dead enjoying jazz. Wilson says enthusiastically that Garner, who sounds like a whole orchestra, "can get rich, warm blood from the most desiccated turnip."

"Man!" Garner says. "I don't dig it all at once like this. I just got the gift. The good Lord give it to me. It comes out what I feel and hear. That's what it completely is."

Garner's gift from the Lord, which is already bringing him about $200,000 a year, is a tour de force comparable to breaking the sound barrier with a paper kite. Musicians say it is impossible, but he does it. He cannot name the chords or the key in which he is playing. He doesn't know how to use the foot pedals, and he can never play a number the same way twice. He can't write down the notes of his own numerous compositions, and they were being lost forever until recently, when Columbia Records engineers desperately began taping some of his concerts. Despite these handicaps, Garner can take any simple pop tune and instantly weave it into an iridescent orchestral masterpiece which leaves the critics and most classical musicians gaping in awe.

When Garner is in a capricious mood, which is often, he likes to spend an hour or more with just one popular number, like Body and Soul, or Over the Rainbow. His variations are so rich and original that the average listener is unaware he has heard only one melody, played twenty or thirty different ways.

"You keep wondering," wrote Frank Hruby, of the Cleveland Press, "how on earth he can ever extricate himself from the musical web he spins, and just about that time he ends it all, pretty as you please."

Harold Farberman, the noted percussionist of the Boston Symphony, went to a Garner concert with some misgivings not long ago, but emerged from the experience shaking with excitement. "Listen to that!" he says. "He can't write music, but he uses all the classical techniques—diminution, augmentation, wide key ranges, polytonality and rhythmic variations."

When Farberman's critique was read to him word for word, Garner's big eyes rolled around like dice in a cup. "Man, that's too angular Saxon for me," he said with a typical Garner malapropism, "but if I read you right this cat likes me."

In the seven-year period since he came out of obscure bistros into big-time jazz, Garner has won every major prize in his field. He took the Esquire Jazz Poll, the Down Beat Fan Poll, Metronome's "Success of the Year" award, first prize in the International Jazz Festival of France and many others, but these honors don't send him, and the plaques and trophies are gathering dust in a warehouse.

Like many another creative genius, Garner is genuinely unaware of his stature in jazz, and as a result is suspicious and insecure. Some months ago, while he was appearing at the Embers in New

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're lucky. How many other wives bother to share their husbands' interests?"

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York, he was invited to a party at the home of Playwright Arthur Miller.

"I don't know no cat named Miller," Garner said to Martha Glaser, an attractive red-haired New York girl who is his manager, booker and guiding spirit combined.

"Why, Erroll," she said, "he's the famous writer who married Marilyn Monroe, and he's going to have a reading of his newest play."

"They got a piano there?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she said. "Why?"

"If there's no piano," Garner said, "why they invitin' me?"

The prospect of an evening in Marilyn's company would have been inducement enough for the average man, but Garner remained unconvinced, and wouldn't go.

Garner is also indifferent about money, and has only the vaguest idea about his income, or how many times he has been recorded. Prior to 1950, the year he signed an exclusive contract with Columbia, Garner's work was marketed on thirty-three different labels, more than most of the other great jazz soloists combined. But he can't name all the companies, nor even guess how many records were sold.

Authorities in the field estimate there are probably 10,000,000 Garner discs around the world, but he never collected all the royalties due him. Thousands of his early recordings were bootlegged and reissued under phony labels. In earlier days there were even some shady characters who made tape recordings while he was on the radio or playing in night clubs, transferred them to cheap records and sold them without Garner's knowledge.

Garner's naïve and trusting nature has made him an easy victim for moochers or practical jokers. He has loaned thousands of dollars he'll never get back, and he is a chronic check-grabber. Eight or ten years ago he was playing a small club in Hollywood when Calvin Jackson, a musician friend then working at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, asked him to report to the studio.

"Joe Pasternak is shooting a musical," Jackson said, "and they're going to test you for a part."

"I'm with you," Garner said happily.

"One thing, though, Erroll. This part calls for a young piano player, so you've got to get rid of the goatee and mustache."

The following morning, after a night of sleepless anguish, Garner shaved off his beloved whiskers—he said later it was like Sally Rand going on stage without her fans—and went to the big Culver City movie lot.

Jackson led Garner through stage after stage—each one had a piano—and asked him to play for groups of directors, actors and stage hands. "We got to get the sound just right," Jackson said.

After eight hours at the piano, having seen neither script nor Pasternak nor any other evidence of his budding movie career, Garner suddenly realized he had been tricked into a free all-day concert. Garner is not considered a drinking man, but he was so furious that he stormed out of the studio and headed for the nearest bar. "Give me a big, big double-double shot," he said.

The bartender looked at Garner's bare chin and round boyish cheeks. "You want me to get pinched for serving a minor?" he snapped. "Buy yourself an ice-cream cone, boy, and get lost."

Garner says he was turned down by every bar in Hollywood that day. It was a long time before he would speak to Jackson again. Needless to add, it was the last time he chopped off his goatee and mustache. The whiskers have now become a Garner trademark, and he is so fearful that some barber might accidentally snip them off that he does all the trimming himself.

Shortly after the M-G-M incident Garner flew to Paris to receive the International Jazz Festival prize for one of his own compositions, Play, Piano, Play. Garner saw a crowd gathering around the plane at the Paris airport, and four gendarmes converged on him. Garner gulped and nudged Billy Shaw, the tour manager. "See you in Hong Kong, daddy," he said. He took off like a sagebrush rabbit in the opposite direction, and Shaw ran after him.

He caught up with Garner far across the field and found the pianist nervously extracting packages of cigarettes from every pocket and dumping them behind a bush. "You crazy or something, Erroll?" Shaw puffed.

Garner's eyes were as big as marshmallows. "They got me cold, Billy," he said. "Somebody blew the whistle."

"What whistle? Who?"

"I smuggled in these American smokes, and those cops gonna put me in jail."

"Those cops, Erroll," Shaw said impatiently, "are part of the government reception committee for you. C'mon!"

Garner left the contraband cigarettes where he had thrown them, sheepishly went back to the welcoming committee and said, to their complete confusion, that he always liked to loosen up his fingers by sprinting a hundred yards after a long flight.

In the world of jazz music, where erratic behavior and pyrotechnic moods are considered commercial assets, Erroll Garner sizzles and burns like a road flare on a windy night.

Whether he plays Carnegie Hall or some intimate night club, Garner laughs in little bursts, rolls his eyes, cocks his head and conducts his one-man symphony with powerful shoulders and big hands that have a two-octave spread. His pistonlike stroke has been known to break strings that have resisted other pianists, and once one of his crashing chords loosened a piano leg, and sent it rolling into the audience.

His goatee serves as a baton, and his left foot taps the beat so hard that he soon wears out the sole. His clothes closets in hotels or apartments are cluttered with right shoes that show no wear at all. "We are still looking for a manufacturer," Miss Glaser says dolefully, "who makes only left shoes. When I find one we can probably save Garner a thousand dollars a year."

Garner swings into each concert or recording session as though it might be his last. "I just want to fill the world with everything," he says. And he does. He exhales like a whale, and grunts like a weight lifter. The first time Garner recorded a long play for Columbia in New York, the supervising engineer listened to a playback and said: "Hold everything! There's a bug in the mike."

Half an hour later, the harassed engineer accidentally discovered that the "bug" in the system was Garner's basso grunt, punctuating hot riffs. Columbia's bearded maestro, Mitch Miller, who was directing the session, philosophically concluded there was no way of stifling Garner's little moans, and he let the noises ride in the master cut.

Thereafter Garner cut fifty-two consecutive masters for the company, with an average playing time of ninety-seven minutes, without a single retake. This was a phenomenon comparable to pitching fifty-two no-hit games, and no other jazz artist has even come close. Many of these records have an obbligato of grunts and groans, a sure sign that the music is genuine Garner gone.

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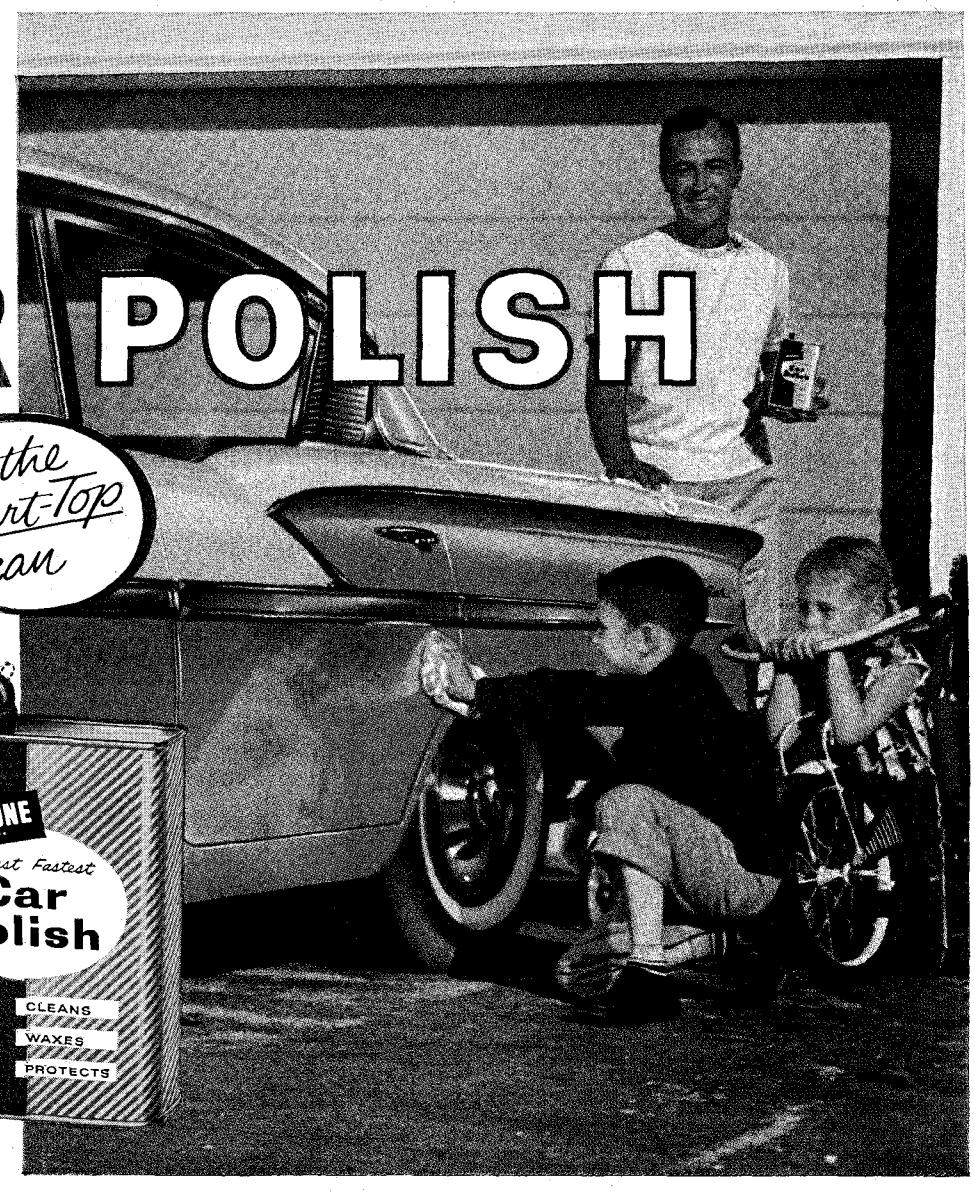

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Any way she turns...

the picture of

POISE

There's a very special quality about her. It's in the gracious way she moves . . . the artfully simple way she dresses . . . the quietly assured way she speaks. She's the kind of person who goes about her living *poised* and *confident*. "Problem days" have no meaning for her. She relies on *Tampax*—knows it completely protects, while it keeps her secret safe.

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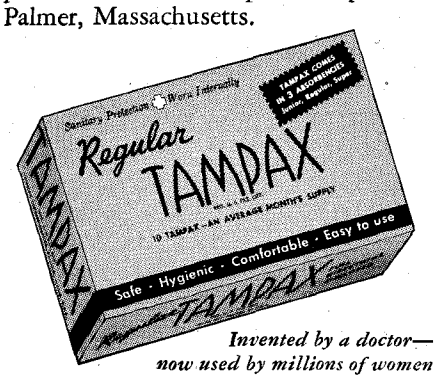


Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

Garner may also be the only pianist in the land who goes to work with a strange assortment of props that might be more appropriate in a gymnasium locker room. He arrives backstage with extra suits, shirts and ties, a bottle opener, half a case of soft drinks, a dog-eared Manhattan telephone book and four or five towels.

Garner probably condenses more moisture during one of his performances than an air conditioner on a muggy day. He uses the towels for mops, and replenishes lost fluids with soda pop. All of the suits in Garner's wardrobe, including such oddities as pink and chartreuse tux jackets, are made extra strong by his tailor, Ronnie Postal, of San Francisco, to stand the stress and strain of his concerts.

Garner has experimented with piano stools and benches from coast to coast, but has never found any cushion as right as the New York phone book. "It must be all them good numbers," he says slyly. "Genevieve, Marge, Billie, just to name a few."

The directory is so vital, Miss Glaser adds with mock apprehension, that any significant change in the Manhattan population is likely to gum up Garner's career. He forgot the battered book only once, in Carmel, California. Jimmy Lyons, the Carmel impresario, phoned San Francisco for the exact measurements of the missing directory, and paid a carpenter to make a duplicate of wood. Garner put it on the bench and sat down. "Like it, Erroll?" Lyons asked. Garner squirmed around for a moment and looked up at Lyons with twinkling eyes. "Solid, man!" he said. Garner played superbly that night, and a recording of the event became his best-selling album, Concert by the Sea.

Garner's public performances, like his recordings, are almost always flawless. Offstage, though, his moods rise and fall like the tides, and in these fluctuations he is a rebellious soul. "I don't want to live a regular life," he says candidly, "because then I feel like I'm stuffed in."

When the deep blues are upon him, Garner might buy an expensive car, then forget what garage or city he left it in. These lost vehicles, when finally located, are sold, and so he never has a car for permanent use. He might arrive in Chicago after a long flight, and discover that his suitcases are filled, not with clothing, but oil paintings, phonograph records or other little treasures acquired on tour. Miss Glaser, who patiently gathers up all the loose ends, once found fifteen suits, fifty neckties and twenty-four shirts Garner had left behind in a hotel room during one of his forgetful moments.

If he is floundering more than usual, Garner uses the telephone as a life line, and impetuously calls friends or acquaintances in distant cities. During one lonely period, Garner needed seven coast-to-coast calls to buy a black German-shepherd puppy which he named Erroll Garner, Jr., and shipped by air from San Francisco to New York.

To the despair of Lou Irwin, his accountant in New York, Garner spends more than $10,000 a year on phone calls, but he is not likely to reform. In Garner's case a lot of music apparently does not soothe the savage breast, and recently his physicians have attempted to do it with tranquillizers instead. The drugs haven't helped Garner at all, but he has a reasonable explanation. "The pill cats give me all those translator tablets," he says, "but I always forget to take 'em."

Garner often suffers emotional conflicts when he knows he has to face critical longhair audiences. Once he was stricken with a psychosomatic asthma attack an hour before he was due on stage, and the promoters were frantically scouring the town for a substitute artist. A wise hotel doctor, who had treated other gun-shy performers, brought Garner out of his coma and stayed with him until the curtain rose. Once at the keyboard, Garner's fears vanished.

Garner has been precocious almost since his birth on June 15, 1921, in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh. His father, Ernest Garner, was a minstrel man and musician, and life in the Garner home was a daily jam session. Three older sisters and an older brother all played various instruments, and when they were out of the house Mrs. Garner kept a phonograph spinning. When he was three years old—"That's a truly natural fact," he says—Erroll listened to recordings and then tried to duplicate the melody on the piano.

By the time he was seven, goggle-eyed neighbors were dropping in to hear the boy's remarkable touch, and soon they were paying him nickels and dimes to perform at parties and church socials. Mrs. Garner finally engaged a woman piano teacher from Pittsburgh, but the experiment ended with the second lesson. "This boy can't read a note," the teacher said, "and I don't think he wants to." She refunded the lesson fees and never came back.

The boy Erroll hated finger exercises and all other beginner techniques. He spent hours picking out lush chords or making up simple melodies of his own, and Mrs. Garner stopped urging him to take lessons. Thereafter he played everything by ear—it is now considered the most amazing ear in the business—and by the time he was fifteen he knew more than 1000 songs.

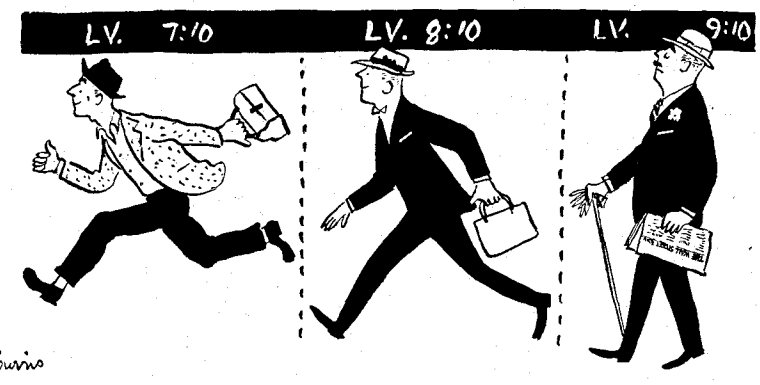
Ironically, he was barred from playing piano in the orchestra at Westinghouse High School because he couldn't read music, and later was refused a membership in the musicians' union for the same reason. Long afterward the Pittsburgh local, impressed by Garner's success, relented and gave him a paid-up card.

Garner was greatly helped and encouraged by the big names in jazz, including Count Basie, Art Tatum, Les Brown, Dizzy Gillespie and Duke Ellington, but he was a long time pounding his way out of a neon labyrinth of small taverns, bars and juke joints. He banged out solos on river boats, kicked around with a teenage group known as the Candy Kids, and played fill-in music at Radio Station KDKA in Pittsburgh. He was in New York as an unsung member of the Slam Stewart trio when Savoy asked him to cut some records.

When Garner arrived at the company's studio for his first date, there was an elevator strike, and he had to climb the stairs to the fifteenth floor. It was a hot, humid day, and the recording director asked Garner to think of something fast and bouncy.

"Man, I'm beat," Garner sighed. "Today I got bounce like a cement mixer. I'm gonna be slow and dreamy because there's no use rushin' anywhere."

He cut four sides that day in 1946—Penthouse Serenade, Laura, Indiana and I Cover the Waterfront—and all were strongly marked with what is now called Garner's lagging beat. The right hand plays tantalizingly behind the left, sometimes in different keys, as though there were two personalities in a strange kind of happy conflict. Leonard Feather, author of the Encyclopaedia of Jazz, once called Garner a Jekyll-Hyde of music, but confessed that the delayed right-hand trickery, which is unique in jazz, "made a bouncing gem out of every jump tune he performs." In any case, Garner's first big single, Laura, sold more than 500,000 copies, and (*Continued on Page 74*)



The Perfect Squelch

Wealthy Mrs. Mott was obsessed with the idea that those in modest circumstances should be slightly sorrowful and apologetic. So when she met Mrs. Britton, who was cheerful despite her comparative poverty, Mrs. Mott was very disturbed.

Learning that Mrs. Britton's husband commuted to the city, she tried to put the young matron in her place by expanding on one of her favorite subjects.

"You know," she said, "one can practically tell a man's position in life by the morning train he takes. When I go shopping on the 9:15, I notice that the men are all so well-groomed, so successful looking. On the 8:20 they are fairly well-dressed but not nearly so prosperous looking." She paused, then added with pretended casualness, "And when does your husband go in, my dear?"

"Oh, my poor husband," Mrs. Britton laughed. "He takes such an early train he goes in nude."

Mrs. Howard E. Sternau

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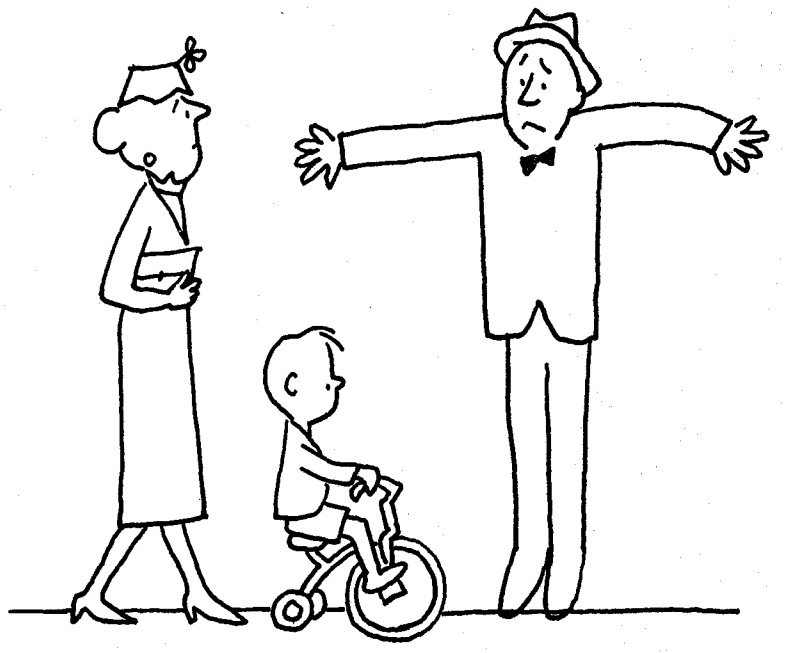
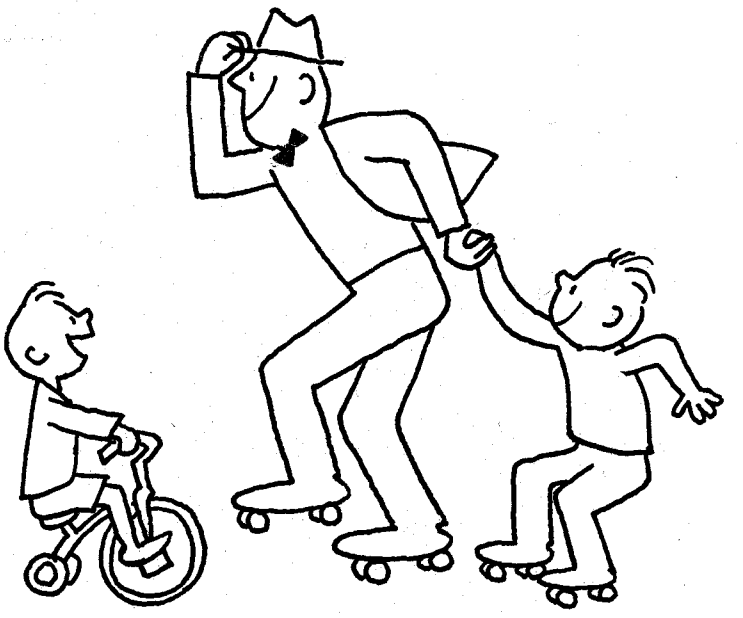


1.

Bill Walker smiled infrequently, and wore a nervous frown
As every day he moaned his way from home to work in town.
Afraid of his own shadow, he would slink along the street,
And faced with *any* danger he would beat a quick retreat.

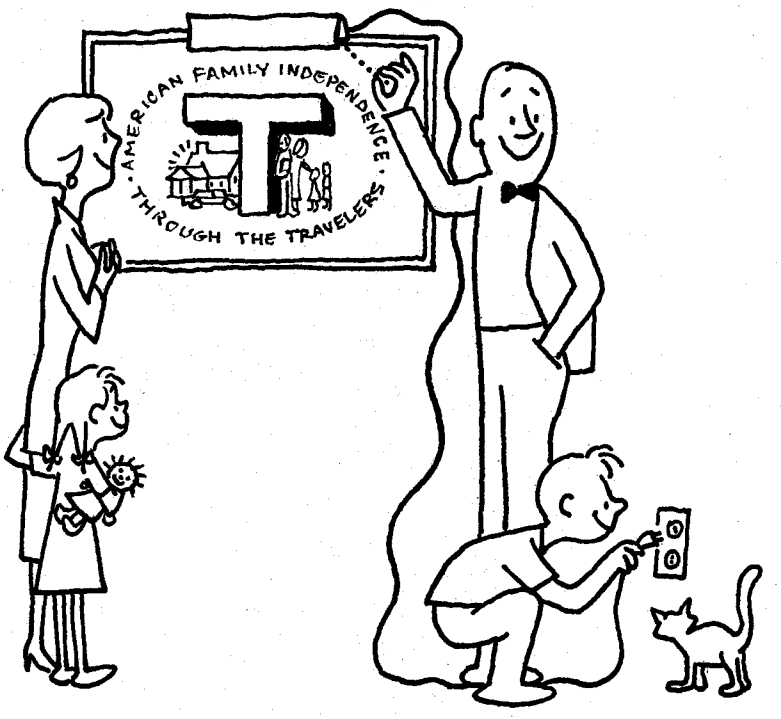


2.

Till one day right on Broadway, Billy kicked his heels in glee.
"I'm traveling Travelers way," he cried, "I'm happy as can be.
I've discarded all my traumas; I have gone and got insured
From A to Z by Travelers. Now our future's all secured."

3.

"My Travelers man has built a plan to shield our way of life,
To keep fate's bumps from raising lumps on daughter, son and wife.
My balanced Travelers program covers life, abode, sedan;
I pay the works by monthly check with Travelers Budget Plan."



4.

The Walkers count their blessings and enjoy them to the hilt.
American Family Independence—that's the life they've built.
If such a blithe and happy state sounds like your kind of plan,
Your Travelers representative is certainly your man!

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

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first step to beautiful enameled kitchens*

*... Kem-Glo, the subdued lustre finish for woodwork and walls. Looks and washes like baked enamel!

(*Continued from Page 72*) lifted him out of the hamburger-and-coffee class.

The Laura recording, incidentally, was the catalyst that brought Garner and Martha Glaser together. She was then handling public relations for Norman Granz, the jazz impresario, and, as she says, "That Laura record flipped me." She walked up to Garner at a Carnegie Hall concert and said, "I never heard of you, but you're great and you'll be greater." They met on the jazz circuit many times thereafter, and in 1953, after hiring and firing half a dozen managers in as many years, Garner asked Miss Glaser to take over.

When the Laura record first made the best-seller lists, Garner was playing in a modest Los Angeles club called the Suzy Q. The manager there realized he had an exciting new talent and was inspired to put up a sign which read: ERROLL GARNER—DEBUSSY OF JAZZ. At the end of his first turn, Garner left the piano and sat with the audience instead of going to the dressing room. He was still there forty-five minutes later when the manager tapped him on the shoulder.

"Erroll," he said, "you're on again."

"Already?" Garner said with obvious disappointment. "I was sittin' here waitin' for that other cat who's gonna spell me."

"What other cat?"

"That Debussy," Garner said.

There is nothing apocryphal about this story, for at the time Garner had never heard of Debussy, and he was dumfounded one night in San Francisco when critic Ralph Gleason, of the Chronicle, pointed out that in one number he had used a passage from Clair de Lune. "Clair who?" he said. Later on, when Martha Glaser played Debussy records for him and tried to explain why he, Garner, was called the Debussy of Jazz, Garner said, "Man, that's crazy. He don't sound like me at all."

Undoubtedly, as he swung his way around the country, Garner retained snatches of classical music he heard on radio or television, and they spilled out of his uncanny mental file as he improvised pop tunes. In recent years he has acquired albums with the music of Brahms, Bach, Beethoven and other great composers, and nowadays his audiences are quite likely to hear four or five bars of the Fifth Symphony interwoven with My Melancholy Baby. Bill Weaver, of KCBS, in San Francisco, once asked Garner where he got his inspiration and he quickly replied, "Oh, I listen to everybody and steal what I can."

Actually, Garner is embarrassed when listeners mention bits of classical music he has threaded into his jazz. He does not do it consciously and, indeed, cannot identify the music or the composer. There are moments when he wishes he could.

Moreover, as has already been said by George Wein, music instructor at Boston University, Garner does not need any assists from the classics. "I never fail to marvel at his fantastic imagination, his orchestral approach and his sense of humor," Wein says. "He is not imitating. No matter what approach he uses, he always sounds like Garner."

No one knows how many original compositions Garner has worked out, but they flow from his mind in an endless stream. Something new turns up every time he plays, but without a tape recorder handy—Garner has perversely refused to buy one of his own—these melodies are lost.

Last summer Garner played five of his own compositions with the Cleveland Symphony, but they had already been set down on paper by Nat Pierce, onetime arranger for Woody Herman's band. Herbert Elwell, music critic of the Cleveland Plain dealer, was a lone dissenting voice, and said he wasn't quite sure about this blending of jazz and the classics, but Ethel Boros, of the News, called it a "noble and delightful experiment." Incidentally, on the strength of his box-office appeal—there were more than 7000 in the Cleveland audience—Garner has since been invited to play with the Rochester, Toledo and Buffalo symphony orchestras.

One of the numbers he played in Cleveland, called Misty, came to Garner while he was flying from Chicago to New York on a wet, cloudy day. He hummed the melody over and over, rushed to a piano the moment he landed, and put the sounds on tape. Another time, cruising with friends on a boat outside the Golden Gate at San Francisco, Garner went into a trance and came home with a song called Seagull Serenade.

"I get ideas from everything," he says. "A big color, the sound of water or wind, or a flash of something cool. They get lost sometimes, but I'll be messin' around and they come back."

Fortunately, Garner's multicolored moods and impulses are all out in the open, putting his friends and business associates *en garde*. Lou Irwin and Martha Glaser have long since learned to dole out small sums of cash to Garner because otherwise he dribbles money away. He will buy a hundred dollars' worth of records, for instance, take them to the airport and find, to his dismay, that he has to pay out another hundred dollars for excess baggage. He already has more than 5000 records in his collection, but they are all in storage, and he hasn't got a phonograph anyway. He is a reformed horse better, but is likely to offset that gain by yielding to sob-story touches, or buying a thousand dollars' worth of oil paintings he may never put on a wall.

In his spare time—and he usually gains that only by robbing himself of rest or sleep—Garner browses around record shops or art galleries. At other times he sits hypnotically in front of a television screen in his hotel room. When the villains are dispatched in the crime dramas or the last cowboy rides over the horizon in the horse operas, Garner goes out for a walk. He drops in on bartenders and unsung musician friends in pubs from coast to coast, and if there is a piano handy he will perform for nothing at the slightest encouragement.

He usually gets back to his hotel at dawn, and falls into a kind of Snow White sleep. Miss Glaser, who is a dedicated watchdog, has to work out elaborate arrangements with hotel clerks and bellboys to make sure he wakes up in time and gets his bags packed. So far he hasn't missed a date, although several times the airlines have had to hold planes for him.

Garner's hands are insured for $100,000 each; they are the indispensable tools of his trade. Once, in a New York hotel he broke a tumbler in a basin, then washed his hands with soap that had picked up a large, sharp sliver of the glass. Fifteen minutes later, during a phone conversation with Miss Glaser, he uneasily said, "I think I got a little cut on my finger." The little cut turned out to be a partially severed finger, and it was saved only by emergency surgery. Garner was out of work for two months.

Two summers ago, at the Newport Jazz Festival, a music-magazine editor asked Garner if he would write a review on the performance of the Les Brown band. Garner agreed, but as the deadline approached, the editor had not received the copy. He called Garner and asked him to dictate the review over the phone.

"Sure," Garner said. "What I'm sayin' about the Les Brown band is this: 'It swings.'"

"I got that," the editor said. "Now read me the rest."

"That's all there is," Garner said. "It swings, man. If it don't swing, no amount o' words gonna make it better."

The Garner *aficionados* are quite likely to say that no amount of words can describe Garner and his new concept of jazz. It may be, as Bob Sylvester, of the New York Daily News, says, that "a piano is nothing but a piano except when Garner is at it." But Garner himself is shy and modest about his talent, and has distilled his feelings into one illuminating creed that could serve as a review of his own performance.

"I don't know what I do, or how I do it," he says, "but with me it's the relaxation and the feeling. I relive my life at the piano, plus all the real that's coming out of me. I just like to look at people and play and smile, and get 'em on my side."

THE END

"Now what's the P.T.A. up to?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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From Different Worlds

(Continued from Page 34)

trying to tell me what to do. I know what I want."

He closed the door behind him, went across the road and leaned on the low stone wall opposite. The ground sloped away below, and chickens used to run there. In his boyhood, one of his jobs had been to scrape the plates over the wall, and he had watched the chickens scamper, clucking eagerly, after the scraps.

Now there weren't any chickens. The ground was turned over, and the bare foundations showed of the half-dozen council houses that were to be erected there. Even Purbridge changed.

Yet how much had it changed, he wondered. When he was away in London, it was easy to believe that because the world was changing, Purbridge, too, must be different. But when he came back to the quiet, the familiarity, the values, the beliefs of his upbringing closed about him, and it seemed that, though outside he might be free, in Purbridge he was governed by the slowly accumulated customs of the centuries.

He walked past the cottage hospital, through the arch and into the main street. There was the shop, half drapery, half toys, which, until he was twelve years old, had seemed the most exciting shop in the whole world.

Up the street was the green post with its metal plaque attached: BUS STOP.

In a neighborhood of children, about the only thing that makes a front lawn grow is a high picket fence.

DAVE CROWN

After he had won a scholarship to the grammar school, he had caught the bus there every morning. Twenty miles each way to Cirencester.

He remembered his father, the day he had come home with the news of his scholarship. His father had said placidly, "Three scholars in one family. Not bad for an ignorant man and a feather-headed woman."

"You speak for yourself," his mother said.

His father chuckled and went back to his book. It would have been one of the volumes that were still lovingly cared for in the front room of the cottage. Much later, his mother had told him the story behind those books. How his father had come home one day, his eyes bright with a faraway light.

"We were young then," his mother said, "with just the one baby, and that was your brother, Peter. Will used to walk three miles to work every day, and at the end of the week, he'd give me all his wages, and in those days, you understand, it was but a few shillings. He liked to smoke, and every week I'd buy some tobacco and make him just eighteen cigarettes. Three he smoked every week day, and none on Sundays. Now, when I come to look back, it seems that the sun was always shining, but I expect it rained, too, just as it does today.

"This day he came home like a man who had seen a vision, and told me about the books. Being sold off from a great house near Oxford, they were. He told me about the leather binding, and the gilt titles, and the paper that felt like silk, and the clear print. I think it was the only time in all our married life that he wanted something we couldn't afford. The man said they were cheap, and I expect they were, but the price was reckoned in pounds, and we spent our money in pence."

For Dave, the books had always been there, like his home and his parents. There were Dickens and Thackeray and Trollope; Smollett, Sterne and Richardson; Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. And, in a special place, the plays and poems of Shakespeare in four volumes.

Dave said, "How did he get them?"

"Oh, he didn't want them in that way, like a man who thought he might have them. He told me about them as he might have done some other fine sight, like a grand house or a motorcar or the moon even. Not something that we could ever have."

She smiled, her cheeks dimpling, and Dave saw how she must have looked when she was a girl. "But there was something Will didn't know. I'd been saving for something. For a long time I'd been saving. Every time Will had dripping for his sandwiches, a copper or two went away. I counted it up and I thought I had enough. One day when Will was at work, I begged a ride to Oxford with Mr. Osman."

"Mr. Osman? The squire?" Dave said, surprised.

"No, his brother that lives in London now. He was a jolly man, and when I told him what I wanted, he took me in his pony and trap. I had my good dress on, and with the baby in my arms, I felt quite the lady. We brought the books back, and Mr. Osman helped me set them up in the front room. I shall never forget Will's face when he came home that night." She was silent for a long time, her fingers idly playing in her lap. She said at last, almost to herself, "It was the only way I could tell him how much I loved him."

Dave said, "What had you been saving up for, mother?"

"Saving up for?" She smiled, thinking fondly of a sacrifice long forgotten. "A piece of woman's vanity. A high pram, wonderful and shining, that I could wheel my babies around in as proud as the richest woman in England."

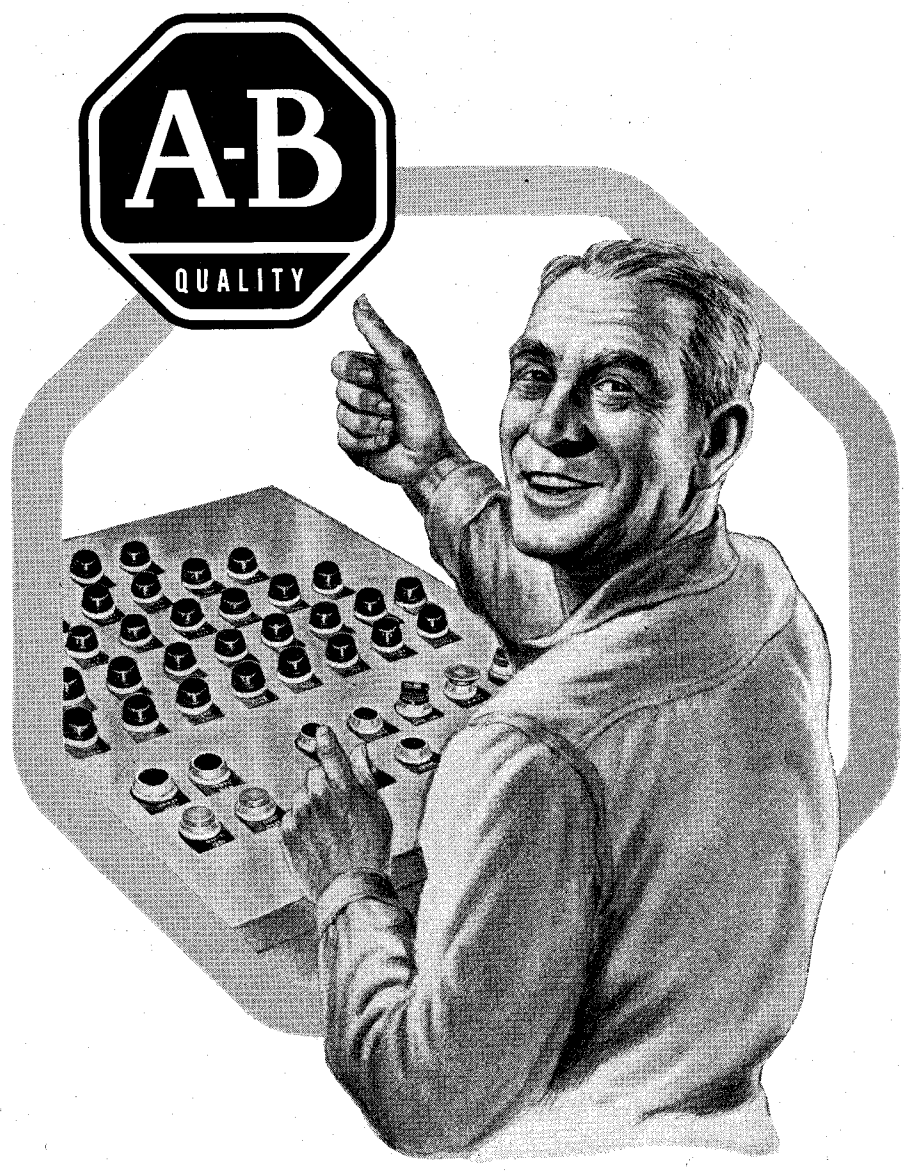
"You never got it?" Dave said.

"No, I never did. But those books did far more for Peter and Frank and you than a fine pram would have done. And every time that Will picked one up, he looked at me and smiled."

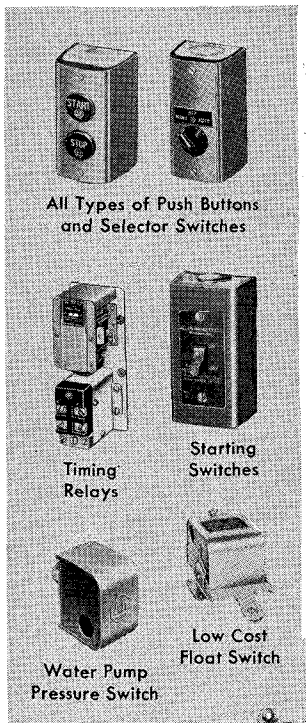
After his father died, they often talked about him, and Dave listened to his mother's tales, realizing that she was living again the most precious days of her life. He got to know their trials and troubles, their high days and celebrations. He forgot the arrogance of his youth, when they had seemed two middle-aged people existing for his sole convenience, and saw their lives whole, as young lovers onward.

Dave wondered why it was that some families seemed to drift outward, like the ripples on a pond. Peter had been in Australia these twelve years, a prosperous engineer whose wife and two children were known only from letters and photographs. Frank, a police inspector in Newcastle, came back to Purbridge for one week in every year. Now he himself was finally going to leave. Yet they were all close together, and, he was sure, shared an abiding, deep love for their birthplace.

The fair was gently stirring into life. A few farmers were walking casually round the livestock section, and Dave waved to Mr. Hitchman. Some early children rode in dignified solitude on the roundabouts. Dave gave the scarves to Mrs. Iles. He had already seen that Kathy wasn't there, and he didn't know if he was sorry or glad.



That's the sign of
QUALITY motor control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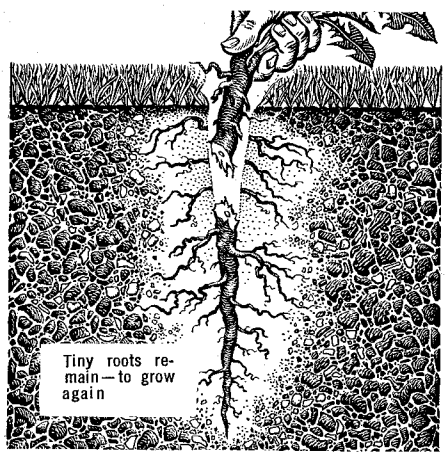
Here's what happens when you PULL weeds



You don't get the whole weed—because you don't get *all* the roots! You may hope you do, but tiny roots always remain to grow again. So you've got the job to do over—and sooner than you think. Yanking weeds is just not *effective* . . . not thorough . . . not lasting.

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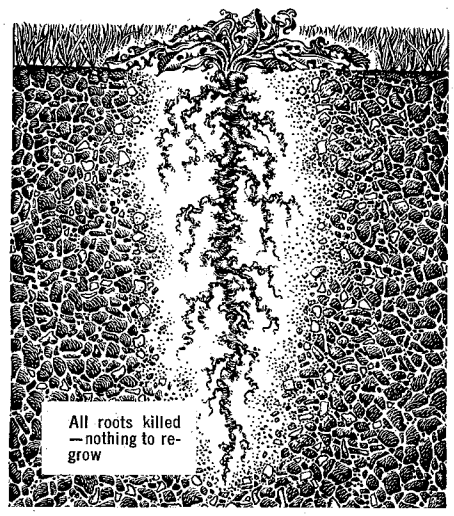

You kill not just the surface plant and main roots. You kill every hidden root. For Weedone's action is deep—its killing power penetrates to every tiny root; so there's nothing left to regrow. Weeds *stay killed* with Weedone. You do a thorough, lasting job. Yet remember—

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The stalls and sideshows were waking up, and Dave strolled round, passing the time. Roll a penny; Hoop-la; Darts; Lucky Dip; Jumble; Bottles—they were the same year after year.

Tom Emmett was running the coconut shy. He said, looking at Dave's suit, "What are you doing, Dave? Giving us yokels a treat?"

Dave grinned. Tom and he had been together at the village school. Tom said, holding out a fistful of balls, "Come on. Be my first customer."

Dave said, "I'm not exactly dressed for it, Tom."

"Then take that jacket off, man. You're a countryman, and you can't hide it."

Dave peeled off his jacket. Tom was right about his origin showing. When he went into the army and was dressed in anonymous khaki, his companions took one look at his big-boned red face, and called him "Farmer." And Farmer Bryant he remained until the end of his time in the army.

The first four balls missed by feet. Dave said, "My luck's out."

"Luck?" Tom inquired, his eyes glinting "Luck's got nothing to do with it. It's science. The shortest distance between you and the coconut is a straight line. Blow a man that can split atoms and don't know that."

"Another sixpennyworth," Dave said briefly.

"It's perhaps your collar," Tom said helpfully. "You can't see over the top of it, like."

Several minutes later, hot and laughing, Dave walked away, his tie askew, his jacket slung over one shoulder—and a coconut tucked under his arm.

More people had arrived, and he was suddenly acutely aware of his state of disrepair when Kathy stood in front of him, smiling a greeting.

He said, struggling into his jacket and handing over his prize to a youthful passerby, "Hullo, Kathy."

She said, "You know Colin, don't you? He's staying with us for the weekend."

Dave nodded, noting ruefully the easy elegance of the man. In London, Colin Wells was just another acquaintance, accepted at his face value, but here, suddenly, his status was different. He was staying at the manor house, a guest of the squire, while Dave —— Dave came from the group of cottages, which lay appropriately at the bottom of the hill, looking up at the manor house.

He told himself fiercely that it was all nonsense. You didn't touch your hat to the squire any more, nor pray, "Bless the squire and his relations and keep us in our proper stations." All that sort of thing had gone. England was different. Yet he knew, as his glance swept round, that there was little he could see that had not existed unchanged for a hundred years or more.

Colin said, waving a white hand, "What a lovely setting for rural pastimes."

Dave caught Kathy's slight frown, and his spirits rose a little. She said, pointing, "That's where Dave and I used to play when we were children."

Colin said, "Really?" raising his eyebrows.

That was one thing about a village. As children, everyone played together. Kathy had been just another little girl to Dave in those days. He followed her eyes to the little copse, over the five-barred gate, along the path, round the cornfield and across the wooden footbridge. There, the river briefly widened, forming a pool, and there they had gone swimming, laughing and splashing in the summer sun.

When he started at grammar school he saw less of Kathy, and, after he won his scholarship to London University, practically nothing. He had almost forgotten her, when, after his spell in the army, he went back on postgraduate research.

It was during his last year that Kathy re-entered his life as unexpectedly as a forgotten comet. She attended a meeting of the debating society as a guest of Colin Wells, and Dave, retaining only vague, youthful memories of her, was astounded at the beauty of this graceful, fair young woman. She seemed glad to see him, and what in Purbridge might have been a barrier, in London was not. They came from the same place and had much in common. That was sufficient for friendship, a friendship which seemed natural enough there, but would have caused a great deal of discussion in Purbridge.

The last months, he had been able to relax a little from his studies and they were much together. He came to know her very well, and to know, too, that this was not enough. In the final flurry, they were apart. His interview and selection board were in the north, and for the last week he had been in Purbridge, packing and making his farewells. He had heard that Kathy would be going to the fair.

But here, though he fought it, it was different. His childhood, his upbringing, his ancestry, took hold of him, bound him.

He could just remember the more spacious days of garden parties and handsome, aloof women in long, filmy dresses. His father, coming in from the garden, hot and earthy, saying, "The squire's entertaining again." Himself watching the big cars move up the drive in stately file. It was another, different world, in which he had no part. He was separate from it, and separate from Kathy, who was of it.

Kathy said now, "Have you seen my father? . . . Oh, there he is."

They began to walk toward Mr. Osman, a short, lean figure in riding jacket and breeches, wearing a worried look, at the entrance of the flower marquee.

Mr. Osman said, "Hullo, Dave. Term over?"

"I've finished now, sir."

"Have you? Good," Mr. Osman said absently. . . . "Kathy, some of these entries are an appalling muddle."

"Perhaps Colin could help you," Kathy said.

"Me? I —— Oh, yes. I should be delighted," said Colin, his good manners slipping smoothly into gear.

"Would you? Good man. Some of them aren't even numbered yet," Mr. Osman said, disappearing into the marquee.

Kathy stood, smiling at him slightly, and Dave fumbled with his tie, trying to pull it into place. She said, "You don't look in the least like a distinguished atomic scientist."

"I'm not. That's why."

"You've made a good start anyway. But you don't look the part at all," she complained lightly. "A scientist ought to be pale and stooping and shortsighted, and absolutely shaking with concentration."

"Where have you seen scientists like that?"

"In the films mostly," she admitted.

Dave burst out laughing. "You forget that I've been a farm laborer almost as much as I've been a student."

During every vacation he went to work for Mr. Hitchman, who always seemed to have a job available, and often, conveniently, extra work. Dave said one day, "I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Hitchman, but—I hope you don't create work so that I can always earn some money."

Mr. Hitchman looked at him thoughtfully. "You don't do anything that isn't necessary, Dave. I'll admit that I hold one or two things back for you, but it's not on account of you."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Your father," Mr. Hitchman continued placidly, "worked for me for many years. They were bad years for farming, and I never could pay him what he deserved. Now that things are better, he's gone, poor chap. I shall take it as a favor if you'll allow me to reduce my debt to him by coming to me whenever you need a few weeks' work."

There was nothing to say to that except "Thank you." And the money swung the balance so that something a little more than existence was possible.

Kathy said, "I'm waiting to hear the news. Let's go for a walk, and you can tell me."

They turned, strolling through the crowd that had accumulated, and Kathy took his arm. Dave noticed uneasily the attention that this simple action attracted.

The noise of the fair faded behind them until the only sound was the soft fall of their footsteps.

Kathy said, "Don't be tantalizing. Did you get the job?"

"No."

"Oh, Dave!"

He couldn't restrain himself any longer, and faced her, grinning happily. "They said that with the work I'd done, I should be underemployed in the post they advertised. They offered me a more senior job. I shall have a small department of my own."

"How wonderful!"

Dave became aware their hands were tightly clasped. He started to walk again, talking at a tangent to cover his uncertainty.

"It's an odd place. Pure science fiction set in the middle of the most lovely countryside."

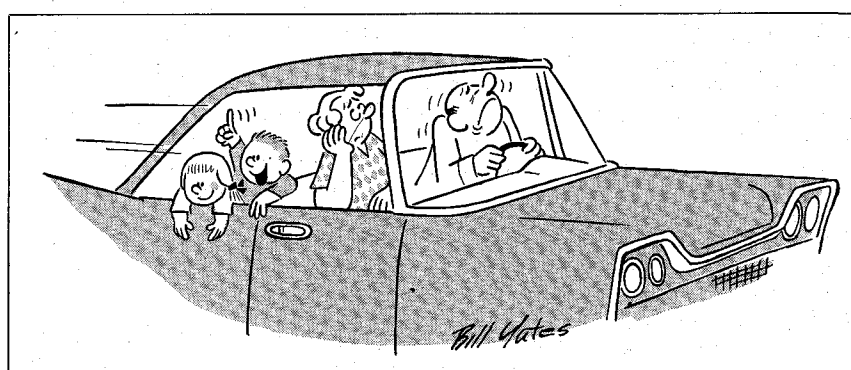
"Where will you live?"

"They've built nearly a complete little town. I shall have a house. Low pitch roof and big picture windows. Frightfully contemporary."

"I like contemporary houses."

The tangent was returning to base too soon. Dave said, "I thought we might look in and see my mother."

Their appearance flustered Mrs. Bryant, and she grasped at the traditional refuge. "I expect you'd like a cup of tea, Miss Osman." (*Continued on Page 81*)



"4,998, 4,999, 5,000! Now let's count the telephone poles on your side—1, 2, 3 . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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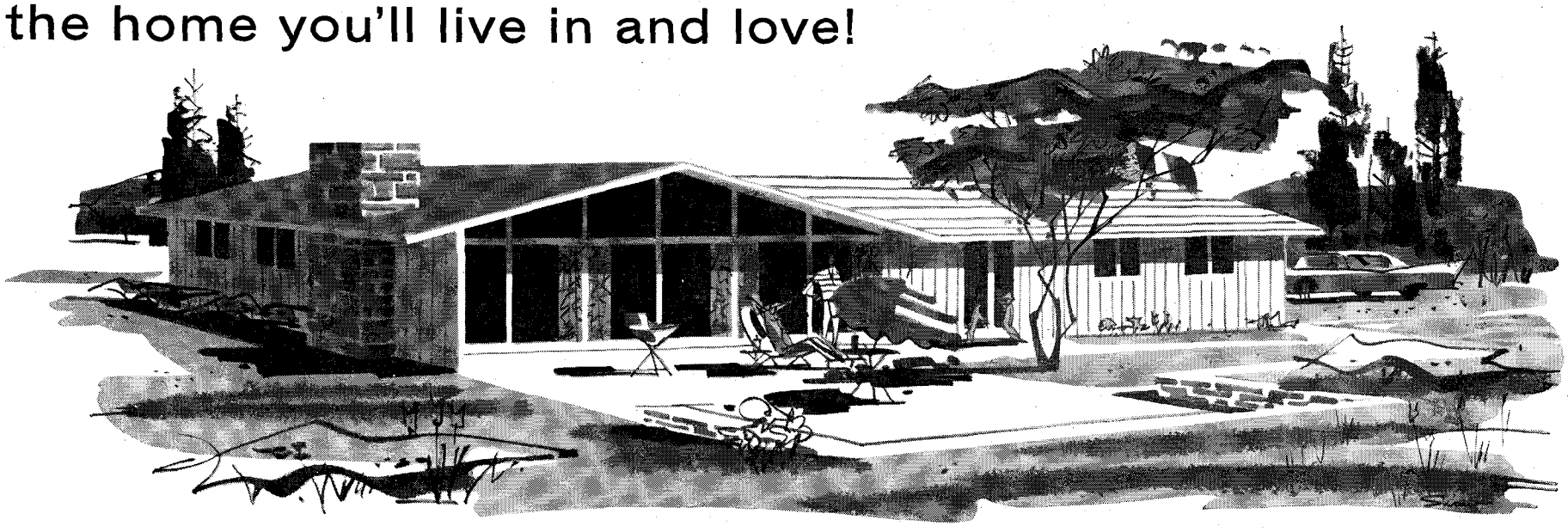

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These are not only the products you can see—the conveniences designed *today* to make *tomorrow's* living easier—but they're the important ones you *can't* see—the hidden virtues that make a house sound of heart and give your investment permanent value!

Every one of these Blue Ribbon building and home products is a top brand name—ones you know, trust and perhaps have used—and ones you've seen advertised in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post.

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Oakland (Lafayette)
MARCHANT DEVELOPMENT
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The Saturday Evening POST

POST INFLUENTIAL BLUE RIBBON HOME

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He won his "S" for service

Meet a big man on our steel marketing team. He's the local distributor who invests in Republic Steel Products from our mills and plants, to warehouse them in your market. He makes them readily available whenever your local industries need them. He lives by service to your community. And, he's good at it.

In fact, his service to you has made him one of our biggest customers! He makes national distribution and mass selling possible.

The service functions that distributors perform so capably again emphasize the vital interdependence of big business with small. No steelmaker, for example, could possibly survive without a local distribution service. The distributor, conversely, depends upon the steel mill for products whose prices reflect the economies of mass production.

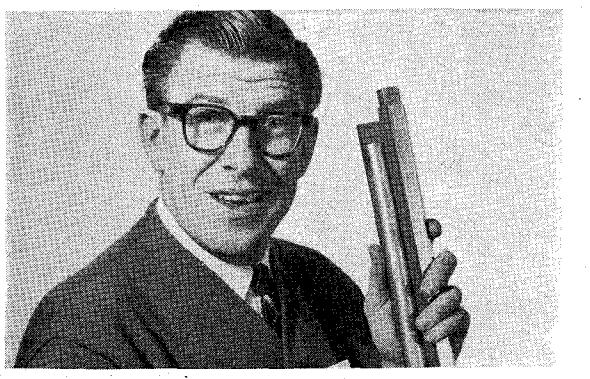
The many hundreds of local businessmen who distribute Republic Steel Products have well earned an "S" for SERVICE—to their communities, to business, to the nation.

REPUBLIC STEEL

World's Widest Range of Standard Steels and Steel Products

REPUBLIC STEEL

Cleveland 1, Ohio



Steel warehouses in metalworking areas are known as "steel service centers". These are like department stores stocking Republic's basic steel mill products for local industries. Quick availability of these products for local manufacturers helps prevent shutdowns, helps stabilize local employment and payrolls.

A steel bar is one of the most basic steel products from which myriad items are shaped that you encounter in your daily life. "Steel service centers" stock hot rolled and cold finished bars of alloy, stainless, and carbon steels.

You can hardly turn around without seeing something made from steel sheets—toys, automobiles, appliances, roof gutters or whole building walls. Sheets are also warehoused by distributors in "steel service centers" for quick local delivery. A great variety of types are available, including Republic Hot and Cold Rolled Sheets, Galvanized, Electro Paintlok, and Roofing Ternes.

Plumbing contractors and industry in general depend on distributors, too, for all kinds of Republic Steel Pipe for their every need. Oil men, to whom minutes can mean hundreds of dollars, look to distributors to arrange on-time delivery of Republic Steel Oil Country Pipe. And distributors, also, stock that newest of helpers for farm, industry, and home handyman, Republic Plastic Pipe.

Republic Steel makes 28,000 types and sizes of standard and special Bolts and Nuts. Tuned up for high speed, low-cost production, Republic plants can turn out fifteen million fasteners a day. Hardware distributors take big volume mill quantities and redistribute them in the "bite sizes" best suited to local hardware stores. This redistribution according to the local needs of communities is the essence of distributor service.

Many distributors specialize in stocking and selling Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel bars, pipe, tubing, sheets, and strip. These distributors are geared to serve manufacturers of products which must resist rust, corrosion, or heat, or in which cleanliness and bright, attractive surfaces and long life are essential. They and their customers know that only stainless steel can qualify for all these specifications.

Heard of "Housepower"? Electrical wholesalers help you and industry enjoy that, too, by maintaining complete stocks of Republic ELECTRUNITE® Electrical Metallic Tubing—the original lightweight threadless rigid steel raceway. ELECTRUNITE E.M.T. in adequate size gives you a pull-in, pull-out wiring system that can be expanded as your electrical needs increase. Ask your local electrical contractor.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) "Thank you," Kathy said, "I should love one."

Her glance fell on the bookshelves, and she said, "What lovely books."

Dave began to tell her the story behind them. From the kitchen came a quite unnecessary clatter, and he knew that his mother could hear him, and disapproved. But he plowed on, encouraged by the brightness in Kathy's eyes.

As Dave knew would happen, it was the best tea set that Mrs. Bryant carried in. Paper-thin china, glazed, and inscribed with an intricate picture.

His mother was now in possession of herself, and, in fact, seemed to have donned an assertive manner.

She said, passing Kathy a cup, "I didn't realize that you were a friend of my son's, Miss Osman."

Kathy smiled. "But I've known him since he was nine years old."

"Since your school days, I mean," Mrs. Bryant amended.

Dave got the impression that there was some feminine combat going on that he didn't fully understand.

Kathy said, "Oh, I think our families have always been friendly."

His mother pursed her lips. "We've always had a proper respect for your father. That's rather different."

"In London," Kathy said, "I stayed with my Uncle Charles. He talked about you quite a lot."

Dave watched in astonishment while his mother's cheeks grew very pink. "Mr. Charles was always very pleasant," she said defensively.

"He's retired now, you know. He asked me to come and see you, and ask if he could call on you sometime."

"I shall always be pleased to welcome him."

Bewildered, Dave said, "What is this all about, mother?"

Kathy and his mother looked at each other. Kathy raised her eyebrows, and his mother nodded slightly in a helpless gesture.

Kathy set her tea cup down. "Uncle Charles says that your mother was the most beautiful girl in Gloucestershire. He wanted to marry her."

"I see that Charles is no more sensible than he used to be," Mrs. Bryant said caustically. "Such a thing was quite out of the question. Our stations were too far apart."

Kathy shook her head. "Uncle doesn't think that was it. He says that you could have been mistress of any house in the land. He said—and I remember his exact words—he said, 'She never had eyes for anyone but that Will Bryant.'"

"I don't think you ought to take too much notice of your uncle. He was always a joking sort of man."

Later, when it was time to go, the atmosphere was easy, and something seemed to have been settled.

Kathy said, "May I come again, Mrs. Bryant?"

His mother smiled at her, and her eyes crinkled at the corners, so that Dave knew she meant it. "I hope you will."

Dave had no conscious intention of walking to any specific place, and he was preoccupied and slightly surprised when they arrived at the river. He stood looking at the clear water swiftly eddying into the pool, and it seemed that around him, in some separate existence, was the cry of young voices and the quick movements of unself-conscious young bodies.

He said regretfully, "It's a long time since I was here. It just looks cold now."

"It was fun."

He looked at Kathy. Her face was serious, her eyes almost sad. She said, "So you're going away at last. For good."

"Tomorrow."

She was very close to him, and suddenly he knew that this was right. "Kathy," he said.

She came to him in a frank movement, almost of relief, her lips warm and apart, and he held her slim body gratefully, feeling as if he were at last complete and whole.

Later, he said shakily, "I always hoped this would happen."

"So did I."

It took him a minute or two to digest this incredible remark. They walked, arms about each other, toward the footbridge.

"There's only one thing," he said, foreboding creeping over him. "What about your father?"

"I expect he'll be very pleased."

"I doubt it," Dave said gloomily.

"We'll soon know."

"Yes." After a moment's thought, Dave said, "What about Colin?"

"He's spending the evening with the Hawkinses. He came down to see Julia Hawkins, really."

Actually, Dave thought, Colin Wells had a lot of good points.

They approached the manor house from the side. Evening was falling, and away in the dip the roundabouts of the fair had donned their lights, the music thumping softly up the hill.

Dave said, as they walked through the orchard, "Did I ever tell you that your father caught me here once?"

"No. What happened?"

He could still remember how the chatter of his companions had stilled and the rustle of the branches become silent. How his heart had stopped when he glanced down and saw Mr. Osman gazing up at them.

They climbed down awkwardly and stood in a silent row. Mr. Osman tapped his breeches with a riding whip while his stare quested along the row.

He said eventually, "You're the biggest, Dave Bryant; I shall talk to you. Why are you stealing my apples?"

"We're not stealing," Dave said indignantly. "We're scrumping."

"I see. Call it a different name and it's all right. Would your father and mother approve?"

"No, sir," Dave said shamefacedly.

"That's a pretty good test, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You want to pick apples—you shall. Bryant, you're in charge. If you and your companions pick the apples for me, I shall say nothing more about it." He said, as he turned away, "You can eat as many as you like. But I want the orchard cleared."

It took them a week, by which time they realized that picking apples was hard work. Dave felt that he never wanted to see another apple again, and told Mr. Osman so. Mr. Osman grinned and gave them five shillings each.

Kathy said again, "What happened?"

"He ticked me off," Dave said briefly.

At the house, Kathy took him to the library and said, "Wait here, and I'll find daddy." She kissed him lightly and said, "Don't worry."

It was all very well for her to say that, but when Mr. Osman appeared, he looked disconcertingly similar to the man who had caught Dave taking something he wasn't entitled to.

Mr. Osman said, "Hullo, Dave. The flowers weren't too bad after all. Sherry?"

"Thank you, sir."

Dave stared at Mr. Osman's back. The silence lengthened, and he couldn't think of a thing to say. In desperation, he said throatily, "I hope I'm not going to shock you, but—Kathy and I want to be married."

Mr. Osman turned and held out a glass. "We'll drink to it."

Dave said, shaken, "You don't mind?"

"Well, I have the advantage of you. I've known about it for some time. Or to be fair, I should say I've guessed. Things Kathy has said. The way she's looked. I'm glad it's happened."

"I was afraid ——"

"I know. Old manners die hard, but they are dead. You're out of date, my lad, in spite of your profession. Like the village. There's no squire any more, but they like to pretend there is. Makes someone to blame, I suppose. I'm just a farmer these days, and not a particularly big one by modern standards."

Dave sipped his sherry. Mr. Osman said, "You and your colleagues are the aristocrats today. For better or worse. For better I hope, though," he said grimly, "when I read the newspapers sometimes, I rather doubt it."

"It's like everything that mankind has ever achieved. It depends what we do with it."

Later, they walked back to the cottage, and Mrs. Bryant didn't seem very surprised at the news. Only slightly cautious.

When it was time to go, she took one of the books out of the shelves and fingered it absently. She said, "I don't know what sort of house Dave has got. Whether you'd have any place for these old books."

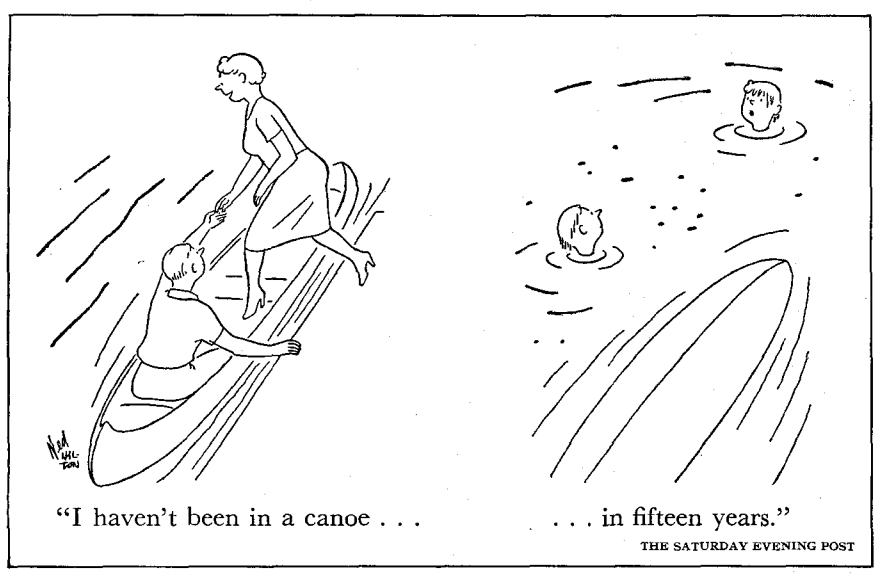
Kathy's face lit up with pleasure. "I was hoping —— You couldn't have given us anything more wonderful. Are you sure you could part with them?"

Dave's mother said, "I think they should be given. It always seemed to me that there was truth and hope and love in them. A gift should have those things. Lord knows, we need them."

"I'll take care of them," Kathy said softly.

Dave's mother said, "I believe you will." She smiled, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "I really believe you will, my dear."

THE END



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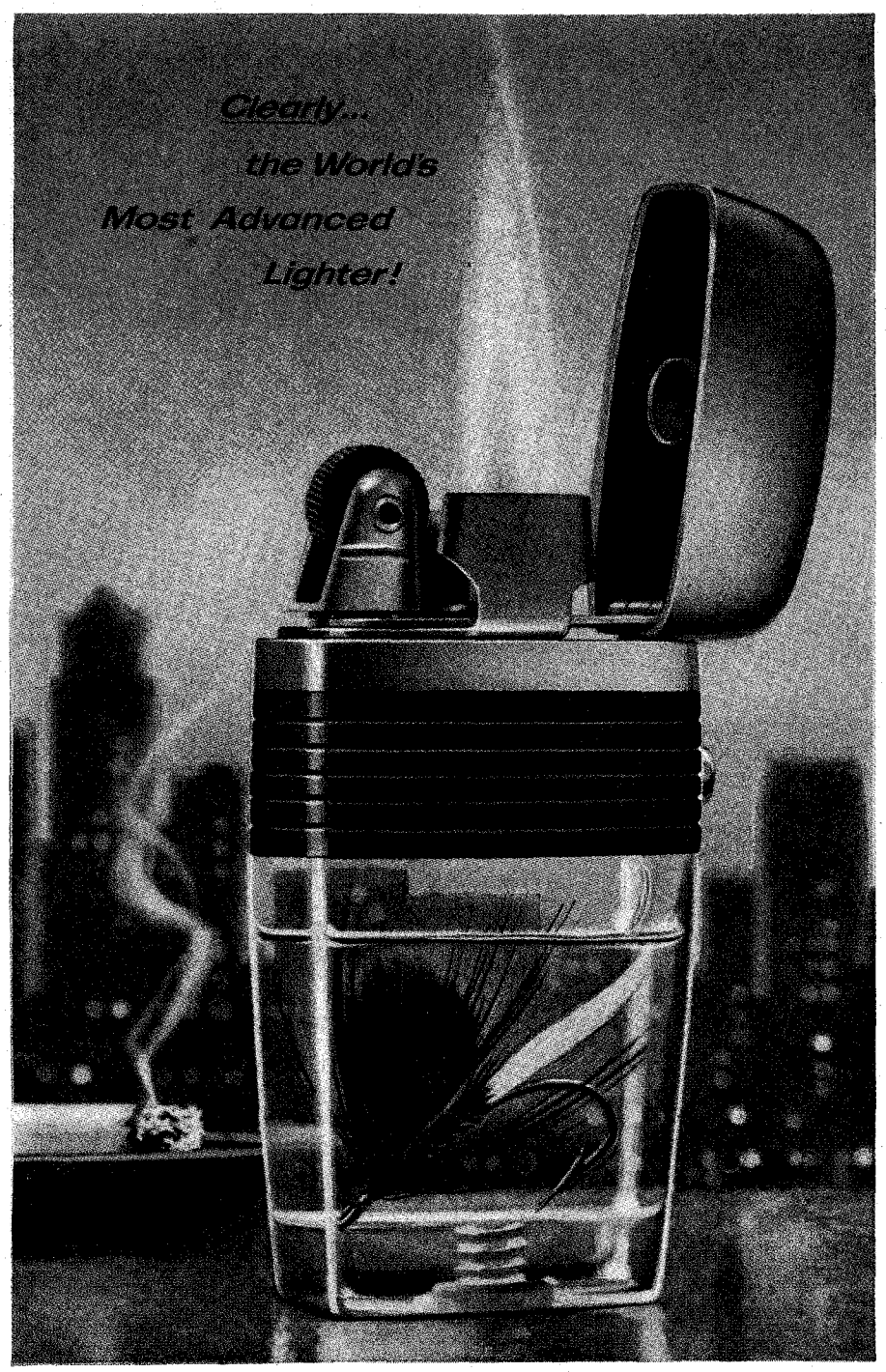

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Death Stands By (Continued from Page 43)

trick to that, if he wants to die on the spot. But he doesn't want to die, on the spot or in the gas chamber. He wants to live! How can he kill Kelly and live? He's got to frame the murder on someone else or divide the suspicion among two or three. Is that going to be easy? It's all but impossible! Time's running out. He's desperate. Show him a chance, any kind of a slim chance to kill Kelly and split the blame, and he'll grab it. He knows he won't be lucky enough to get two chances. He'll grab the first one—the one we give him. He's got to! Isn't that right, captain?"

"It figures," Groggin said.

"I agree." Clyde Pickens left his chair to stand before the window and look down into the street. "But I see one small flaw. We give him the chance, give him time enough to make the attempt and expose himself, then stop him before he completes the act. Won't that require exact timing?"

"We'll stop him," Odeen said.

"Let's don't kid ourselves," the captain said. "It would be a tricky piece of work. I want that killer more than I've ever wanted a killer before. But I'm not going to lose the girl to get him. I'd have to be sure."

"I will be," Odeen said. "I won't go with the thing if I'm not. Kelly means a lot more than just another girl to me."

"I'm happy to hear that," Clyde Pickens said. "I mean the way you feel about Kelly. I hope she feels the same. You two would do well. But there's this, Miles: Yesterday you were sure there was no possible way she could be poisoned. You were as sure of that as you are of this." He turned to look at Odeen's hard face. "That hurt, I know. But I didn't say it as a slur on your ability. No one of us is omnipotent, Miles. All I ask is that you admit there would be risk."

Odeen said, "There would be risk."

"Not a very great one, I'm sure." Clyde Pickens turned back to the window. "You'd be hard to beat. And it's for a worth-while cause. Still ——" He was silent a moment. He shook his head. "I'm afraid it won't work. We've no right to risk Kelly's life without her knowledge and consent. She'll have to know the whole story. And I'm sure that she'd say no to playing the bait in this particular trap."

Odeen said, "You don't know Kelly very well."

"It's a lot to ask," Groggin said.

"It's murder," Odeen said. "Some people feel that catching a killer is everybody's job, no matter what the risk. I think Kelly is one of them. But don't take my word for it. Let's go find out from Kelly."

Jim McDonald, a lean and dour man, was on duty in the hall outside Kelly's door. The morose Lewis Barber and the lanky Ruby Linn were inside the apartment. Kelly came to the bedroom door. None of the police showed any liking for Odeen, and they resented the captain's order to clear the apartment and wait in the hall. Kelly looked at the captain and the district attorney; then looked at Odeen accusingly.

"You lied to me last night," she said.

"Kelly ——"

"You told me you wouldn't lie again." She was wearing jeans and sweat shirt and moccasins. Her small face was still and pale, shadows lay beneath her wide-set eyes. "Glen Squires didn't just die, did he? He was killed, wasn't he?"

"He was," Odeen said.

"I thought you were lying last night," Kelly said. "You're not a good liar."

Captain Groggin said, "He followed orders, Miss Pomeroy."

"You were going to be informed," Clyde Pickens said.

Odeen said, "Wait a minute." He went to Kelly. He put a big hand on each of her shoulders and felt quivering tension there. "You've got to make up your mind," he said. "Am I on your side or not? If I am, then everything I do is for you. Isn't it? I'd like to help you, to spare you, to protect you. Wouldn't I?"

She stared up at him, biting her lips.

"Well?" Odeen said. "Am I on your side?"

She couldn't answer. And suddenly Odeen's heart ached for her. "Come here." He pulled her gently toward him. She resisted for a moment, staring at him. Then she gave way and came to him. Her hands caught at his lapels. She buried her face against his chest.

"Miles—Miles! I'm so mixed up, so tired!"

"Sweet girl," he whispered.

Captain Groggin shook his head in weary disappointment. The district attorney passed a hand over his white hair, seeing failure and accepting it. For these two, nothing more was needed. Kelly had gone as far as she could go.

"Sure you're tired," Odeen said to Kelly. "And your nerves are frazzled. But you've got muscle left, plenty of muscle. You're not whipped yet, I know you're not." He held her away, his hands on her shoulders again. "We came to tell you what happened last night, and how it happened. Go wash your face now. Take five minutes, take ten. We'll wait for you."

Do a little more each day than is expected of you, and pretty soon more will be expected.

TERRY MCCORMICK

She turned obediently and went into the bedroom.

Clyde Pickens stared worriedly at Odeen. "We all have a limit, Miles," he said.

"So she's got a limit!" Odeen faced them angrily. "But do you know what it is? I don't. I do know she's as strong as you, or me, or the captain, or any man on the force. I don't like this—heaven knows I don't. But I'm not going to deny her the right to do something she might want to do. The thing needs to be done. I'll tell her what the situation is. She can say yes or no. Don't we owe her that much?"

Clyde Pickens sighed. "I suppose you're right."

"And I'll do the talking."

Groggin said, "I wouldn't know what to say."

When Kelly returned, her face was the same, still and pale, but some of the tension was gone. She seemed quietly in control. She went to the davenport and sat there, one leg crossed under her. Odeen remained on his feet, his back to the window. His voice was as matter-of-fact as he could make it.

"Squires helped himself to one of your sleeping pills," he said. "The pill was loaded with cyanide. It killed him."

Kelly tightened, but she didn't flinch. Now Odeen accepted the fault as his—he should have foreseen the possibility, he said; he should have blocked it. And he admitted what he called another failure.

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They had no lead to the killer. The poisoned capsule might have been put in the bottle on any one of the three shifts—by any one of the eight people working those shifts.

"Not you, Miles. It's only seven."

"Seven, then. But we can't pick one of the seven before any other. They all look the same to us. And we can't arrest and charge all seven."

"What can you do?"

"We can relieve them of this duty, suspend them. We can assign a new crew of guards. The captain is willing."

"I see."

There was silence then. Kelly didn't look at them, but Odeen knew she was thinking hard, swiftly and clearly. He knew nothing would escape her.

"I liked Glen Squires," she said. "He was easy to know. No different than the others, I suppose, but with his insomnia and his penny-pinching and his grousing, he seemed—well, more human than most. He told me things. His daughter is married. He was going to be a grandfather in May. His wife's name is Ellie, and she can make real Italian spaghetti." Kelly looked at Odeen. "Is Ellie all right?"

"It's hard for her, Kelly."

"You can't trace the poison?" Kelly asked. "Or find fingerprints? Or anything?"

"We're trying every angle we know," Odeen said. "But it wouldn't be the truth to say we've got a chance with any one of them. It's a cop we're after. Who would know better than a cop how to cover the things we'd look for?"

Kelly was silent a long moment. Strain came back into her face. When she spoke, her voice was edged, but she said what she had to say clearly.

"All right. I'll do it."

"Do what, Kelly?"

"Go on with the guards we have here now!" Her eyes were a little angry. "That's why you three are here, isn't it? If you change the guard, you'll never catch the man who killed Glen Squires. And you've got to catch him."

Odeen looked at the captain and the district attorney in a way that said, "Well, gentlemen?" The two men looked at Kelly, a new respect in their eyes. Now Kelly's voice was angry.

"Did you think I wouldn't?" she asked. "Did you think I was that much a coward? I know I'm no tower of strength. I don't pretend to be. I'm afraid most of the time. But give me credit, at least, for being responsible!"

Odeen said, "Kelly ——"

"The captain and I," Clyde Pickens said, "are to blame for this roundabout approach. Miles knew you better." He smiled at her. "Accept our apologies."

"There's a risk," the captain said.

"I know the risk," Kelly said. "You hope he'll try again, and you hope you'll catch him this time. And you didn't have much luck with the poison, did you?" She looked at Odeen then. "Well? Do you think he will try again?"

"Given any kind of a chance," Odeen said. "He's got to, Kelly. The Marcotte brothers won't believe Squires died of a coronary. They must know about the poison. You aren't dead, Squires is—Squires got it. So now they have the killer in a vise: 'Try again or we'll turn you in for Squires' murder!' He's got no choice."

"You'll give each one a chance?"

"That's about it," Odeen said.

"All right," Kelly said. "I'd better not know what you're going to do or when. I'd get too jumpy. I'd scream or something." She got to her feet. She gave them a smile, shaky, but still a smile. "Good luck," she said. "I think we're all going to need it."

The guard was set again—Lewis Barber and Ruby Linn inside the apartment, Jim McDonald in the hall. Odeen, the captain and Clyde Pickens rode the elevator down. The captain guided Odeen and the district attorney, a hard hand on the arm of each, to a quiet corner of the hotel lobby. His face was tough again, belligerent. He looked up at Odeen.

"I won't get jumpy," he said. "I won't scream and spoil everything. I want to know what you're going to do and when."

"I don't know yet," Odeen said. "I've got to get it set up. I'm going to need help and I'm not sure." He shook his head. "Let me work on it awhile, captain."

Groggin's face darkened. "Still playing cagey!"

Odeen was silent, meeting the captain's eyes.

The district attorney spoke hurriedly, "Captain, we've got Miles on a spot. Perhaps the help he needs is from his informant. Anything he says might disclose that identity. Why don't we trust him? I'm sure he'll come through for us."

Abruptly, the captain turned and strode away. Clyde Pickens looked after the captain, worry clouding his eyes. "There's a very angry man."

"A good man," Odeen said. "A proud man taking a beating. I don't think I could hold up as well." He walked with Clyde Pickens toward the street door, putting on his gloves. "Where will I find Vern Lister at this hour? Any idea?"

"Call my secretary. Vern keeps in touch."

Odeen made the call and arranged a meeting. Then he drove his car to Fourteenth and parked near the gates of the city park. In fifteen minutes Vern Lister came up the hill from the bus stop, hurrying. He got into Odeen's car quickly.

"Hi," he said. "Been waiting long?"

"No." Odeen swung the car away from the curb, heading east toward the hills. "I'm crowding you, Vern. I know that. But things are getting tight."

"I wish I had what you wanted," Lister said. "These things take time, Miles. There're twelve people on that roster, not counting the extras. What can I do?"

"One less now. Squires is dead."

"I heard," Lister said. "Coronary. Rough."

"Rough indeed." Odeen's long face was sober. "I've got a new deal for you, Vern. The job's too big, the time's too short for you to turn up the man or the woman we want. I've come up with a short cut. To make it work, I need one clean name on each shift. A man or woman we know we can trust. That should be easy."

"Well, maybe not too easy."

"Forget the relief shift," Odeen said. "Drop the extras. That leaves us eight people—three on the day shift; two on the first night, with Squires gone; three on the second night." His hands tightened on the wheel. "Count me clean, and I've got another on my shift I'll swear by. One from the day shift, one from the first night relief—that shouldn't be hard."

Lister got a notebook from his pocket and opened it on his knee. "I've got very little. It may not help."

"All I ask is two clean names."

"You want them double-dyed guaranteed, I suppose? And that's not easy. The world's worst heel can be checked out clean, if he's buried the body deep enough."

Odeen's long jaw was hard. "Two clean names."

"I've been hunting dirt," Lister said. "Not virtues. The best I can give you is strictly negative—no visible dirt; they might be clean."

"Two of those, then."

"On the day shift, we've got Barber, McDonald and Ruby Linn. I like Barber.

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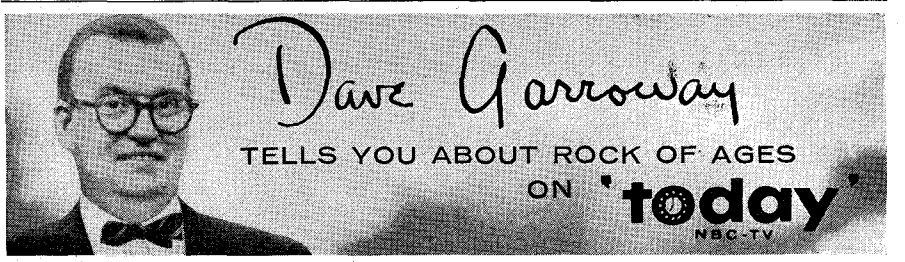

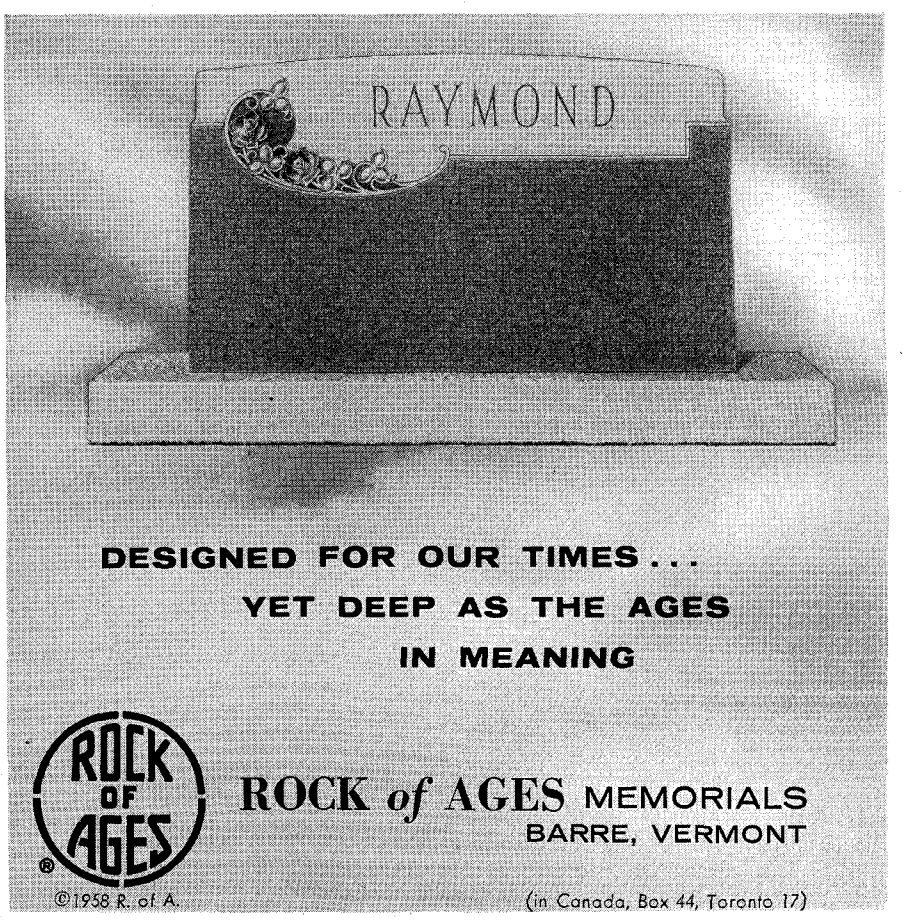

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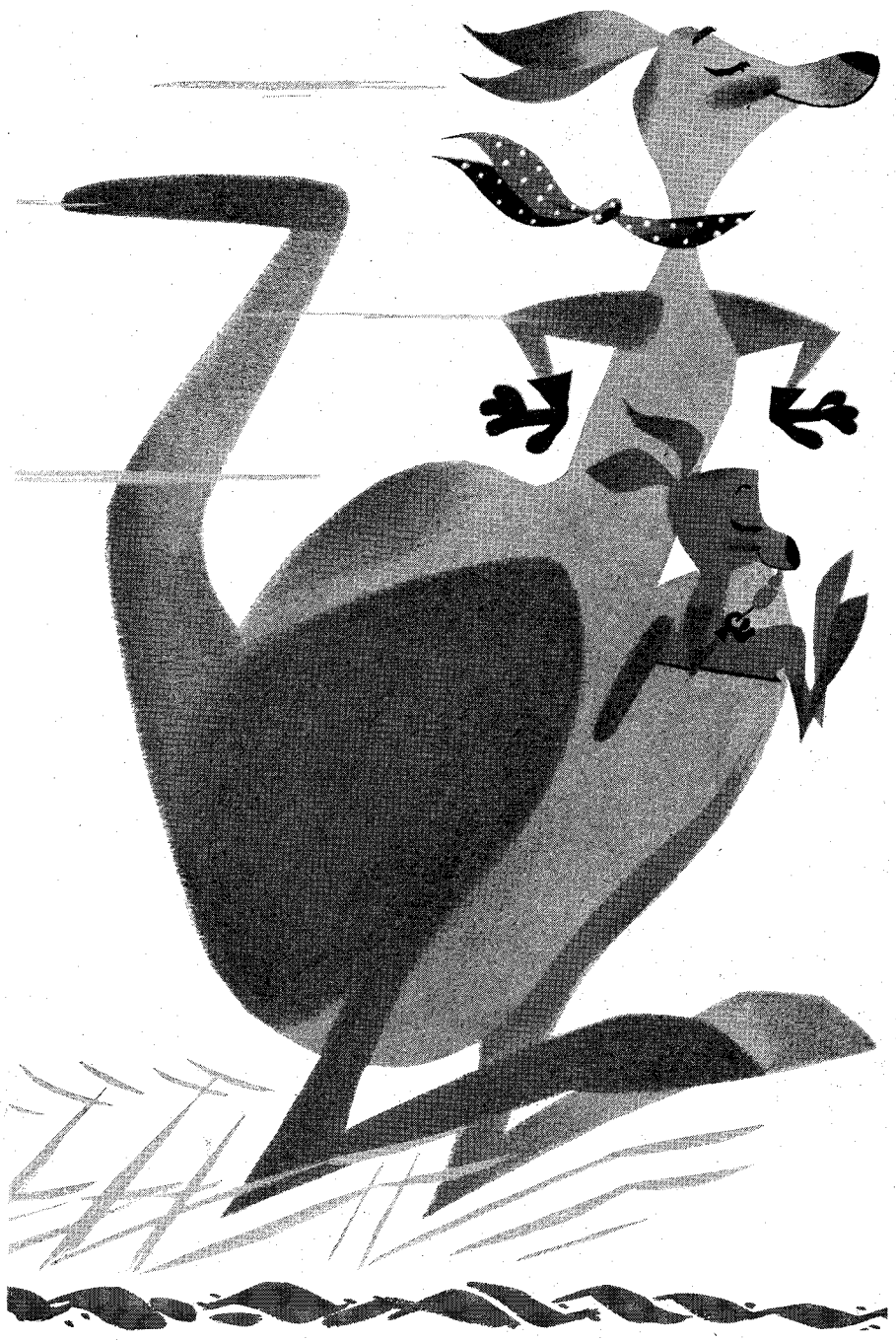

I was in his house, trying to sell magazine subscriptions to his wife. No sale, but I did get a look around. Worn rugs, tired furniture. His boy is working part time to get through college. Sounds like an honest cop, doesn't he? If he's ever taken graft, he must have hoarded it."

"Ruby Linn?"

"Same deal. Hard going. She lost her husband in an automobile accident about a year ago. Two kids, a boy and a girl."

"I'll go with Barber," Odeen said. "First night?"

"There we have Max Proudfoot and Iris Atkinson. Squires is gone. How about his replacement? Wouldn't he be clean?"

"Wouldn't do. My short cut needs a regular."

"Max and Iris, then." Lister consulted his notebook. "Max worked traffic as a rookie. His file says he was on the carpet once, extorting a bribe. Charge dismissed as without foundation. Nothing on Atkinson yet. Seems like a nice, harmless little woman. She'll do, if you trust the type."

"I'll take Max."

"What about the bribe charge?"

Odeen's lean face turned angry. "It was dismissed, wasn't it? The board cleared him. Anybody can smear a cop. Does that mean the smear's got to stick, right or not, the rest of his life?"

"My mistake," Lister said. His tone was injured. "You asked for my opinions—do you want them straight or do you want me to lie to you?" He waited for an apology, but none was forthcoming. Then anger edged his voice. "Do you want an opinion on the second night relief?"

"Have you got one?"

"Yeah," Lister said. "It's no better than the others. You say you're clean. My findings are negative. You dress well, live well, but you're single with no dependents. Your savings account is not fat. I can't find a safety-deposit box. But you may have a body hidden—how do I know?"

"You don't."

"I do know something about Alice Bline. She owns a couple of houses and a piece of a grocery store. She's fairly heavy in the bank-account department. She drives a bigger car than most cops can afford. Did you know that?"

"I knew it."

"Then there's Ben Silcox. Ben looks better than most; no trouble, no bad reports. To a man with a sneaky mind, that can be suspicious. Every normal guy makes a mistake or two. It's worrisome when the mistakes are missing."

"A good cop can happen!"

"Yes, sir!" Lister closed his notebook and put it away. "And if I don't lay off the department, I'll get my nose broken. So I'll lay off. But put me on the record as saying again my reports are all negative. I won't endorse any of these people. It's your responsibility—your short cut, your choice. Anything else I can do for you?"

"There will be, shortly," Odeen said. "Meanwhile, keep looking. Give me anything positive the moment you get it." He halted the car for a red light. "Where d'you want me to drop you?"

"Any bus stop," Lister said.

Odeen reached his apartment shortly after noon. There were no messages. He used the telephone.

"Kelly," he said, "how're things?"

"All right." Her voice was quiet, controlled. "I'm playing poker with Lewis Barber and Ruby Linn. I'm five dollars ahead. Where are you?"

"In my apartment," Odeen said. "I'll be here for seven or eight hours. Call me if you need me or if you just want to talk. Any time. I'll check in when I leave. O.K.?"

"Yes, Miles."

"Then let me talk to Barber." In a moment Barber came on the wire. "Lewis, Miles here. This is official. Get clear away from the others if you think they can hear my end."

"Hold on a minute." There was a pause. "I was bent out of shape trying to reach the phone. All set now. Go ahead."

"Did you know the captain put me in charge?"

Barber's voice was unfriendly, "I heard."

Odeen thought a moment, his face tight. "Will you work with me? Will you take orders? Say yes or no, now!"

"I hired out to take orders from the man in charge," Barber said. "Any time I don't like it, I can quit. And I'm still working. Does that answer your question?"

"It does," Odeen said. "I'll give you this fast, Lew. Keep a blank face and a closed mouth; you'll see why. Now. Squires died of poison. Cyanide. It was in one of Kelly's sleeping pills. Squires swiped it out of her supply. That is fact."

There was a moment of silence. Then, his voice only a little thick, Barber said, "Well, why didn't you say so? Sure. I'll chip in for flowers for Glen. How much do you want?"

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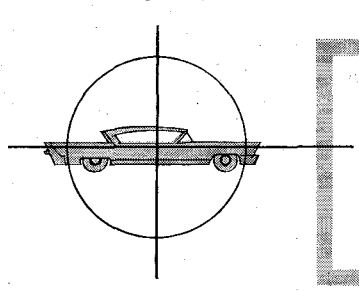
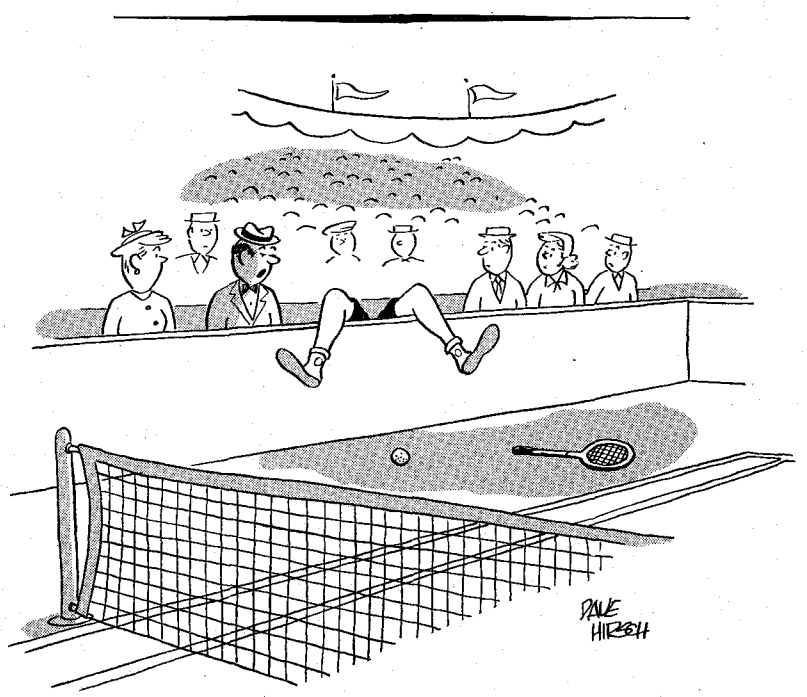


Gabriel

SHOCK ABSORBERS



"Nice try."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Odeen said, "I know how you feel, Lew. You want the killer and I want him, bad. And we'll get him. Here's our first step: Loosen up security—or seem to. Pass the word you're fed up with my nonsense; no cop's going to hurt Kelly. Let Ruby and McDonald move around. You—you, personally—watchdog Kelly. Do the whole job yourself, without seeming to. Don't lose track of her for a single second. Y'got it?"

"Sounds good," Barber said.

"And pass the word to Proudfoot when he comes on duty," Odeen said. "The same deal. Loosen the security for his help, double his own. Tell him about Squires, so he'll work tough. And keep it quiet. You and I and Max—this stays with us!"

"Will do."

"Come to my place when you're through for the day, five-thirty or six. I'll give you the rest of it."

"Five bucks apiece," Barber said. "Count on it."

Odeen's plan, his short cut, was not work that could be done quickly. Each shift—day, first night relief, second night relief—had to be handled separately and in turn, and much of the work could be done only when the shift was off duty. There were delays. Odeen had time to rest, time he begrudged. When he met with Sgt. Lewis Barber, he'd had six hours' sleep. His eyes and his mind were clear again.

"Here's the shape of it," he said: "We're going to sucker the killer out in the open, give him a chance at Kelly, then take him. You've got Jim McDonald and Ruby Linn. I'd pick McDonald before Ruby, but we'll work it on both of them. So ——"

At midnight he met with Max Proudfoot in the hall outside Kelly's apartment when the shift changed. "You've got only Iris to worry about. Squires' replacement hasn't been here before, couldn't have planted the cyanide. He's clean. So ——"

Odeen followed the pattern on his own shift. He eased the security, seemingly, taking upon himself the burden of Kelly's safety at every moment. The blond, taciturn Alice Bline and the round-faced Ben Silcox were doubtful and resentful. But the command and the responsibility were Odeen's, his orders had to stand. Silcox and Bline went downstairs for coffee; they went out to make telephone calls; they played gin rummy in the hall. And much of the time Odeen was alone with Kelly.

She was a grave and silent girl, restless, always moving about, never still. "How can I stop?" she asked, and he had no answer. She looked at Odeen often, frankly staring, searching his face and his eyes. Odeen knew what was in her mind.

"Do you doubt me, Kelly?"

"I'm afraid I do, Miles," she said. "Because you're not superhuman. You're good, but you're an ordinary mortal, and ordinary mortals do make mistakes. I can't afford even one mistake, Miles. My luck's all used up."

"Try to sleep, Kelly."

"Yes." She turned from the window and went into the bedroom. Presently she was back with a capsule in the palm of her hand. "One of my new supply," she said. "And I've been afraid to take it. Why? If my luck won't hold for this, I'm a gone goose anyway." She drew a glass of water in the kitchenette. "Cheers," she said, and swallowed the capsule.

"Kelly," Odeen said, "you're a lot of girl."

She tried to smile. "The hero type—real brave."

With Kelly asleep, the work of the night began for Odeen. He used the telephone. He got Vern Lister out of bed. Captain Groggin was notified, men of the safe-and-loft squad and the second night relief were alerted. In the morning, Barber's day shift would go through the mill. By evening, Jim McDonald and Ruby Linn would be cleared or damned—if things went well.

And the day shift was cleared. Lewis Barber told Odeen that with a flat, proud certainty the following evening. In its turn, the first night relief was cleared. There'd been only Iris Atkinson to think about, and Odeen had never seriously doubted her. Thus Odeen was brought to his own shift, to Ben Silcox and Alice Bline.

The next evening, a little after ten, he sat in a radio-equipped, unmarked police car with Ben Silcox. They were parked in a residential district known as Peacock Hill. The largest home in the neighborhood belonged to Paul and Mario Marcotte. The house and walled grounds used almost an entire block.

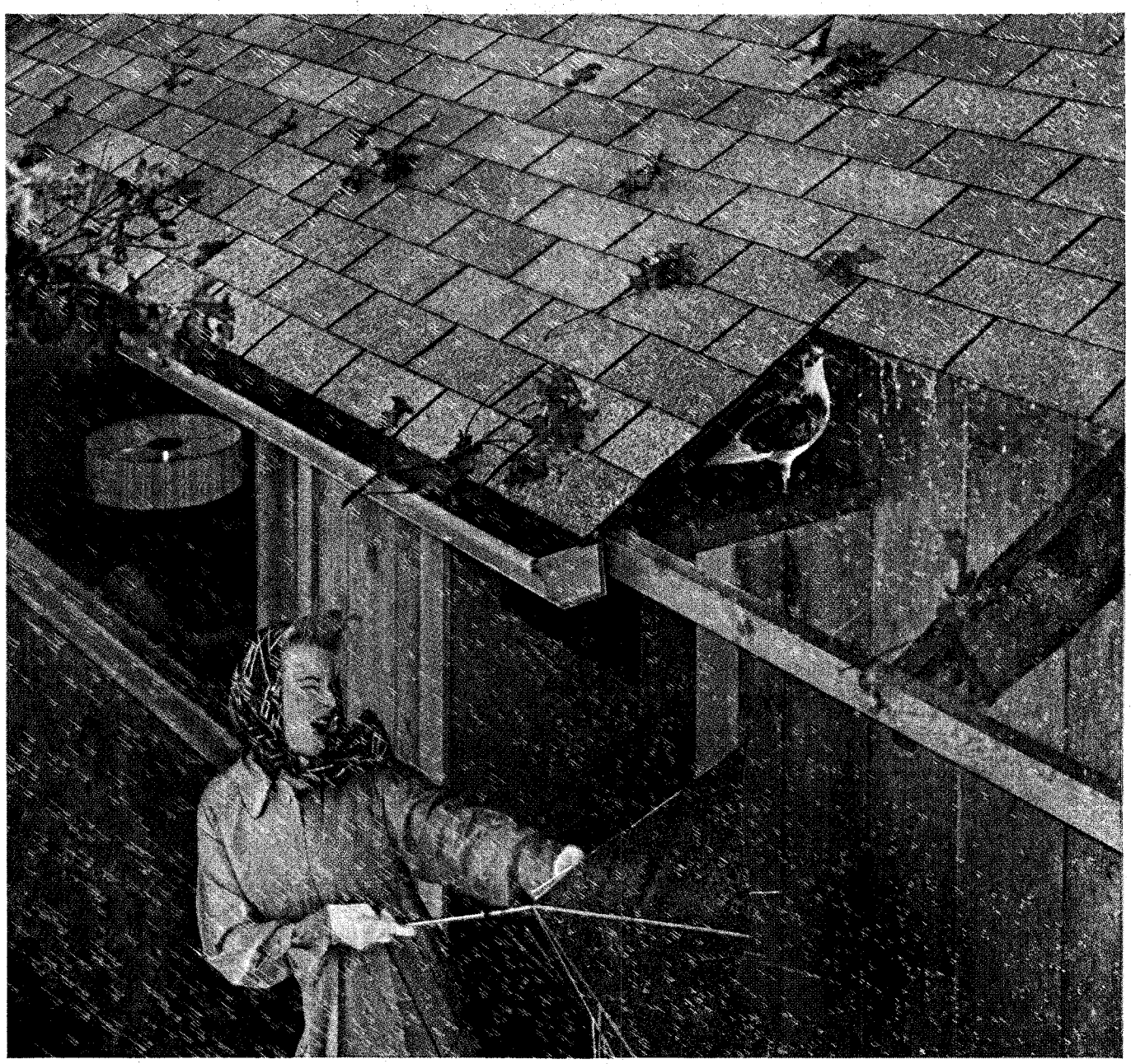
The radio came to life: "Car Forty-one to Twenty-three. The subject's going west on Larchmont, the twenty-eight-hundred block."

"Larchmont," Ben said. "That's getting close."

"And coming our way," Odeen said. His voice was the raw, angry voice of a man winning a game he didn't want to win. "It looks like we've got our rotten cop."

"So now tell me about it."

"Now I can." Odeen rubbed his face with a tired hand. "Kelly was right, I was right—one of us was set up to kill Kelly. The try was made. It missed Kelly and got Squires. Cyanide, Ben; one of Kelly's sleeping pills. Squires helped himself."



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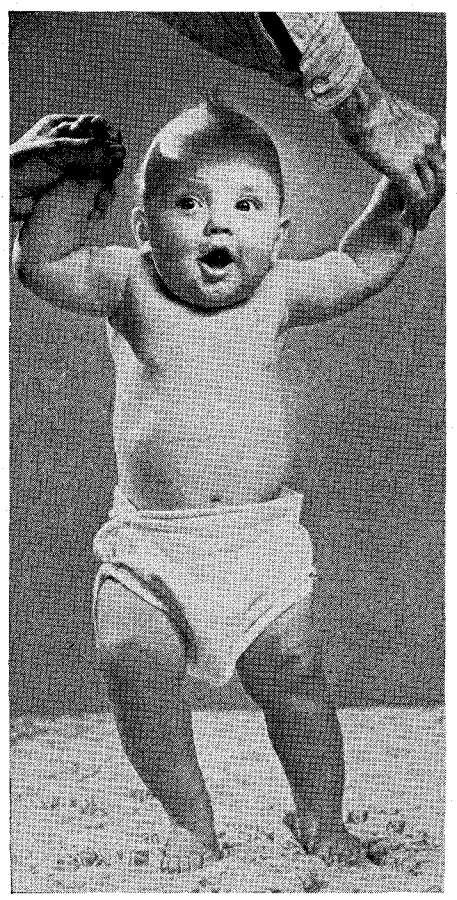

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"Good Lord," Ben whispered.

"So which one of us sold out?" Odeen said. "It was too long a job to run down a connection between one of us and the Marcottes, a connection we could prove in court. I came up with a short cut. One of Marcotte's runners is under my thumb. An order from him would sound like an order from the top. A rotten cop would have to act on it, a clean cop would report it. The people on the other two shifts reported it. But not Alice Bline. Alice is the subject coming this way."

"Alice! For the love of heaven!"

The radio broke in: "Forty-one to Twenty-three. The subject's on Vista Drive. Did a loop around the block. Maybe smells us on the tail; maybe just being careful."

"Who's in Forty-one?" Ben asked.

"Quint and Peters, safe-and-loft."

"Good men—they'll be tough to shake."

"Car Forty-one to Twenty-three," the radio said. "Looks like the jack pot. The subject had parked on Clinton, around the corner from Forty-two hundred Vista Drive, is now walking toward the side gate. We're on Clinton, a long block down the hill."

"Twenty-three to Forty-one," Odeen said. "Be there in a minute."

Clinton was just ahead. Odeen killed his headlights and turned right, into another dark, tree-lined street. He rolled up behind an unmarked sedan and stopped. The taillights of the car ahead winked twice, then it pulled quietly away. "Forty-one to Twenty-three," the radio said. "The subject went through the gate, hasn't come back yet. It's all yours."

"Twenty-three to Forty-one," Odeen said. "Thanks."

He switched the motor off and silence came. Vista Drive was a block away where a corner light spilled its glare. Beyond the intersection a big convertible stood against the curb. The sidewalk there was flanked by a high brick wall.

"It's her car," Ben said. "And Forty-two hundred Vista is the Marcotte place." He made a low, hurt sound. "Alice, Alice."

Odeen's voice was bleak, "She owns a couple of houses, Ben. A part of a grocery store. Drives that convertible. Money in the bank. It's not easy on a cop's pay—just a cop's pay."

"Start taking it, you keep taking it," Ben said. "Fifty grand, maybe, for doing Kelly in—a nice score." He shook his head. "You never know, do you? You can work with somebody for years and never know what they really are, what really goes on inside their heads. Makes you sick, doesn't it? Who can you trust?"

Odeen said, "I'd like to know."

"Do we take her in?"

"What have we got?" Odeen asked. "She's here, but there's no law against it. No, Ben. We want her strapped tight. We can do it. She's desperate for another chance at Kelly. Marcotte's got Squires' murder for a club; he'll be driving her hard. If she sees a way at Kelly, and a way to hang the blame on us or split it with us, she'll grab it. Then we'll take her."

"Intent to kill, at least," Ben said.

"More than that," Odeen told him. "If we can't break her down and drag Squires' murder out of her with this much, we'd better take up another line of work."

"She'll break," Ben said. "That's a promise."

They let time run by—ten minutes, fifteen. They needed the sight of her, a clear identification. And she came through the gate in a little while. Tall, angular, well-dressed, blond—Alice Bline beyond any doubt. Odeen waited until the convertible was out of sight, then took the police car away from the curb.

"She'll be less afraid of you than of me," he said. "So after Kelly's asleep, around two or two-thirty, I'll leave the apartment. For fifteen minutes, I'll say, to make a phone call downstairs. Then you cut out, and tell Alice it's for ten minutes. She's been waiting for the break, she'll be ready for it; she'll go in the first minute. It's up to you to get back in the apartment in time to stop her."

"Depend on it," Ben said.

Kelly was a very tired girl. She made coffee and sandwiches in the hour after Odeen and Alice Bline and Ben Silcox came on duty. Ben Silcox had both, Alice Bline would have none of either. She sat apart from them, her hands busy with wool and flashing knitting needles. The movements of her hands, the rigid way she held her head spoke of strain. Only Kelly failed to see it. She sat at the table, nodding groggily over her last cup of coffee, until Odeen got up and took her arm.

"Come on, you," he said. "It's one-thirty. You go to bed. Ben and I will clean up the kitchen. How about it?"

Kelly was exhausted beyond argument. She went into the bedroom and through, to the dressing room, without a word.

Odeen washed and Ben dried. No help was offered by Alice Bline. She remained intent on her knitting, her blond head bent, her young, good-looking face avoiding them. Tension and strain had built up within her, tightening her face to the point of being masklike.

"Saturday night," Ben whispered to Odeen, "and the trial starts Monday. Time's short and the pressure's high. That girl is really jumping."

Odeen nodded woodenly. He played gin rummy with Ben for an hour, the pressure within himself building as high, he was sure, as the pressure within Alice Bline. He pushed up from the card table then, stretched his arms.

"I need a break," he said. "I'm going downstairs—back in about fifteen minutes." And he left the apartment.

Alone with Alice, Ben shuffled the cards and laid out a game of solitaire. He pretended to be relaxed, even bored. His round eyes were sleepy, his round mouth was pursed in a tuneless whistle. He made a play and then another.

Then, suddenly, Alice left her chair. "I'm going to powder my nose," she said. "Back in a few minutes." She took her handbag and left the apartment hurriedly, a nervous woman with an immediate need.

And now Ben Silcox was alone with Kelly. He did not hesitate. A man with two murders on his back could not hesitate. A signed confession to the first murder—a young girl killed in a drunken rage—was on file in Paul Marcotte's safe. Paul Marcotte had held it twelve years, waiting for a time when a police officer whose official record was unblemished would be useful. The second murder—Glen Squires'—was an even better club in Paul Marcotte's hands. A young clerk in a chemical-supply house was ready to come forward and say he'd sold cyanide to Ben Silcox. And more cyanide would be found in Ben's house. Unless Kelly died.

"You get fifty thousand dollars," Paul Marcotte had said. "And this in addition—you can hang it on anyone you like. The clerk will make the same statement about anyone you name, man or woman. And poison will be found in their possession."

Alice Bline was perfect for the part. She'd sold out to Paul Marcotte. Paul would hire a dozen cops, if he could, to make sure Mario went free. Odeen knew she'd sold out. She would deny her guilt, but Odeen's testimony, and Ben's, and the young clerk's, and the poison in her possession would convict her—for Ben Silcox it was a clear way out.

And it was fifty thousand dollars. He needed and wanted that money desperately—far too much to let Alice Bline have it. The money would make him a free man again. It would take him to some distant place far beyond Marcotte's reach, where he could forget he'd ever killed, that he'd ever had to kill, where he could live the rest of his years in peace.

As he opened Kelly's bedroom door, a narrow wedge of light moved across the room to the bed. Kelly was there, head dark against the pillow, breathing softly, unmoving. There were underthings on a chair close by, a pair of nylon stockings within easy reach. He took one of the stockings in his hands; he turned. Now his sick mind was filled with gratefulness.

Yesterday it had seemed impossible. Now it was going to go so easily and so well. A stocking around Kelly's throat, tight, and quickly tied. Then unlock and unchain the bedroom door that opened upon the hall. Then go back to the card table and the game of solitaire. "Alice crossed us up," he would say to Odeen. "She left the apartment before I could. I didn't know she'd unlocked the door from the hall to the bedroom. She went in that way and killed Kelly. I was sitting right there all the time, playing cards. I didn't hear a sound."

He was standing beside the bed, looking down at Kelly. Her arms were beneath the blankets, her face was turned away. Ben tied a loose, overhand knot in the stocking, forming a noose. He held the noose in his fingers, the short, loose ends tight in his hands. He bent, positioning the *(Continued on Page 88)*

Instrument Approach

By DES FAIRBAIRN
(Airlines Pilot)

And now in flight above an overcast
The ship descends in soft-embracing cloud
That mists the moon and stars and brings at last
Oblivion within its swirling shroud;
And yet the shrieking ice that forms along
Antenna wires in vain may howl away:
The voice within our head-phones is our song,
The needle on our panel points the way.
So must be death that ends life's starlit flight
In desolate cloud; yet clouds must always clear.
God's finger flickers in the panel light,
His voice repeats the heading in your ear;
And though through dark and murky storm-tossed air
You cannot see, yet know the runway's there.

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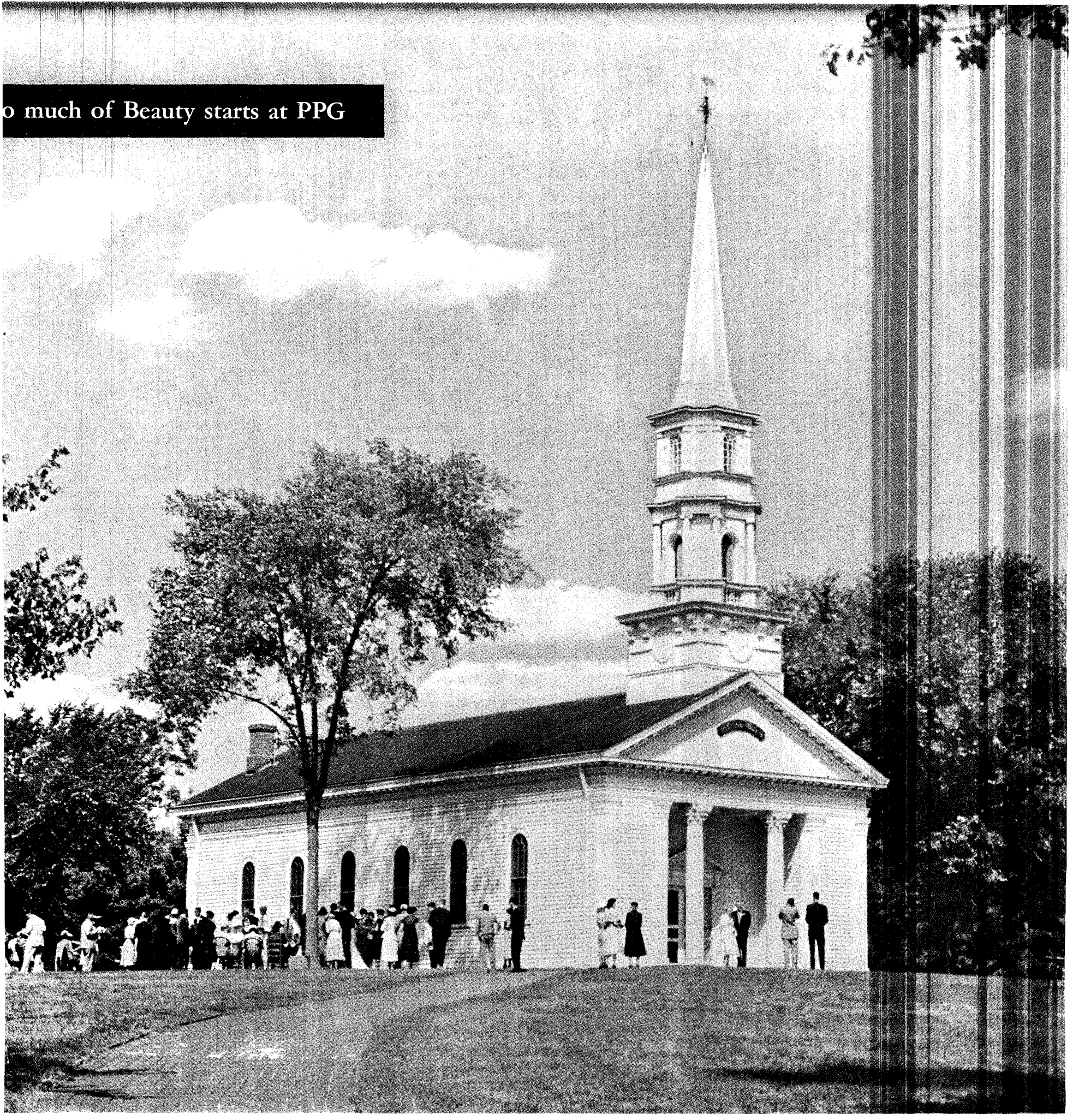
o much of Beauty starts at PPG



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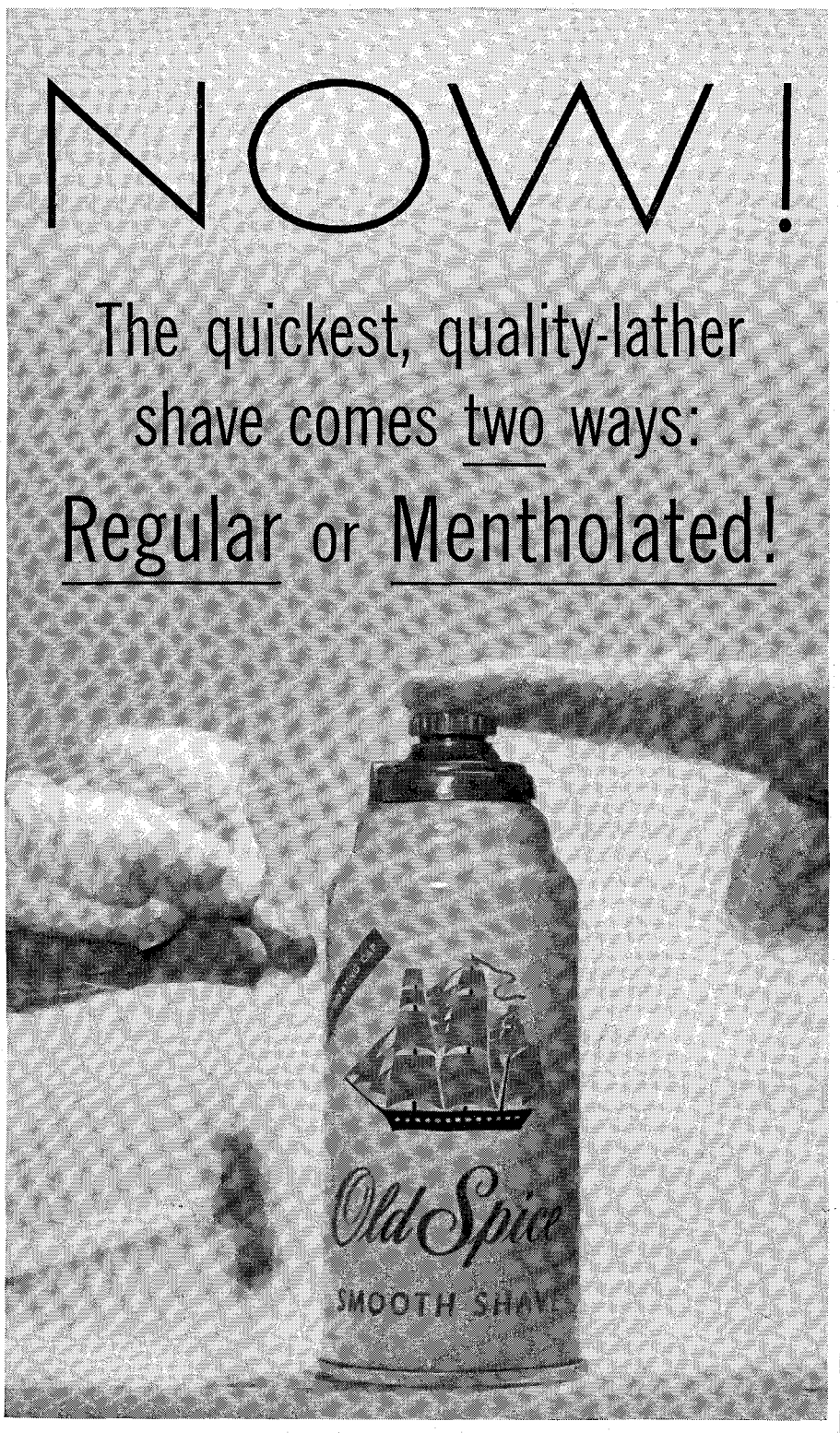

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Regular or Mentholated, 1.00 each *(with self-regulating, leakproof cap)*

SHULTON

(*Continued from Page 86*) noose over Kelly's head—now! He dropped the noose over Kelly's head, jerked it under her head, past her face, down to her throat. He did that much and no more. When only the tightening and the final knotting were left, Odeen came up from the floor on the far, dark side of Kelly's bed, gun in hand, savagery in his voice.

"Hold it, Ben! Don't move an inch!"

Ben Silcox did not move. The stocking around Kelly's throat was still in his hands, and he held to it. Plainly Odeen needed only the smallest excuse to kill him. And Kelly remained still. Her eyes were open with the wakefulness of one who has been awake for some time. She was staring at Odeen, waiting for his word.

He said, "One more minute, Kelly." Then he lifted his voice to call, "Alice, come in now!"

"Yes, Miles."

The door of the sitting room swung wide, the ceiling lights came on. Alice Bline was there—and had been there—holding a gun on Ben Silcox. At Odeen's order, she moved to the foot of the bed. The stocking around Kelly's throat, Ben Silcox's hands holding it, were impressed clearly in her mind for future testimony. Then she took Ben's gun, his handcuffs and the keys to his handcuffs. Ben was allowed to straighten and the handcuffs were locked on his wrists.

"Alice is one of the good people," Odeen said to him. "She's from my home town. I've known her since she was a child. She's the last one a Marcotte could buy."

Ben Silcox needed no more explanation. He was stunned, gray-faced and shattered, but the trap he'd walked into was all too clear. Alice had been only a decoy, never nearer to Paul Marcotte than the shadows just inside the gate on Clinton Street. Alice had been the trusted one. He had been the one given what seemed to be a chance to kill Kelly and avoid the blame. Odeen had conditioned him carefully, and had led him carefully—to this.

"You," Odeen said. "Into the other room."

Ben Silcox went there. And from there he went into the hands of Captain Groggin. The captain had been at fault, if a blind, stubborn pride in the department and the people who worked for him was a fault. But he was ruthlessly capable now. In the week that followed, he drove himself and others unsparingly, a furious, barrel-chested tyrant of a man. Before the week's end he had Paul Marcotte jailed and charged with murder.

"He'll make it stick," Odeen told Kelly. "He broke Ben Silcox to bits without laying a hand on him. Got a full confession. He dug out the chemical-supply-house clerk; the clerk broke up and tied the cyanide to Paul Marcotte. Now, with Paul jailed, it's safe for Adria Nevada to come forward with her testimony. Three gold-plated witnesses, another iron-clad case for Clyde Pickens—that fine old gent is a real happy man."

"I'm glad for him," Kelly said. "He's the man he always wanted to be now. But mostly I think I'm glad for Adria Nevada. I mean, because now she can have Donnie back again. You couldn't have done a better thing for her."

"She earned it," Odeen said.

They were riding in a police car. Max Proudfoot was driving; Lewis Barber was in the seat beside him. Alice Bline was with Kelly and Odeen in the back seat. The apartment, the protective custody and the long wait were behind Kelly now. Ahead of her, on this day, was the courtroom and the witness stand. A crowd was waiting in the raw cold before the courthouse. There were newsreel and television cameras set up on the steps, newspaper photographers gathered on the curb. The sight of them made Kelly squeeze down in the seat behind Odeen.

"I should've worn my jeans!"

"Hey, now!" Odeen pulled her up. "We're having no more of that, remember? You're not alone the prettiest girl in the world, you're the bravest! Don't I keep telling you?"

"Maybe not loud enough," Kelly said.

A path was cleared for them. They went into the building against the flash and glare of news cameras. Once on the way, Kelly didn't falter—the hallways, the courtroom door, the aisle, the railed enclosure, the oath. Her testimony was quietly given, implacably certain, unshakable—on this day, and on other days she was needed. When it was finally over, she was exhausted, but somehow radiant.

"I'm free, Miles. At last, I'm free!"

He smiled down at her. "But not for long," he said. "Not if I can help it, and I think I can. I need you more than the desert country needs you. I'm going to keep you here if I have to handcuff you."

She held out her wrists. "Leg irons, too, Miles." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"P-s-s-t, mom! Daddy's over here!"

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Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 49)

"Better look after the coffee," he said, thinking it well to give Nora occupation to distract her mind. But Chief Fogarty's daughter was not one whose mind needed distraction. She was pale but resolute.

"He was coming to see father," she said.

"Right," Batts agreed.

"Coming to tell him something."

"Right."

"And he was killed to stop him from talking."

"That," Craig said, "is how it looks."

He walked into the vestibule and bent over the body. That pallid, bald head affected him as it had affected Nora. He forced himself to feel for a pulse beat, but there was none. His eyes traveled from head to toe and came to rest upon the upflung hand. It was a surprising hand. The man had worn a soiled felt hat which now lay on the rug. His clothes were of cheap material, tattered. Underneath the coat he wore a sweat shirt. The trousers did not match the coat. The feet were covered by silk socks of fine quality, and the shoes were of finest leather. Craig had seen their like in a Madison Avenue window and knew they must have cost no less than thirty-five dollars. And the hands! There was nothing rough about them. The nails were polished and expertly trimmed. There had been a recent manicure.

There was almost no bleeding. The face, seen in profile, was that of a man in later middle age. Even in its awful stillness it seemed a well-nourished face. From neck to ankles the man was a stumblebum. But feet and hands and features belonged to a person of another class.

The man had been shot in the back—twice. Craig had heard no shots. The conclusion was either that the murderer had used a silencer or that the shooting had been done at some distance. How far, Craig wondered, could a man walk after suffering two such wounds?

He wanted to go through the man's pockets, but decided against it. He would see what was there when the police made their search. This was police business, not—on the surface, at least—a fire marshal's business.

From the street came the screech of a siren and soon two uniformed officers from a prowl car were tramping up the stairs. Craig stood to receive them. They stepped over the body into the vestibule. Craig forestalled their questioning. "I'm Assistant Fire Marshal Batts," he said and displayed his identification. "Suppose we wait for the homicide men."

"They'll be here in two jerks," said one of the officers, and almost as he finished speaking there was the scream of other sirens, and within minutes the apartment was alive with officers in plain clothes and technicians of the homicide department.

Craig, with Nora at his side, stood well out of the way in the living room. A dapper, slender, youngish man with olive complexion and brown, liquid eyes which could have had their origin nowhere but in Italy, detached himself from the group near the corpse and walked to them. He bowed to Nora, and turned to Craig.

"You found the body, Mr. ——?"

"Assistant Fire Marshal Batts," Craig said.

"Lieutenant di Fisano," the detective introduced himself.

"Miss Fogarty, daughter of Chief Fogarty," Craig volunteered.

The lieutenant acknowledged the presentation pleasantly.

"I did not find the body," Craig said in answer to the lieutenant's question. "It found us. Miss Fogarty and I were in the kitchen. The doorbell rang. Miss Fogarty answered, and screamed. The body, not yet dead, was sprawled upon the rug."

"So? So? Not dead?"

"He struggled to get up, and gobbled words."

"Intelligible?"

"I could make out the words 'tell' and 'chief,' and 'Dutchman.'"

"That all?"

"Then he slumped down, dead."

"Is this Chief Fogarty's apartment?" asked di Fisano.

"Yes. He is in the hospital. He was injured in a fire."

"But not by the fire," di Fisano said. "Blunt instrument."

"Yes."

"Would you," asked di Fisano, "say these two events were connected?"

"I have no reason for thinking so," Craig said cautiously.

"Did you hear shots?"

"None."

Di Fisano frowned. "One would say that the dead man came to see Chief Fogarty. To tell him something."

"Yes," agreed Craig.

"But there's a hitch," the detective said. "Newspapers and newscasts informed the public that Chief Fogarty had been assaulted and was in the hospital. It was a publicized fact. One naturally wonders why this person didn't know it."

"It could be accounted for," Craig suggested.

"In what manner?"

"That he couldn't read and had no radio. That he had been absent from the

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¼ cup Pream
2 tbsp. flour
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1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
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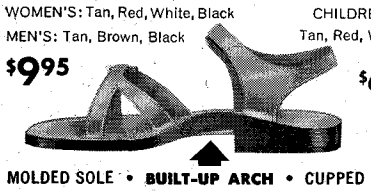

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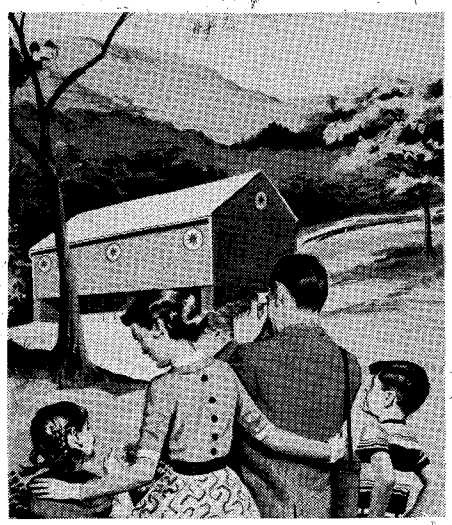

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city. That he had been in some position where news could not reach him."

"Such position as what?"

"Someone," Craig said, "didn't want him to wag his jaw to Chief Fogarty."

"Evident."

"Then his murderer must have known he had something to spill."

"So he must."

"Could a man guess that the murderer knew this for some time?"

"Conceivable," di Fisano conceded.

"Even," Craig went on, "that he had been detained somewhere? Kept on ice?"

"Any reason for thinking so?"

"Just a hunch."

"Hunches have some origin."

"Well," Craig said, "the corpse was out of his context."

"Meaning what?"

"He looks like a stumblebum. Clothes out of the Salvation Army."

"But?"

"Look him over, lieutenant, and see if the rest of him fits his coat and pants."

"We'll talk more," di Fisano said and turned away abruptly. Craig saw him kneel beside the dead man and make meticulous examination. A second officer in plain clothes came in from the corridor.

"Shot on outside," he said loud enough so that his words carried to Craig. "Blood on the stairs. Down the street. You wonder he could walk a step with two slugs in him there."

"I've seen strange things." Di Fisano looked up as a sturdy figure stood peering through the doorway. "Hello, marshal," he said. "I thought you might be along. Welcome to our city. You've a bright boy on the job."

"Young Batts, eh? Was he showin' off?"

The lieutenant shook his head. "A pair of eyes he's got," he said. "Things we might have missed if he hadn't called attention. Maybe it's not right, all men being equal under the constitution. But it's human not to use as fine-toothed a comb on a fugitive from a bread line as it is on a respectable member of society."

"Would this, d'ye think, be any of the bureau's business?" asked the chief marshal.

"I'd say you'd want to sit in," di Fisano replied. "And welcome as always."

"I'll talk to my bright boy," the chief marshal said, and ambled across the room to the davenport where Nora sat, with Craig standing at her side. He nodded curtly to Nora and narrowed his eyes at Craig.

"How come you were here so promptly?" he demanded.

"He's like a member of the family, marshal," said Nora. "He brought me home from seeing father in the hospital."

"And how is the old smoke-eater?"

"About ready to be discharged," Nora said.

"Us from the auld sod are hard to kill," he said grimly. And then to Craig, succinctly, "Tell," he ordered.

In dry official language Craig made his report. The chief marshal did not interrupt until he had finished. Then he said shrewdly, "And what are you holding back?"

Craig shook his head and it was a stubborn gesture which his chief did not overlook. "My boy," the marshal said, "if it has to do with Fogarty, then you're doing him no favor by hiding it. Is it because you have doubts of the integrity of the man that you fear to talk?"

"If he doubted father's honesty," Nora said sharply, "he would be welcome in this house no longer."

"I would sooner doubt myself," Craig said. "Whatever it is, he would sooner keep to himself."

"Then he has told you nothing?"

"Not a word."

"So you would be betraying no confidence," said the marshal gravely. "Have you not yet learned that no honest man was ever harmed by the truth? But that to hold back the truth may bring grief to the innocent?"

Nora touched his arm, and her eyes smiled up at him with steady confidence. "The marshal is right," she said.

"If that is your word," Craig said, but reluctantly. "Here it is, sir, all we know. For many days Uncle Paddy has been worried, not like himself. His worry has to do with a man named Clyde Tupper, who comes at odd times and throws his weight about and has a sleek grin as if he had eaten the canary. When he comes, Uncle Paddy sends us out of the apartment."

"Is that all?"

"I have seen Tupper watching fires. Fires set by a torch."

"What is his business?" the chief marshal asked.

"It is in a cheap building on Broadway." He gave the address. "What his business is I tried to find out today. He hits quick and hard," Craig's grin was rueful. He described his brief fracas with Tupper.

"Is there any connection between that man and what happened here tonight?"

"Not that I can state," Craig said.

"You called Lieutenant di Fisano's attention to discrepancies about the victim."

"Yes, sir."

"He should have noted them himself."

"Probably he did," Craig answered.

"But you did not keep them to yourself—to tell me privately?"

"You, sir, impressed upon me that we work with the police."

"I give you a good mark," the chief marshal said, and Craig warmed to the words, because this grim man was sparing with his commendations. "What did these discrepancies indicate?"

"That he was a man of means who could afford handmade shoes and costly socks and underwear. That he was a—a fastidious man whose hands were well kept and manicured. Shall I mention intangibles?"

"It is a ten-dollar word," said the marshal. "If you know what it means."

"There was something about him—even in death, and in those cheap, wrinkled clothes—that made me think he was a cultured man. I might almost say an aristocratic man."

"You guessed that he had been held a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there an alternative to that?"

Craig nodded. "That he had been in hiding."

The chief marshal was puzzled. "If this man knew something—something about fires or about the department—why would he seek out Chief Fogarty and not me? I'm the one to handle such matters."

Craig shook his head. There could be but one reason, but he did not wish to express it, for it was a deduction his superior was amply able to make himself. If the murdered man had come to Chief Fogarty instead of to the Bureau of Fire Investigation, it would be because Fogarty had some peculiar and personal connection with the affair which made it desirable to disclose whatever he came to tell to him instead of to the chief marshal.

The chief marshal stood mute until the pause became awkward. Then, suddenly unbending, he clapped his hand on Craig's shoulder with a fatherly gesture.

"Here," he said in his heavy voice, "is a deep and dark thing, and it will give anxiety and hard labor to all of us. But there is one point, Nora my girl, and young Batts, about which we need not be eating out our hearts. And that is the integrity of Chief Fogarty. Him I will guarantee. Whatever mess he is in, if there is a mess, it was not of his making. Nor, when the truth is known, will it bring dishonor to him."

"Thank you, chief," Nora said, and tears welled over her eyelids.

The police had left the apartment, the body had been taken to the morgue.

"You are alone?" the chief marshal asked Nora. "Shall I send a man to keep his eye on you?"

"No need, chief," Craig said. "I'll be staying."

The chief marshal frowned and looked sharply from face to face. But what he saw made him smile gravely.

"Tomorrow will be another day," he said, and, turning abruptly, went down the stairs to the car that awaited him in the street.

It was the judgment of the medical officer that Chief Fogarty could be taken to the morgue to view the body of the man who had died in his apartment. He refused to be transported in an ambulance, but went in his own car, driven by his own aide. Craig Batts rode in the rear seat. They entered the gloomy building housing the unfortunate dead, and the body was brought into view from its niche. The chief peered down at it long and carefully. Then he shook his grizzled head.

"Never before have I set eyes on the man," he said positively.

"Chief," asked Craig, "why should this man have come to you?"

"It makes no sense whatever," Fogarty said.

"Could there, sir, be a connection between this and the assault upon yourself?"

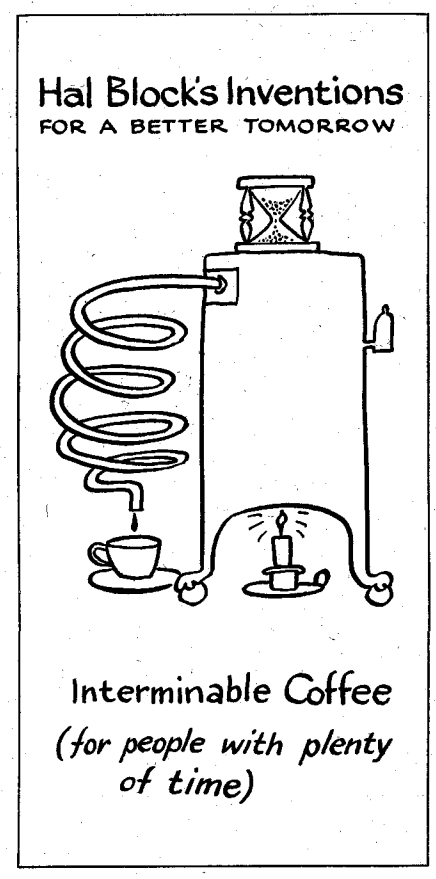
"There could," said Fogarty testily, "but what it is I'll not be guessing."

Craig drew this man, who stood to him in the position of a father, to one side and dared greatly with his next whispered question.

"Could there, Uncle Paddy," he asked, "be threads between this and whatever it is that is between you and that man Clyde Tupper?"

The chief's face darkened and set like granite. "Whatever is betwixt him and me is private business, and not to be pried into by any young spriggins."

"But, Uncle Paddy, nobody knows better than (*Continued on Page 92*)



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(*Continued from Page 90*) yourself that nothing that touches murder can be private business. And what man would be before you to declare that the truth harms none but the guilty?"

"Boy," said the veteran, "ye have scant experience of life, and of the forces that can twist ye this way and that way. Nor, being young, can ye perceive that a smaller evil thing may be pushed aside that a bigger badness shall be averted—or a greater good be made to come."

"You're an older man, and wiser and better than me," Craig said sadly, "but I think it is not the dumb stiffness of my youth that makes me maintain that no trucklin' with evil can ever give birth to good."

"We will speak of it no more," Fogarty said firmly, and he rested his huge hand on Craig's shoulder. "The old age of a man would be happier could he cling to the ideals of his boyhood. If he would never learn that all life is but a dickerin' with the devil in an effort to get the best of him at the end of it."

"What man," asked Craig gravely, "has the mother wit to play such a game of chess with Old Scratch?"

Chief Fogarty turned away. "I will go home now and get into my own bed, for I'm a tired man."

So they were driven to the Fogarty apartment, where Nora was harsh with her father and drove him to his bed, and came out of the bedroom to give Craig Batts a tongue lashing for tempting her father to overexertion.

"It is not his body that is tired, but his mind that is troubled," Craig said.

"Whatever it is," she retorted, "not the President of the United States nor even the commissioner of the department gets in to see him till I give the word." It was but natural, coming from a line of firemen, that she could give the commissioner precedence over the President.

The chief's car, at Fogarty's direction, took Craig down to headquarters. He occupied his desk adjoining that of Luke Priddy, who chose to be saturnine. "So," he said in his acid way, "you're working yourself into a new job."

"Meaning what job?" Craig asked, ready to take offense.

"Cease to bristle," Priddy said with a curling of the lip. "It's a job the like of which is not in the commissioner's report."

"Such as?" Craig asked.

"Official catalyst."

"And what is a catalyst?"

"It's a thing that's cast among other chemicals and creates a reaction. Or maybe you're only a carrier, like Typhoid Mary. Anyhow, where you set your foot, trouble sprouts."

Craig grinned. "More likely I'm only the kid tied to the tree to lure the tiger."

"Maybe it's a gift," said Priddy. "A handy gift for a marshal if it doesn't attract a lead slug in the belly or a sap on the noggin. What do you make of all this? Commencing, we'll say, with the vanishing of the report on the fire that killed your father?"

Craig turned abruptly and eyed Priddy. "That," he said, "is supposed to be hush-hush."

"Friend of my childhood," Priddy said mockingly, "there's not a mother's son in this room that doesn't know the details. And don't ask me how. A little bird spread the news. If you could locate that little birdie, you might learn something to your advantage. 'A goodly apple rotten at the heart,' as Mr. Shakespeare has it. Or more aptly, in every barrel of apples there can be one rotten one."

"You wouldn't be able to point out that apple?"

"Not me," Priddy said. "But to coin another witticism: I smell the odor of skunk."

Craig found he wanted to talk. Always it cleared his head and made him reason more cogently if he could debate a question, or even state it in words for himself to hear. It brought into action his subconscious mind, which he was only vaguely aware that he possessed. But he did know through experience that there was some astonishing mental mechanism that was sharper and abler than conscious

(*Continued on Page 94*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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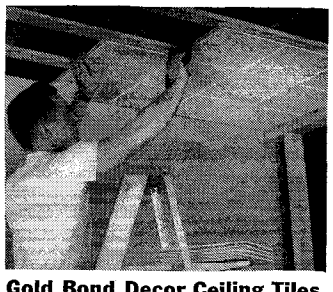

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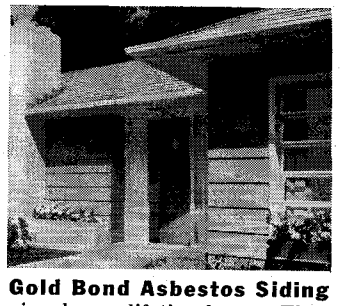

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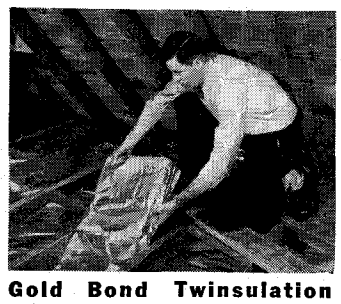

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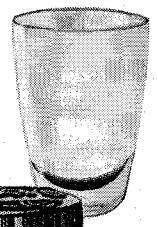

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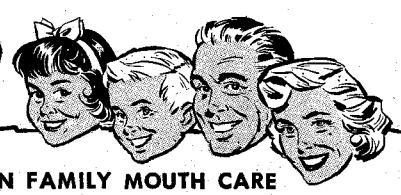

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(*Continued from Page 92*) reasoning and that reached true conclusions by invisible paths.

"It's odd," Priddy said, "that the police haven't been able to make an identification of the body." He paused and thought about it. "But I imagine derelicts are difficult to identify."

"But," said Craig, "he was no derelict. Bathed and shaved, he was, and carefully manicured. What's the word? Fastidious. That described him except for his hat and suit. His face made me think of something." Craig sought to identify what it was that those features resembled. Something aristocratic, something ironically aristocratic. It was almost within his grasp. And then it came to him. It was a comical picture in one of those supercilious magazines—a drawing of an old-time clubman sitting in the window of his club gazing arrogantly out at the plebeian passers-by.

Craig stood up abruptly and went to the office of the chief marshal, who was able to receive him at once.

"Sir," he said, "may I have a copy of the police photograph of that dead man?"

"What do you want of it?"

"I want to try something, sir. Maybe a wild-goose chase. At any rate, it'll do no harm."

The chief called to his aide, directing him to get from the files a print of the photograph. It was an excellent, clear flashlight of the murdered man. Indeed, there were three, from different angles. They were placed in a large manila envelope and Craig went away with them.

"Why," asked the aide, "didn't you pin him down?"

"Sometimes," the chief said, "it's a good idea to give a youngster rope. It sparks 'em."

Craig noted down a number of addresses from the telephone book and then took the subway northward. His first stop was at a famous club in the Forties where he showed the photographs to the doorman, but without success. He called at club after club with the same result until, at last, he came to one with long and conservative history, whose members were of the elite, and particularly of the aging elite. The imposing doorman was persuaded to look at the photographs, but his inscrutable face revealed nothing.

"We are not permitted to give information about our members," he said firmly.

"So he is a member?" Craig asked.

"I have not said so," answered the doorman.

"Then," Craig said, "you will take me to someone who has authority to give out." He paused. "Of course, I can take it up with the police. But I have police authority to subpoena."

"Please follow me," the doorman said, and led Craig to the office, where he displayed his credentials. "I want to know," he said, "if this is a picture of one of your members."

The secretary examined the pictures with shocked eyes. "This is a serious matter, marshal," he said. "But there can be no object in making things difficult. I hope no disagreeable publicity for this institution will result."

"I see no reason why it should—if you are co-operative."

"I believe," the secretary said, "that this is one of our members. But one hesitates to be positive. From a photograph ——"

"Then," Craig said, "will you be so good as to go to the morgue with me?"

The secretary shuddered. "I suppose I can't avoid it," he said reluctantly.

Craig felt justified in the expense of a taxicab, which conveyed them downtown. The secretary, as they approached their destination, exhibited signs of panic. Craig reassured him.

"It takes but a second," he said. "It won't be bad."

Once inside, the attendant took them to the room where identifications were made. When the face of the murdered man was uncovered, the secretary looked—and staggered as if about to faint. Craig steadied him with a firm hand.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's him," said the secretary faintly. "Get me out into the air."

Craig led him to the street and hailed a taxicab. "I—I could use a drink," the secretary said.

"Stop at the first bar," Craig directed, and there, while the dapper secretary fortified himself with a stiff whisky, Craig was content with a small beer.

"All right now?" Craig asked presently.

"All right."

"Fine. What's his name?"

"Mr. William Tecumseh Peabody."

"A member of your club?"

"A very old and honored member."

"His address?"

"I would have to look in the book."

"His occupation?"

"Mr. Peabody had no occupation. What I mean is that he was a man of means. His family has possessed wealth and distinction for generations."

"Was he eccentric?"

"On the contrary, he was one of the most dignified and conservative of men."

"Who," asked Craig, "were his intimate friends—his cronies—in the club?"

"Now that is a difficult question," the secretary answered. "He was a reserved man, courteous and considerate. But he played neither bridge nor other games. It was his custom to lunch alone at a small table. His habits were fixed. He arrived in the club daily at twelve o'clock; went to the library, where he examined the newly arrived periodicals. At one o'clock precisely he went to his table in the dining room. After luncheon, he always went to the lounge and occupied a chair where he dozed and looked out at the avenue."

"Sort of a lone wolf?" Craig suggested.

"You couldn't say that. He was not offish. He attended the functions of the club. He simply was—as I have told you—reserved. Possibly shy."

"Would any of the club servants know more about him?"

"I fancy not. He invariably treated them with consideration and was generous at the time of the Christmas funds. But I doubt if he ever exchanged half a dozen words with any of them."

"Sort of an odd ball?"

"I would not say so—no more so than dozens of our members. Gentlemen, when they reach a certain age, especially if they have wealth and family, are entitled to their small peculiarities. What in—ah—more commonplace people might be termed oddities, in our members are only amiable characteristics."

"It all depends," Craig said with a straight face, "upon what block you live in and whether your great-grandfather smuggled rum or owned a slaver or had dealings with Blackbeard the pirate."

"Many of our gentlemen," the secretary said imperturbably, "have a just pride in their ancestry and family histories."

Craig reflected that his inspiration had led him into a stream where he might well find himself beyond his depth. He well knew that such things as influence existed. He had come into contact with political influence of a sort; but there was a more insidious influence which rarely became visible. It was none the less potent. He knew that in a time of stress there could be a rallying around, a mys-

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terious exertion in behalf of. One could not, especially one of Craig's years and experience, put his finger on its source. But when trouble involved such an individual as William Tecumseh Peabody, it was best for assistant fire marshals to take to cyclone cellars. Peabody probably was connected by blood or marriage or long family association with two thirds of Fifth Avenue and the aristocracy of Long Island and Westchester. Their connections would ramify to San Francisco and Detroit and the Senate and embassies in Washington.

Craig decided that he had gone as far as would be clement for himself, and that he had better enlist powerful reinforcements.

He thanked the secretary and indulged himself in the improper expense of a taxi back to headquarters. He took the elevator up to the eleventh floor and opened the door of the chief marshal's reception room. The chief's aide looked up from his book.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Will you tell the chief it's urgent?" Craig said.

"He's alone. You can go in," the aide said.

The chief marshal scowled at the interruption. The speaker on the desk chattered. Bells pinged. Outside the window, lower Manhattan with its massive structures spread about them—a mighty city. A most puissant portion of a mighty city. The sight of it somehow daunted Craig. The thought that he was a servant of this enormous mass of brick and granite and iron with a duty to aid in preserving it from harm—of preserving it and what it represented from evil forces—made him feel tiny, insignificant and insanely vain to think that he could even help to cope with so monstrous an entity.

"Well," demanded the chief harshly, "out with it."

"I've identified him, chief," Craig said.

"Identified who?"

In the stress of the moment Craig became human and not official. "The corpse up at Uncle Paddy's," he said.

"Who was he, and how did you make identification?"

"It was a sort of a hunch, sir," Craig said, "that started with a funny picture in a magazine."

"There are days," said the chief, "that are worse than other days. So now comes to vex me a boy that's daft."

Craig described the train of thought that had led him from a printed picture to the name of a dead man. The chief marshal listened with no change of expression.

"Like that, was it?" he said at the end. "You should quit the department and buy a crystal ball. Don't boast of this thing or you'll get an ill reputation for being unchancy. And what was his name?"

"His name," said Craig, "was William Tecumseh Peabody. With a house on Fifth Avenue facing the park. And there's no great family in the city that he's not just like that with." He held out two fingers pressed together.

The chief's face went blank. "Ye stuck in your thumb and you pulled out a plum," he (*Continued on Page 97*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Just as the waitress came along with a bowl of hot soup, a departing customer suddenly turned and bumped her tray. The soup poured down the back of Eloise, seated nearby. As soon as Eloise could, she sued the restaurant.

"The customer did it, not my waitress," the restaurant owner replied. "So why doesn't she sue him instead of me? We pay for what we drop, but not for what is knocked out of our hands."

"It is the restaurant's business to guard against careless customers who might inflict harm on other customers," Eloise countered. "Everybody knows that some people in restaurants behave like bulls in a china shop."

If you were the judge, would you make the restaurant pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The restaurant did not have to pay. The court ruled that anyone entering a restaurant assumes the risk of dangerous acts by fellow diners. It would not be fair, it explained, to hold a restaurant responsible when it is required to admit all sorts of customers.

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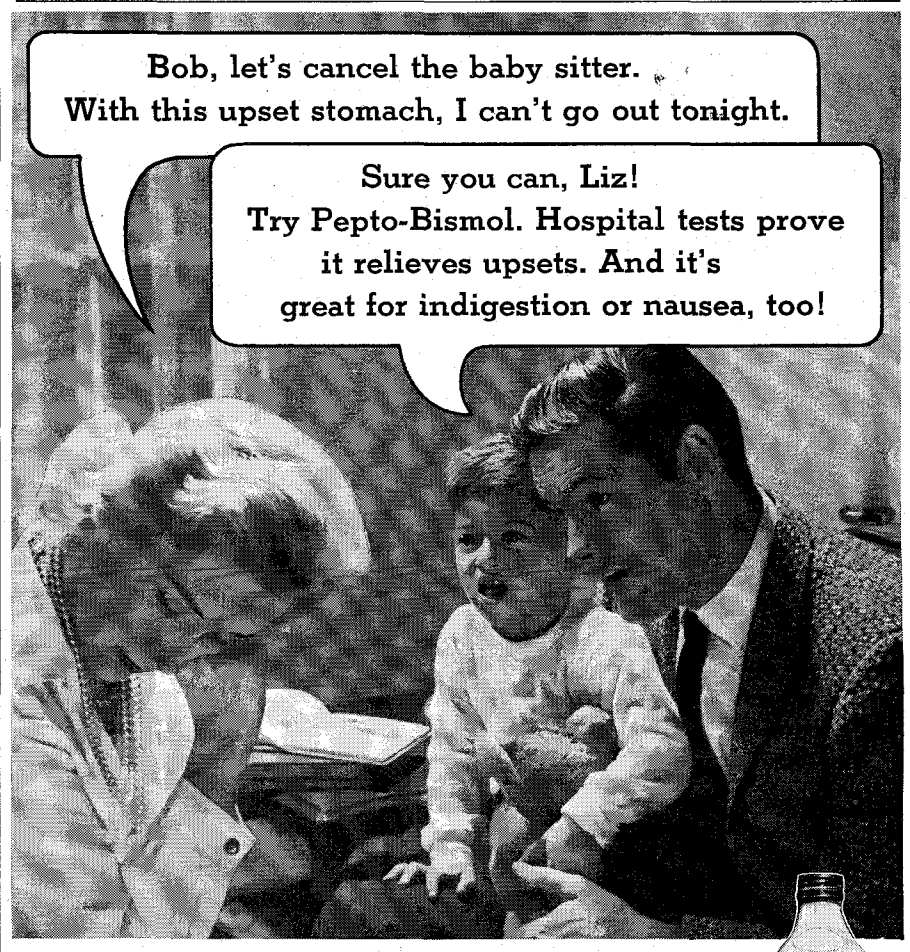
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With this upset stomach, I can't go out tonight.
Sure you can, Liz!
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Take Hospital Tested Pepto-Bismol®...and feel good again!

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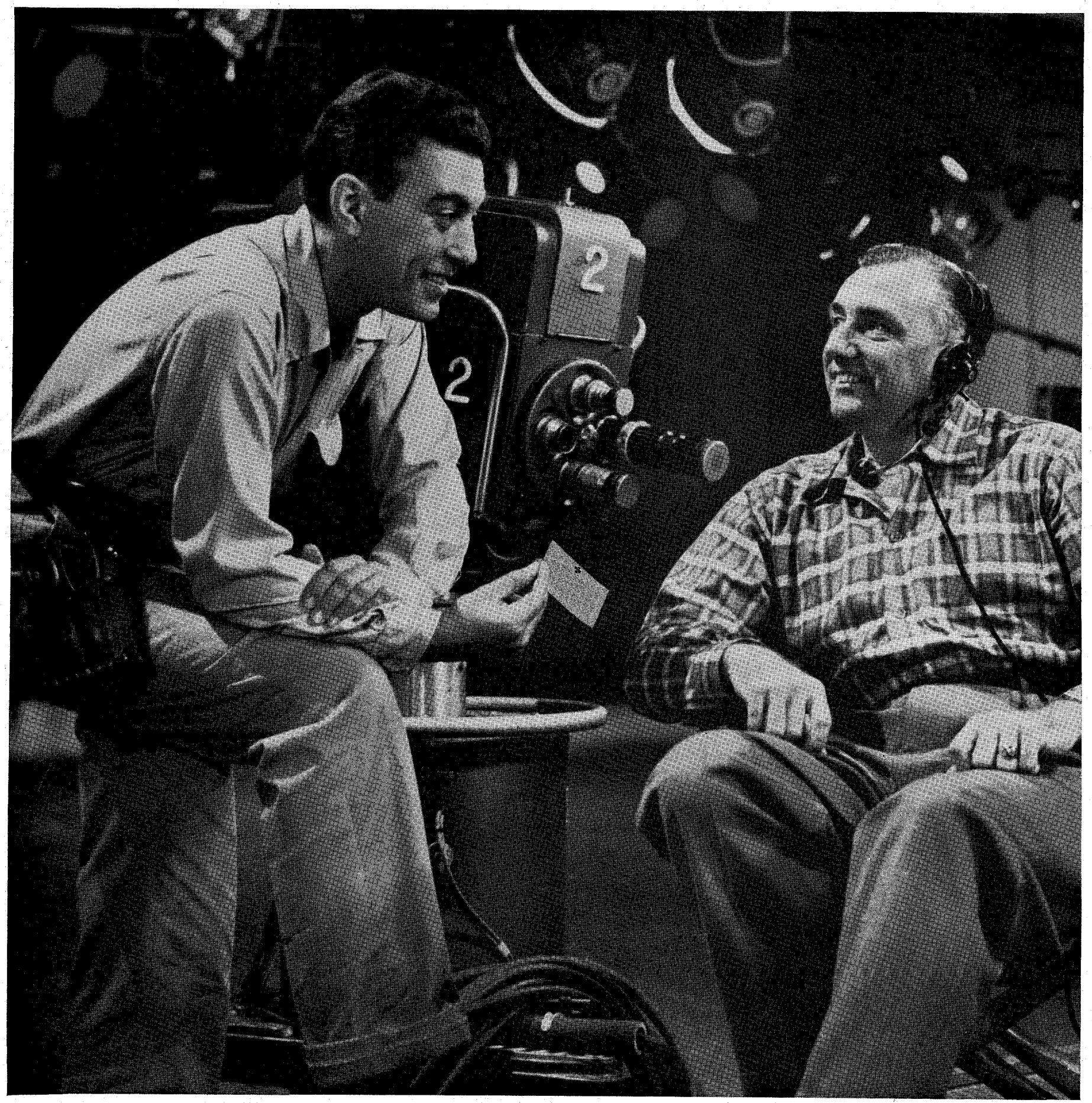

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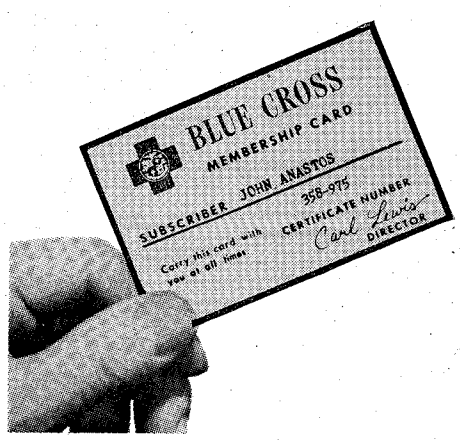

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(*Continued from Page 95*) said bitterly, "and the plum's too hot for me to handle. So we'll pick it up with tongs and lay it on the desk of the commissioner. Bad luck to the day I was bamboozled by your tricks. We will now be the bearers of disturbing news."

He rose and, followed by Craig, strode down the corridor, turned to the right and thrust open the door of the commissioner's reception room.

It was not without trepidation that Craig Batts entered the commissioner's office, but any feeling of unease was quickly dissipated by the man who headed the department.

"Something urgent?" he asked the chief marshal.

"This lad," was the reply, "has dug up the identity of the man that died in Fogarty's apartment."

"Excellent," said the commissioner, appraising Batts with keen eyes.

"Excellent it was, what with his trick mind. But I could wish the police had done it."

The commissioner passed over the wish about the police and fixed his attention on the trick mind. "What kind of a mind?" he asked.

"One that makes queer leaps to right conclusions," said the chief marshal, and explained to the commissioner the observations and reasoning which had led Craig to his goal.

The commissioner nodded and peered more closely at Craig. He nodded again. "It was well done," he said, and Craig glowed at this praise from so exalted a quarter.

"Now what about the police?" the commissioner asked.

"Because it could be too hot to handle, and I wish it was their baby. The corpse's name is William Tecumseh Peabody."

"What!" exclaimed the commissioner.

"The identification is certain, sir."

"And you don't like it?"

The chief marshal stood mute. The commissioner's eyes flashed. "Is it influence you are afraid of?" he asked.

"No sensible man likes to stand on the tracks with an express train bearing down on him."

"I'll handle that phase of it," snapped the commissioner. "If influence meddles, it'll get a bloody nose." He paused with half-shut eyes. "This," he said, "will be duck soup for the tabloids."

"Even the Times," the chief marshal responded ironically, "may mention it on page three."

"Have you notified the police?"

"I came straight to you."

The commissioner lifted the telephone from its cradle and spoke into the mouthpiece. "Get me the police commissioner," he said. "Tell his secretary I'm calling and it's urgent."

He waited and presently spoke again. "The same to you," he said in response to what must have been a courteous greeting. "Something has broken. Can I come over immediately? . . . Right. I'm on my way."

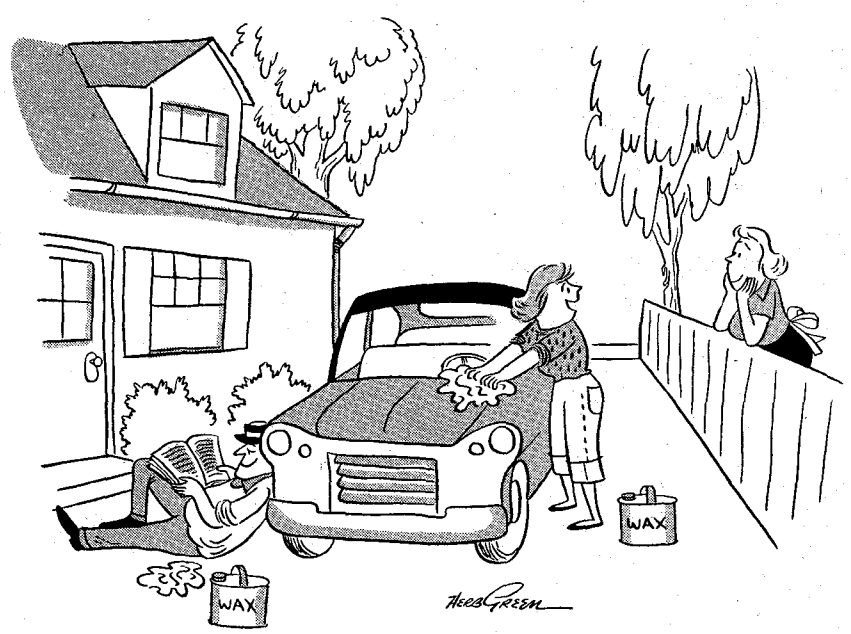
He turned back to the chief marshal and Craig. "Murder," he said, "is police business, not ours. But this one seems to touch the department. So we'll hold a watching brief. I'll take it from here." He narrowed his eyes at Batts. "You are to be commended," he said.

Craig followed his superior out of the office and, in the corridor, the older man growled, *sotto voce*, "If it was a derelict in a bums' lodging house, commissioner wouldn't be visiting commissioner."

Craig was not displeased with himself. But for him, it was possible that William Tecumseh Peabody might have gone to his rest in a pauper's grave. Then he reflected that, all things considered, it might have been just as well if the gentleman had done so. There would have been no furor and hullabaloo in the papers and over the air. There might not have been the complications, social and political, that were sure to ensue. However, so far as Craig Batts was concerned, there would be a credit mark on the records.

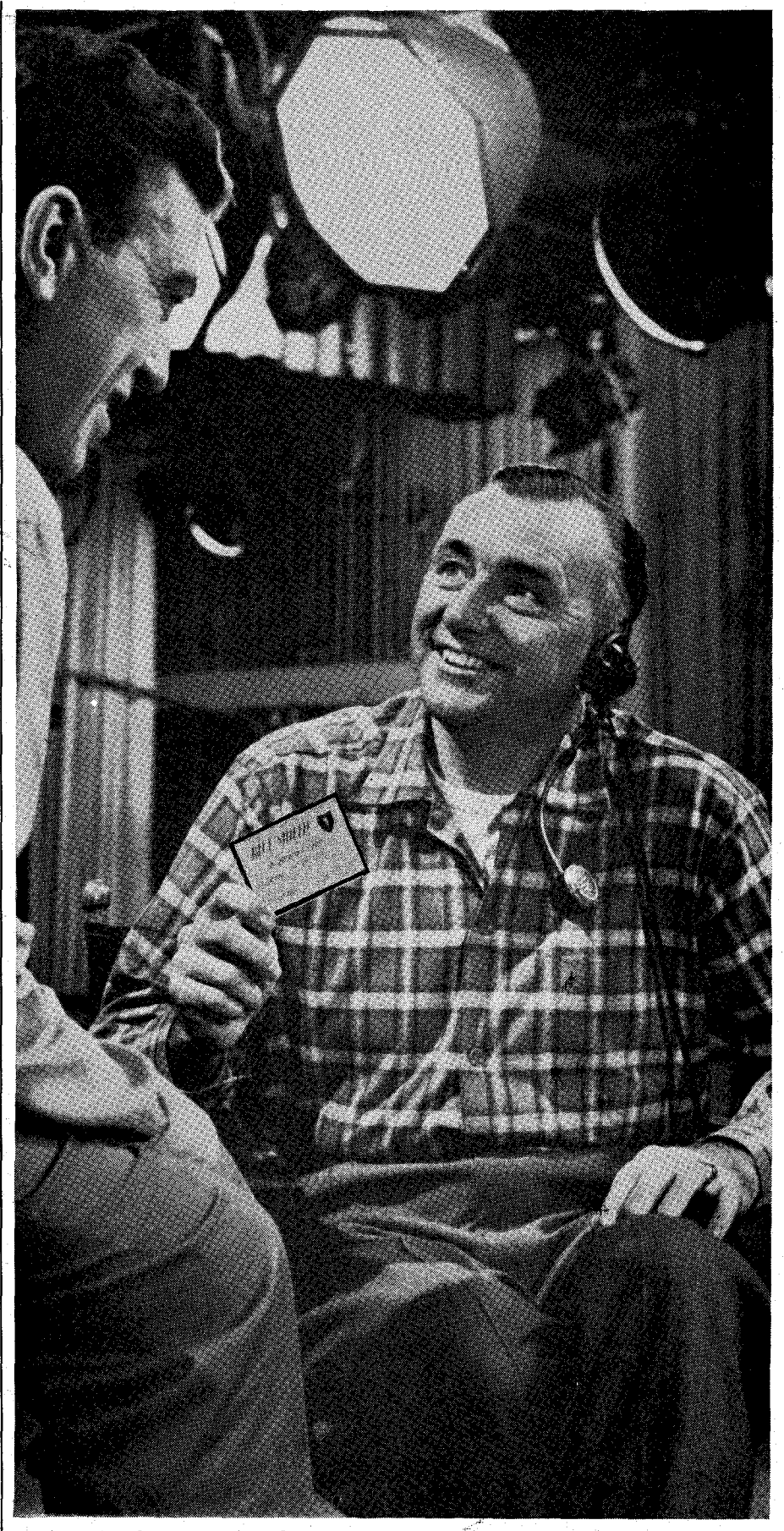
It was a day of drudgery for Craig. His assignment to the incendiary fire which had made possible the jewel robbery had been interrupted by the murder in Chief Fogarty's neighborhood. That, now, was in the hands of the police. The robbery had been perpetrated by men in firemen's uniforms. That was a lead. Those uniforms came from some place. The most likely source was some costumer's. So Craig was ordered to canvass such establishments in an effort to locate the one from which the uniforms had been hired. He trudged from place to place in Manhattan, displaying his credentials and asking questions. Before nightfall he had covered almost every one in the city, and looked forward to a toilsome tomorrow repeating the search in Brooklyn.

No costumer could be located who had rented four uniforms including a chief's helmet within recent weeks. But in a dingy, cluttered store in the Forties he encountered a talkative clerk who volunteered information that, on the face of it, was useless. (*Continued on Page 99*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Herb likes for us to do things together."



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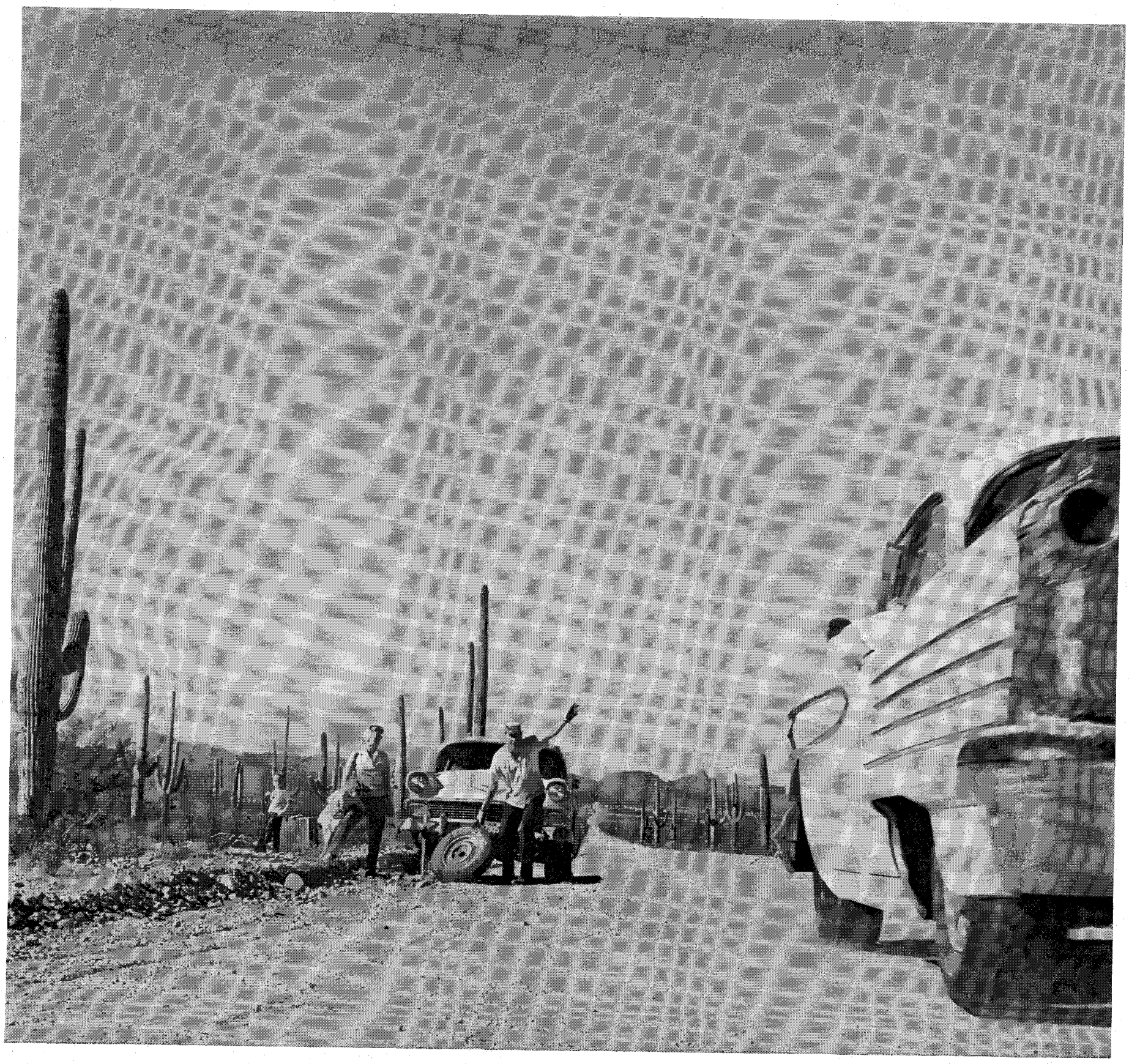

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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(*Continued from Page 97*) "Haven't rented a fireman's uniform in months," said the young man. "Soldiers' uniforms—yes. Salvation Army—yes. Last one we rented was cops' uniforms. Masquerade party on Long Island. Yeah. Four cop suits, one of 'em a lieutenant's."

"Been returned yet?" Craig asked idly, not greatly interested.

"No," the clerk answered. "Hardly due yet. Lemme remember. Party was last night."

"Rent any other suits for the same party?" Craig asked.

"No. Kind of funny, ain't it? You'd think ——"

Craig found himself suddenly interested. He asked where the party was held. He was given the name of the man who had hired the uniforms. The party was held, so the clerk informed him, on the estate of Timothy Dodge, in Roslyn.

Craig chatted for a few moments and, asking to use the telephone, reported in and advised that he was on his way home. He took the subway to Brooklyn and in less than an hour arrived at his apartment. Something was nagging at his mind. Something was demanding to be done. He was conscious of discomfort, and the discomfort involved those four policemen's uniforms rented for the Long Island party. Besides having a trick mind, he had a mind that had profited by training. One point that had been impressed upon him was to follow up every lead, important or insignificant. To pry into anything that attracted his attention or excited his curiosity.

He went to his telephone book and looked up the number of the Dodge estate in Roslyn. Then he lifted the instrument and made the call. A man's voice answered presently.

"Is this the residence," he asked, "of Mr. Timothy Dodge?"

"It is."

"May I speak with Mr. Dodge, please?"

"Mr. Dodge is in Europe."

"When did he go?" Craig asked, his interest quickening.

"Who is speaking, may I ask?" the voice inquired.

"Assistant Fire Marshal Batts," Craig said. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Dodge's butler," said the man. "Fire marshal, you say?"

"Yes."

"Is something wrong, sir? I mean if there is, then you should call Mr. Dodge's attorneys."

"Nothing like that," Craig assured him. "I merely wished to ask if there was a party at your house last night—a large costume party."

"Indeed not, sir. None of the family is in residence. Most certainly there was no entertainment of any character here last night—not for two months past. Owing to the absence of the family abroad."

"Was there such a party in the neighborhood, do you know?"

"I'm sure I should know if such a merrymaking had taken place. Some word of it would have reached me, I am sure. Nothing of the sort in this vicinity."

"I'm obliged," Craig said, and replaced the instrument on its carriage.

No costume party on the estate of Timothy Dodge! None in the neighborhood! Four policemen's uniforms had been hired under false pretenses! He sat down in his comfortable armchair and closed his eyes.

Four uniforms, he thought. The same number as had been made use of in the jewel robbery. Could it be he had hit upon a method? Criminals, he had been taught, were creatures of method. A firebug, for instance, would use over and over again the same device. A safe-cracker's work could be identified as if he had set his signature to it. Was it possible that here was another such signature? An expert can identify the painter of a picture, if unsigned, by the character of his brush strokes. Four uniformed men. Four municipal employees. The first four were firemen; the second four were policemen. Only a slight variant.

There was something else to think about; something to add to this line of reasoning. It was the repeated assertion of Pieter Van Rensselaer of his suspicions that an organized gang was operating in the country. The dapper little buff was obsessed by the idea that there was a mobile organization of criminals pouncing now in San Francisco, now in New Orleans, now in New York. Certainly the men who had robbed the jewelry store had made use of a trailer.

Taking all this into consideration, Craig reasoned—setting out all the facts in line—it was not fantastic to deduce that a new depredation might be planned, using a police squad car instead of a red fire-department machine. But this new raid, if the reasoning was correct and if Van Rensselaer was not utterly mistaken,

... ...

Masquerade

By Norman R. Jaffray

Lipstick and nail polish—
Dresses off-shoulder—
Little girls wear them
And try to look older.

Mamma, in turn,
To be brutally truthful,
Also employs them—
To make her more youthful.

... ...

would not occur in New York. It would be in some distant city to which the criminals would be transported in their trailer. If the whole thing was not a mare's-nest, then word would come presently of an incendiary fire in some distant city and a raid upon a bank or a jewelry store or a fur warehouse under cover of the excitement and turmoil. A raid by four men disguised as policemen.

The longer Craig thought about the thing the more firmly convinced he became that he was right. But even if his reasoning was correct, it was of little practical use. Even if it was true that he had detected a method, he had no idea where that method would be applied. There was every sizable city in the United States to choose from. There was no conceivable way in which to issue a warning.

The telephone seemed to explode in his ear. He shook his head, closed his eyes in irritation and reached for the receiver. It was Nora's voice.

"Craig," she said, "there's trouble."

"What kind of trouble, Cupcake?"

Her voice was almost shrill, which was not its custom. "Father," she said, "is gone. And Fifi Mertz is here."

This was a combination of events without rhyme or reason. But they could not be reconciled over the telephone. He wasted no words.

"Coming," he said, and hung up the instrument.

He thrust on his hat and sped down the stairs. He could reach the Fogartys' apartment in five minutes afoot. He walked at speed and reached the apartment in four. He ran up the stairs and pounded on the door. It was opened instantly by Nora. He could hear sobbing from the living room.

"What gives?" he demanded.

"I was out at the store. Father was sitting in his robe and slippers. When I came home, he was gone."

"Left no word?"

"No."

Craig tapped his head. "Was he all right here?" he asked.

"They wouldn't have let him come home otherwise," she said. "He was reading his paper, and mad at the Republicans." She compressed her lovely lips. "I ran down to the street. Some boys playing in front saw him go. Uniform cap and badge and all. He got into a car. A big convertible, they said. A man driving." She paused. "They said the man's head was bare and his hair stood on end."

"Tupper," Craig said, and she nodded. "Now the Mertz kid," he prompted. "Why is she here?"

"She's frightened to death. She was alone. Poor kid thought I could do something."

"About what?"

"Sister Annie," Nora said. "Sister Annie is loose on the town with Mr. Mertz's police positive."

Craig brushed past Nora and stood over the dainty child who crouched on the davenport, sobbing convulsively. She was far from fairylike now.

"Stop your noise," Craig said peremptorily. "What goes on?"

"Annie—Annie—she found out. Papa and mamma—away."

"It's Mertz's day off," Nora said. "He's a policeman."

"I know," Craig said. "So Annie found out?"

"I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't. I didn't. Just went out with him. With Tupper."

"So," Craig said, "Sister Annie blew her top." He jerked his head. "She does just that," he said to Nora.

"She—she slapped me. And then she took papa's gun and ran out. And she'll shoot him. She'll kill him."

"Not a bad idea," Craig said grimly. "Listen, you," he said to Fifi. "Sit right where you are. Don't move. We'll go see. Where does Tupper live?"

"In—in that building. There's a bedroom; a room fixed for a bedroom ——"

"Right," said Craig.

"I'm coming," Nora said. "Maybe he took father there."

"Stay with the kid," he said.

"No."

He knew well that when she used that tone there was no use to argue.

"Then stir your stumps," he ordered. "Subway'll be quickest."

The time seemed interminable as they rumbled through Brooklyn and under the river.

At last they emerged at Times Square and almost ran to the building in which Tupper lived and carried on his business. The cigar stand was closed for the night. Craig and Nora took the elevator upward and got off at Tupper's floor. His door was to the left. Annie Mertz stood before it, kicking it and pounding.

"Open up!" she screamed. "Open up and get what's coming to you!"

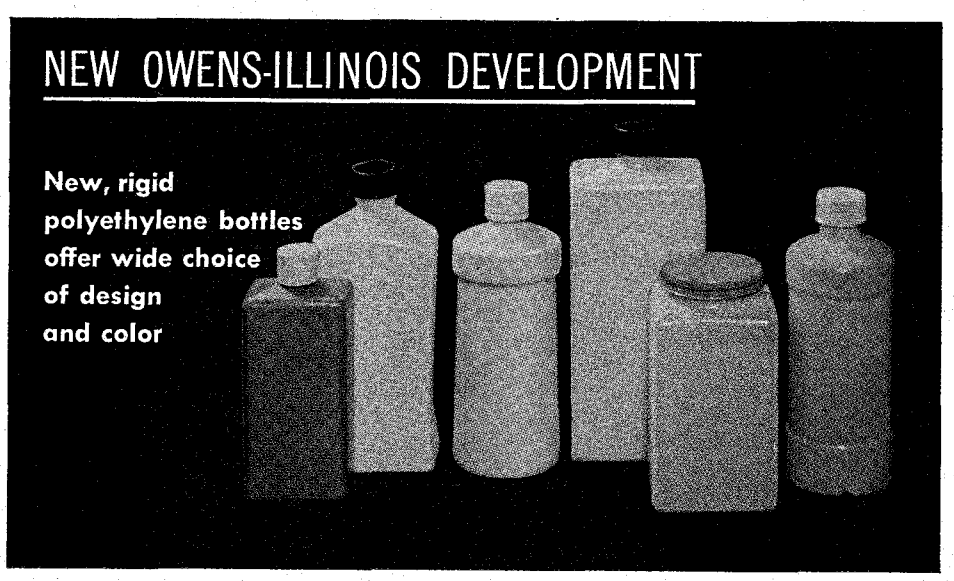
Craig started to run. Tupper's door opened and the man stood there scowling. Annie pointed the gun with both hands. Craig left his feet in a diving tackle and as his arms closed around her legs the gun went off in his ear.

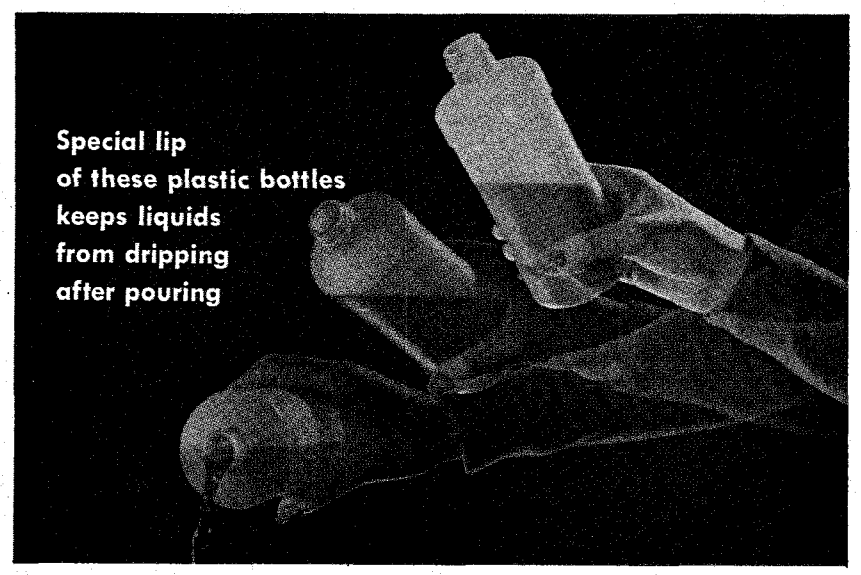
He had thrown the girl a dozen feet and she lay prone. The gun skidded along the floor. He was stunned by the shock of his collision with the floor. As he struggled to his knees he heard Nora's voice.

"Father! Father!" she cried.

TO BE CONTINUED

SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP · SKILMANSHIP ·





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A Visit With Jack Dempsey

(Continued from Page 32)

matches," he said. "I play a little golf occasionally, but I do a lot of walking."

Although almost thirty-two years have passed since Dempsey's reign as heavyweight champion ended, he still gets about 5000 fan letters a year. He continues to be one of the most interviewed and photographed men of all time. He used to make more than 150 refereeing appearances a year around the country. Last year he made only about twenty, but he still flies about 50,000 miles annually as head of Jack Dempsey Enterprises, publicizing the DeVry Technical Institute of Chicago and the I.G.A. stores. Wherever he goes he is interviewed by the newspapermen and broadcasters.

Dempsey is prosperous. Much of his original ring earnings—some $3,568,114 through 1934, according to Nat Fleischer, the boxing historian—he subsequently lost in real estate and other ventures. However, his total income since then, from his refereeing and from assorted business interests, is estimated by the same authority at more than $4,000,000, or an average of close to $200,000 a year. Dempsey has invested in oil property in Texas. In California he owns a twenty-four-unit apartment development in Santa Monica, and is part owner of a hotel in Palm Springs and a resort in Hesperia.

It had been almost seven years since I had talked at length with Dempsey. I began by asking for a rundown on the state of his health. "Tell me about the times you've been really sick," I said.

"About fifteen years ago," Dempsey answered, "I was playing pinochle, and I got a pretty good hand. I forget just how big it was, but as I made my bid, something hit me right in the stomach, and I kind of swung over. I more or less fainted, and they sent for a doctor and they took me to a hospital. The doctor said, 'You've got a ruptured appendix.' I didn't believe him, but he said, 'I'm going to operate on you or you're going to die.' I said, 'Well, I'm not going to die, but go ahead and operate.' I was in the hospital for thirty-three days."

"How many times have you been hospitalized other than that?"

"Oh, I'd say about ten times. I had a fistula, and I had lung trouble with that. I've had carbuncles, and things like that, and blood poisoning a couple of times. Nothing too serious."

Twice Jack has been the object of gunplay. In 1929 in Miami, Florida, an attempt was made to kidnap him, and a bullet lodged in the wall behind him. This happened while Dempsey was helping to promote the Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling heavyweight fight. There were suspicions at the time that it was just a publicity stunt, but if so, Jack still doesn't know it. The second episode occurred about ten years later. An escaped mental patient chased Dempsey around his own restaurant, brandishing a pistol, until the police arrived and disarmed him.

I wanted to find out on what other occasions Dempsey has been afraid. He said this had happened to him several times in planes. He mentioned a World War II experience when he was an officer in the Coast Guard physical-training program.

"We were flying over the Indian Ocean," Jack said. "We got lost. So the steward came by and he said, 'Commander Dempsey, buckle your belt around you, because we're coming down.' He said, 'Don't use the front hatchway, because that's for the officers and the men up front.' So when that happened—I had a white suit on, I'll never forget—the perspiration came right through that white suit, right through my body, and I really got petrified. I said to this man, 'Look, if I'm lucky enough to be alive when this thing hits, don't worry about me getting out.' But they finally found a field."

Over the years a surprising number of men have taken a punch at Dempsey, or tried to, in spite of his efforts to talk or laugh them out of it. Friends of his have recounted many such occurrences to me, but most of these incidents have made no impression on Jack.

When I mentioned this, he said, "I guess I've just done too much. I remember, though, about thirty-five years ago, I was out at a club in Los Angeles, dancing, and at that time I was married to my wife, Miss Estelle Taylor. (Miss Taylor died only a few weeks ago.) It just so happened that we kept bumping into someone, or they kept bumping into us. Finally the man got mad, and he hauled off and said, 'You big so-and-so. I'm going to knock the so-and-so out of you.' Well, I sort of laughed to myself, thought the guy was kidding, and his wife said, 'Do you know who that is? That's Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion!' 'Oh!' he said. 'My God!' He really took off."

The late Max Waxman, who for many years was Dempsey's business partner, once told me about the last man Dempsey knocked out. He said that Jack never wanted to talk about it, but that it happened in World War II while Dempsey, approaching his fiftieth birthday, was on a transport in the Pacific.

Jack explained now that it came about when he was refereeing a boxing program. He ruled a bout a draw, and one of the boxers got mad and challenged Dempsey to put on the gloves.

"I had no business fighting the man," Jack said, "because I was an officer and he was an enlisted man, but the boys started hollering, 'Come on! Come on! Take him on!' So I lost my head, which I never should have done.

"He was an ex-fighter, this boy—big, but not too much of a fighter. I had no right to do it. The first round went pretty good, and then the second round—I was in pretty good shape—he ran at me with his hands down, and I happened to get lucky and hit him a left hook and it was all over."

From the time Dempsey first emerged as a fighter in 1914, he has been notable for his abounding nervous and physical energy. When he finally retired after one last comeback fling in 1940, he found himself unable to relax.

"Are you still as restless as you always were?" I asked.

"I'm planning to slow down," Jack said, "but I'm still restless. I'm a nervous wreck if I don't have something to do."

"Do you still keep a wardrobe here in New York and another at your apartment in California?"

"I have clothes here, and I have clothes strung all along the country. It's always excess baggage here, and excess baggage there, and I'm always running out of clothes. You have to buy here and buy there, and you send them here and you send them there. It's quite an ordeal to keep yourself ready."

Jack talks rapidly, but I noticed that the years have added a husky quality to his voice. While he was champion, and for some years thereafter, his voice was so frail in contrast to his physical toughness that many people found this amusing. Once he was a "mystery voice" on a nationwide weekly radio quiz for three months before his identity was discovered.

In his early years he also had trouble getting the right words out. I reminded Jack, "You once said that when you first won the title you used poor English. You said you were self-conscious in groups where the talk was about things you didn't understand."

"That's right, and it still happens. Many times I just keep my mouth shut because I don't want to make a sucker out of myself. A lot of words even today I hear, that I don't know what they are. I've got a dictionary, so I go and look them up and see what it is."

I asked Dempsey whether he did any reading.

"I do," he said, "but I don't read the right kind of books. I'm usually having to grab a magazine or one of those detectives or a cowboy story or something like that. I have a wonderful library out in California, but I never get a chance to sit down and read those books of literature."

"Do you still get nervous before you make a speech?"

"I'm always nervous unless I know what I'm talking about."

"Is it the same kind of nervousness you used to feel before you went into the ring?"

"The same thing. I always get nervous, and I'm a very bad reader. If I can talk from the heart I'm all right. You give me a speech to read, and then I can't."

In his prime, Dempsey was one of the most savagely destructive fighters that boxing has ever seen. "Jack," I asked, "what does a fighter lose first?"

"I'd say the average fighter loses his ambition."

"Before he starts to come apart physically?"

NEXT WEEK

The Chains of Fear

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

A Frightening Novel
From Inside Russia

•

MY BEAUTY
and
MY BEASTS

The Jungle Adventures of a
White Hunter and His Eurasian Wife

•

It's Tough Being a Child Star

The Woes of Young TV Actors
and Their Ambitious Mammas

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

•

COLORFUL CAMPUS
OF THE ISLANDS

The University of Hawaii

Strikes and Spares

Why 22,000,000 Americans
Like to Bowl

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"The first thing you lose is courage and ambition to fight. You do that, you lose your speed, your timing, everything. Of course, the first thing that goes bad with a fighter physically is his legs. You get hit and you can't take a punch, and you don't know what happened."

For twenty years Dempsey has been a critic of monopolistic control of boxing in this country—first by the late Mike Jacobs, and since 1949 by the International Boxing Club under James D. Norris, who resigned as I.B.C. president last month because of "poor health."

"How well do you know Jim Norris?" I said.

"Just to say hello to him," Jack said. "I don't really know him, but there's no room for monopoly in the fight game for anybody. That goes for Jim Norris or Jack Dempsey or anybody. This sport belongs to the world. If Norris wants to do something for boxing, why don't he? Why don't they pay fighters what they're worth? Somebody's making money out of the fight game. They should put it back in."

Dempsey went on, "There are several things wrong with the fight game today. The first thing, the country's changed, and there's not much of an incentive for a young fella today to get into the fight game. If you get on top, of course, you can make a lot of money, but you're a long time getting on top today, because there's no place for a man to start. There's no small clubs around any more."

Getting into a comparison of the fighters in his own era and the present, I remarked, "The only fighter I've seen in the last dozen years who puts brine on his face is Ray Robinson."

"Well, he's an old-timer," Jack said. "I was brought up in the old school, and I had a lot of great fighters and great trainers with me. If you put that brine on your face often enough—two or three times a day—after three or four months the skin will get very thick. It'll cut, but you won't bleed.

"We haven't got the great trainers now that we had in the old days. To me, half of these fighters today are not in shape. I don't mean to point my finger at anyone, but instead of fighting ten rounds they should be fighting four rounds."

I asked Dempsey whether he thought there were many fixed fights.

"Well, I wouldn't know," Jack said. "I've heard about this fight being fixed and about a lot of fights being fixed. They may be, but actually I couldn't put my finger on it. A lot of fights I thought were fixed—this fella wasn't trying and that fella wasn't trying—but that still doesn't make it true. I haven't the right to say it's a fixed fight, because I don't actually know."

For years Dempsey has been trying to come up with a good new fighter. He has never succeeded. "This is a great disappointment to you, isn't it?" I asked.

"Well, I would have liked to. If I found a fella who had the ambition, he had some physical make-up that was wrong. I never found the right guy. But fighting, and my way of training, is too rough for the average fella. I'll tell you about a fella I brought up from South America. He wanted to be a fighter, and he was big enough to beat twenty guys, but when he got in the ring he wouldn't fight. He'd run away, and I couldn't stop him. So I just got myself a little stick and sharpened it, and every time he ran away I'd stick him with this little stick.

"Pretty soon he knew I'd do it to him, so he said, 'Why do you do that to me?' I said, 'I'm trying to make a fighter out of you. As big as you are, instead of running away, run into them.' He didn't like it. He didn't have any ambition to be a fighter."

He paused, and he thought about it for a moment. "I shouldn't say this," he said, "but did you ever see two chickens fight?"

"Yes."

"Well, some of these fellas who think they're fighters, or have the ambition to fight—it's brutal to see two chickens fight. I don't advocate anything like it, but if a fella has ambitions to be a fighter, he should go and see two chickens fight. If you have the courage and guts of a chicken, when you see them lying there almost dead, and they can't move and are still pecking at the other chicken, trying to get up, then you see a fighter."

"Have you seen a good fighter in recent years?" I asked.

"I think Basilio is a good fighter. I think Robinson is a good fighter, but he's getting old."

"What do you think of Floyd Patterson as a heavyweight champion?"

"He's better than anyone we've got around today, but he's fought nobody, and you've got to be active to be a good fighter. It shows, because he's still an amateur. He hasn't had the experience and background of the old, rough, professional fighter. I think he's a natural fighter, but on the amateur side."

"Is there any other young heavyweight who looks pretty good to you?"

The thing that makes raising children so difficult nowadays is the late hours they keep.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"There's a pretty good kid in Texas. What's his name? He's from that Shoot and Cut place."

"Roy Harris," I said. "From Cut and Shoot."

"I refereed one of his fights. He's like the other kid. It takes experience and time."

"Was Joe Louis the best heavyweight since your time?"

"Well," Jack said, thinking, "Gene Tunney was good. I guess I'd say Louis. Then put Marciano in there too."

"What do you think would have happened if Louis and Marciano had fought while both were at their peaks? You know what I mean."

"Louis was liable to take anybody out. The other guy could punch too. It would have been whoever got lucky."

"Who was the greatest fighter you ever saw?"

"Benny Leonard was a great fighter. Mickey Walker was a great fighter. Harry Greb was a great fighter. Gene Tunney was a good fighter."

He paused again and smiled. "Of course, you have to bring Tunney in," he said, "because he beat Jack Dempsey twice, but he was a good fighter. He was better than the public thought he was. At that time I was more or less of an idol, and Tunney licked me. He got no credit, but Tunney was a good fighter."

"Other than your two fights together," I said, "you and Tunney don't have much in common, do you?"

"That's right," Jack said, nodding. "Tunney's a fine man, but he's a different type. He's the studious type, always reading, and I'm a fun guy. Tunney's a very quiet guy, and I've liked parties and fun. He may have one guy with him, and I may have forty."

The two most controversial fights in Dempsey's career were the second Tunney fight, when Tunney was on the canvas for an estimated fourteen seconds because Dempsey was slow in going to a neutral corner after knocking him down; and the Jack Sharkey fight. In the seventh round of the latter fight, Dempsey landed a punch that Sharkey and a number of ringsiders thought was low. As Sharkey turned and protested to the referee, Dempsey landed a left hook to the jaw and knocked Sharkey out.

"Tell me about that Sharkey punch," I said now.

"I had Leo P. Flynn managing me then," Jack said, "and he was a smart fella. He told me that Sharkey didn't take it too good to the body, so I kept hitting him in the body to bring his hands down. He knocked the hell out of me in the early rounds, but in the seventh round I hit him on the belt line and he turned and complained to the referee. What am I supposed to do? Write him a letter?"

"No."

"I hit him, and knocked him out. He said I hit him low, and I said, 'The referee didn't think so, and he's the boss.'"

"Have you seen Sharkey since that fight?"

"Oh, yeah. I've refereed with him a couple of times. He's a nice fella, and he was a good fighter, but he blames me because if he'd licked me, he would have got the fight with Tunney. I kid him along. I say, 'Jack, I was just lucky.'"

The manager who led Dempsey to the title was Jack Kearns. After Dempsey's last successful title defense against Luis Angel Firpo in 1923, Jack and Kearns fell out over financial matters.

"What's your relationship with Doc Kearns now?" I asked Dempsey.

"If I can help the guy, that'll be swell," Jack said. "I'm grateful for everything the guy did for me, but he sued me. I didn't sue him. He sued me for breach of contract, and we had no contract. He always got fifty per cent of what I made, after expenses. I won the suit. If there was any trouble I didn't make it."

Jack has two daughters by his third wife, Hannah Williams, the singer, from whom he is divorced. The girls are Joan, now twenty-three, and Barbara, now twenty-one. Each is married, lives in California and has two daughters.

I raised the question of whether, if Dempsey had a son, he would want him to be a fighter.

He said, "That would depend on the son. First, I think you should give a boy a good background and an education. Be kind to him and give him love and affection, and make a pal out of him. Don't try to force something on any child."

I said, "But the education would ruin him as a fighter, wouldn't it?"

"Not necessarily, if a man was cut out to be a fighter. But if you get an education you probably wouldn't want to be a fighter. I was very fortunate in this way, because I did exactly what I wanted to do."

"Do you ever wonder what you'd have been if you hadn't been a fighter?"

"I don't know what I'd have done, but I've always thought to myself that I'd have been a success. Not that I want to sound like ——"

"I understand."

"I had the ambition. Today, if I had to work I could work. I could wash dishes. I could scrub floors. I can be a chauffeur. There's nothing I wouldn't do. I mean, there's no disgrace for anyone working. When I see people that won't work I get pretty well disgusted. You may not have all the money in the world, but you're going to have three meals a day and have enough clothes to wear, and that's all there is to life."

Jack was born in Manassa, Colorado—the ninth of the eleven children of Hiram and Celia Dempsey. His father was a poverty-driven Mormon farmer who moved his family by covered wagon to Uncompahgre, then to Delta and Montrose, in Colorado, and eventually to Provo, Utah. It was from there that Jack left to enter the ring.

There have been only eight fights in history that have drawn $1,000,000 or more, and Jack was a participant in five of them—his two Tunney fights, the second of which drew an all-time high of $2,658,660 in Chicago in 1927, and his matches with Georges Carpentier (1921), Luis Firpo (1923) and Jack Sharkey (1927).

I asked, "Of the fellows you fought on the way up, Jack, who of them have died that you know of?"

"Well, practically all of them have passed out of the picture. You never see them. I'll tell you about poor Terry Keller, though. I fought Terry three times"—Dempsey won twice by decisions and once by a knockout—"and the last time I saw him was out in California. In the meantime he had got sick, and they sent him away to a mental institution. I wanted to see him—and he wasn't exactly off the beam at all times—so I went out and they had him back in the kitchen.

"Terry looked at me, and he said, 'Jack! Jack! Jack! When did they get you? When did they get you?' He said, 'Come on! I've got a good job for you, right here with me.'

"I said, 'No, Terry, they haven't got me. I've got you.'

"That night I was a guest of the Kiwanis Club, and I was refereeing the fights, so I took him down and dressed him all up and took him with me. We sat down and had dinner, and no one knew who the hell he was. They didn't know he was an inmate out at the sanitarium. I introduced him, and we talked fights for an hour and had a wonderful time."

I asked whether Keller was still alive.

"No," Jack said. "He died in this institution."

Dempsey had five brothers and five sisters. "There are two boys and two girls left," he said. "My brother Joe is in California and lives with me and my sister, Elsie. Then I have a sister, Effie. She's older than us. She's about seventy-five, and she lives with her daughter in San Jose."

There was a pause. I observed, "You once told me, Jack, that you don't like to go to funerals."

"I don't like them. No."

"And you told me something your father once told you about when a man dies and when a child is born."

"Yes. My father was of the belief where he would say to me, 'When a child is born, cry. When a person dies, rejoice, because they are going to a better world.' That was his belief."

"Are you a Mormon, Jack?"

"That's right, but not a good one. I believe in it. I was baptized in the church, and I believe in it. I think all churches are good, but I happened to be brought up in a Mormon church."

"Do you go to church?"

"Once in a while, but not very often. I do if I'm some place around a church, but I don't do like I should, and I don't keep the Word of Wisdom. I smoke and I drink a little bit, and I'm not a good Mormon, but I believe in the gospel. I believe—I believe in God, which they do. They are good people."

"Do you pray?"

"I do. I say my prayers every night. Sometimes in the morning too."

"Jack, what are the joys—the pleasures—to which you look forward now?"

"Well, right now it's to live as long as I can, keep my good health and look after my family—see that my kids grow up all right (*Continued on Page 104*)

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(*Continued from Page 102*) and that they're solvent, so that when I pass away, there's no suffering or anything like that in my family."

"What's the biggest satisfaction you get now?"

"Well, my children and my family—that's all. That's about all I have to look forward to—and my friends."

"Do you have any fears today, Jack?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "I can't think of any more questions."

Jack said, "We all—I suppose we don't like to die. I mean that, when that time comes, we've all got to face it and there's nothing we can do about it."

"Do you think about it?"

"No, but I mean ——"

"Yes?"

"Once in a while we all do," Jack said. "The main thing is, I wouldn't want to suffer a long time. If I ever get sick I want to go and get it over with."

I did not want to leave it like that. I remembered something Francis Albertanti, the late New York sports writer and publicity man, once said. He was a boxing buff and resented the newspaper space given to football.

"Jack," I said, "Francis Albertanti once told me something he said to you on this subject, and I've always thought it was a great line. He said, 'I once told Dempsey never to die during the football season, because he won't get a line on the sports pages.'"

"That's right," Jack said, laughing now. "I remember that. Francis was a funny guy. He was a wonderful guy."

Why Can't I Remember? (Continued from Page 36)

For instance, one woman not only has to repeat the September poem to remember the number of days in a month, but she must do so in French: "*Trente jours a Septembre* —— Moreover, she must say it aloud in her pure Winnetka accent, because that is the way she learned it as a high-school sophomore. The whole class always said it aloud. If she tries to do it to herself, the verse gets lost and dies.

Then there is the knuckle-tapping method. When you see someone wearing a faraway look and tapping the knuckles of one hand with the forefinger of the other, he, too, is figuring out days in a month. In this system the mountains—or knuckles—are thirty-one-day months, and the valleys between them are thirty-day months. If you start with January, on your first knuckle, you can't miss, with the exception of February, which always messes up everything anyway.

I believe the Knuckle-tappers may slightly outnumber the September Poem (or *récitatif*) group. As explained by a friend who had tried both before settling irrevocably for Knuckles, you might start off on the wrong foot with the poem—for instance, "30 days hath December," or *Decembre*—and you'd be in real trouble all year; but your knuckles never change.

It can be argued that school is largely responsible for the shape we're in, we crutch-leaners. Many of us acquired our first crutch early in the grades.

*G*eorge *E*aton's *O*ld *G*ranny *R*ode *A* *P*ig *H*ome *Y*esterday. That is the way you spell Geography, if you were unlucky enough to go to the school I went to. Furthermore:

"M - I -
Crooked letter, crooked letter,
I,
Crooked letter, crooked letter,
I,
Hump-back, hump-back,
I"

is the way you spell Mississippi.

School is where I learned, too, how to spell "principle" and "principal." A principal should always be a *pal* (get it?). Our domestic-science teacher taught us that "a pint's a pound the world around," which will remain with me to my dying day, and that is more than I can say for her cream-sauce recipes.

I understand that modern education casts a cold eye on mental crutches. However, I am afraid the news hasn't yet filtered down to the operational level. A friend of mine has a daughter in the second grade, which is now learning to tell time, starting with

Round and round the clock they go,
Big hands fast and small hands slow.
At what hour do they stand
For just a moment hand in hand?

I don't know what effect this will have on the child, but her mother has heard it so often she doesn't think she'll ever see Twelve o'Clock again without thinking there's something rather sweet about it.

These same second-graders, busy little citizens that they are, are also learning the vowels of the alphabet. Like this:

We are monkeys, living far away,
Chattering and swinging all the day.
We are known as A, E, I, O, U,
Noisy little fellows, and jolly, too.
Sometimes Y comes down to swing
with us—
Just a tiny fellow who makes no fuss.
A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes Y,
Happy little monkeys, swinging up
so high.

It is hard to predict whether or not these pupils will ever get out of the monkey tree. Personally, I'm not really worried, because the verse isn't what you'd call catchy.

All the same, education's top brass might well take a look at what's going on, a few rungs down. A sixth-grader I know is lake-perfect in geography if she manages to remember:

H Huron
O Ontario
M Michigan
E Erie
S Superior

(There are always homes around lakes.) And the high-school botany class couldn't do without *K*ing *P*eter *C*ame *O*ver *F*rom *G*ermany *S*eeking *F*ortune—a dandy little Magic Sentence which always produces Kingdom, Phylum, Class, Order, Family, Genus, Species and Form, in precisely that order.

Music teachers, too, have done their bit. As most piano students know, *E*very *G*ood *B*oy *D*oes *F*ine takes care of your black lines, and *F A C E* takes care of your spaces, and if you are really concerned about how many sharps or flats are in a given key, there are *G*ood *D*ogs *A*ll *E*at *B*read, and *F*rank *B*rown *E*ats *A*pples *D*aily.

Nevertheless, we can't pin the entire responsibility on schools and teachers. If teachers don't provide crutches, students will build them out of whatever is lying around. A University of Wisconsin English major says it used to be a heart-quickening thing to hear a dormitory cram session, because the girls packed so much of their material into football yells. One, she remembered, was:

Pope! Swift!
Addison! Steele! Defoe!
JOHNSON—
BOSWELL—
GOLDSMITH—
BURKE—

And here comes your locomotive:

Graaaaaay—BURNEY! Graaaaaay—BURNEY!

This bears a certain resemblance to

Matthew—Mark—Luke—and John—
Saddle a horse and I'll get on,

which I'll wager no Sunday-school teacher ever invented.

Music majors have their own little crutches too. I know a Dartmouth graduate who says he'll never again be able to hear the noble second theme of the second movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony without hearing, in his mind, the words:

Uncle—John—has—come—home!
Uncle—John—has—come—home!
Uncle JOHNNNNNNN! Uncle
JOHNNNNNN!

Medical students have crutches other than the wrist-bone arrangement mentioned earlier. Finding it difficult to keep in mind the proper order of the cranial nerves—olfactory, optic, oculomotor, trochlear, trigeminal, abducent, facial, auditory, glossopharyngeal, pneumogastric, spinal accessory, and hypoglossal—they remember, instead:

On old Olympus' torrid top
A Finn and German picked some hops,

and if you quibble about the rhyme, you must remember these are Med students, not Lit majors.

No, you can't blame all this on the teachers. A friend of mine—an ex-Navy captain—went through World War II, with his right hand wide open, star fashion, and his left hand clenched and turned inward so that it resembled, loosely speaking, the letter P. This, naturally, was Starboard and Port. He said it worked fine, too, although he found it hard to smoke that way.

Starboard and Port, incidentally, seem to have fathered as many mental crutches as there are men in the Navy. One sailor remembered that Port means Left because they're both shorter words than Starboard and Right. Another, fond of wet goods, tied Port in with Port Wine, which he visualized as Red, and the red light is always on the left, or port side of the boat. See?

We must look deeper than school to find the source of the crutch and its fascination for the dedicated crutch addict. And, having looked deeper, I feel qualified to state that the whole thing is in the genes.

We crutch people are a different breed of cat, that's all. Our eager, muscular minds—for the really dyed-in-the-wool crutch man has a mind that is mainly muscle—are not content to think only once to remember something. No, we must think at least twice, translating from trick to gimmick to Magic Sentence to Whatever. This results in a Double-think, and sometimes even a Triple-think which makes the mind to reel.

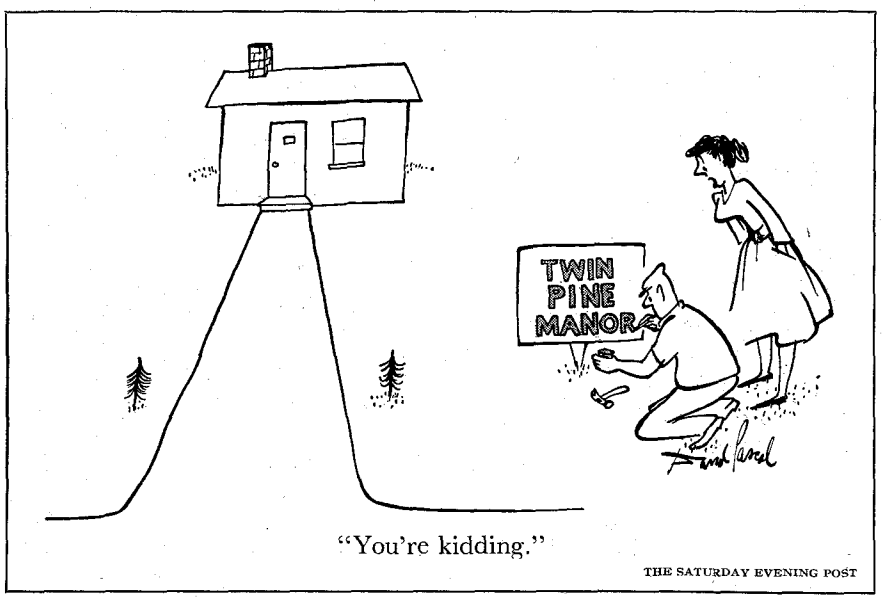
Why else would one lady I know take the circuitous route she takes to remember how her bedroom light switch works? During an electrical storm the power went off. As she went to bed in the dark it occurred to her that she might be awakened by a blaze of lights when the power came on again, but she wasn't well enough acquainted with her light switch to know whether its position meant the lights were on or off.

Well, she was awakened later by a blaze of lights, which taught her that Up, strangely enough, meant Off. So she immediately invented a Russian colonel—a Colonel Upizoff—whom she must think of now whenever she monkeys with the light switch.

Many crutch people cannot remember which is their right hand and which is their left. One girl I know has partially solved this problem because she happened to notice that she has a small freckle on the back of her left hand. She's all right in the daytime. When it's dark she has trouble. Her wrist watch is no help to her, because she can't remember which arm she wears it on.

Another friend of mine was born left-handed, back in the days before people were afraid to do anything about it. Her parents and teachers insisted that she use her right hand, and so she, in trying to co-operate and use the proper hand, would always look first for the little mole on the back of her left hand, and that wasn't the one. Crutch people, you'll note, are fortunate if they're born a bit spotty.

This same girl is poorly polarized too. She knows that moss grows on the north side of a tree, but that isn't much help in



"You're kidding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Advertisement

The Picture of Health for May

by MAXINE DAVIS

Pyorrhea, a gum disease, is dental enemy #1 for adults. It can't be cured; but we can help prevent it; and it's now possible to save many teeth affected by it. It starts as a mild inflammation, develops painlessly, slowly, but if permitted, ruthlessly weakens the bone that holds the teeth. Causes may include "tartar,"—the calcium deposits that collect around the teeth—crooked or missing teeth, poor dentistry, or poor appliances, improper diet and infection.

The dentist can help arrest pyorrhea by cleaning the teeth thoroughly, including the surfaces beneath the gums; possibly adjusting the biting pressures that may have damaged the tissues; and instructing home care. This is helpful *only* if the patient cooperates by daily correct brushing, gum massage, and diet.

Naturally it's MUCH better to prevent than to treat pyorrhea. So our family goes regularly to the dentist. Jane gets very little tartar and Dr. Allen scrubs her teeth only every six months or so; Joe gets heavy deposits and needs it oftener. But equally important—we all brush our teeth with CALOX after each meal and massage the gums daily. This routine is easy because CALOX is pleasant to use. It polishes the teeth, a *must* to preserve enamel, and—major safe-guard against pyorrhea—gets in between the teeth and so helps keep the gums vigorous and clean.

May is wondrous for most ardent gardeners. This is my happiest season. It's the time of planting and promise, of putting in small sprigs and dreaming of summer glories . . . it's also the season of hardest work! Dust collects under the beds and the family eats from cans while I dig.

For years I've been shoving my trowel so vigorously I've acquired a common occupational complaint: Dupuytren's contracture—damage to a tendon in a finger and palm. At the end of a gardening day it hurts. I don't mind. SURIN keeps it from bothering me. I wrap my hand in a moist hot towel till it's warm and water-saturated. Then gently apply SURIN, and forget it! As our doctor told me, SURIN won't cure the damage but it gives temporary relief for this sort of pain, as it does for muscle aches and for the minor discomforts of rheumatism and arthritis.

Of course I come in soaking wet. I don't just "glow" in a lady-like way; I frankly sweat! Even after a relaxing tub and all fresh clothes, I dampen. That was a real problem until I discovered YODORA. For the odor of perspiration comes from the bacteria that grow in it. The new YODORA inhibits those bugs—and resolves my concern. YODORA's a cream deodorant with a light clean scent. I find it also soothes and helps heal skin irritated by my rough garden clothes.

Spring showers never drive me indoors unless they're real downpours. I don't worry about getting colds or raw, irritated throat because I always keep a good supply of NEO-AQUA-DRIN on hand.

If my throat feels rough or I start to cough I use NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges. If my head gets stuffy or I sneeze or sniffle a bit in the rain I go in for my NEO-AQUA-DRIN spray or nose-drops.

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the city. When she is faced with a direction problem, therefore, she mentally sits down on a large map of the United States. Then she remembers that Left and West both have an E in them, and then she looks for the little mole on the back of her left hand, and finally moves, which is a good thing, because the cars behind her are honking like mad. I wouldn't for the world tell her that Left and East both have an E in them, too, because this might throw her for good.

My own directional difficulties are simpler. The only way I can remember where the sun rises and sets is by repeating to myself the answer to the old German riddle: "Why is the sun like a pancake?" The answer is, "Because it rises in der yeast and it sets behind der vest." I am getting pretty tired of this little number, and if it should stick in someone else's mind it might leave mine. Even if it didn't, I would like to feel that I am not alone.

Your ordinary person, confronted by a restaurant telephone number he wants to remember—let's say it's BElmont 3-2295—will simply remember it. But here is where your true crutch man shows the stuff he's made of. First he'll tie the Exchange—BElmont—in with Beluga Caviar. Then he will remember that 3 plus 2 plus 2 equals 7, and 9 plus 5 equals 14, and 14 plus 7 equals 21, which equals Restaurant, and a very nice one too.

Another helpful telephone crutch is that of a lady who gives numbers a decimal point and a dollar sign, on the principle that it's easier to remember prices. She then mentally buys an item of apparel for the telephone number's owner. Thus, with the above restaurant number, she might buy three $22.95 shirts for the Maître D. I pointed out to her that she was still left with the Exchange number unremembered, but, as she said, she can always look that up in the telephone directory.

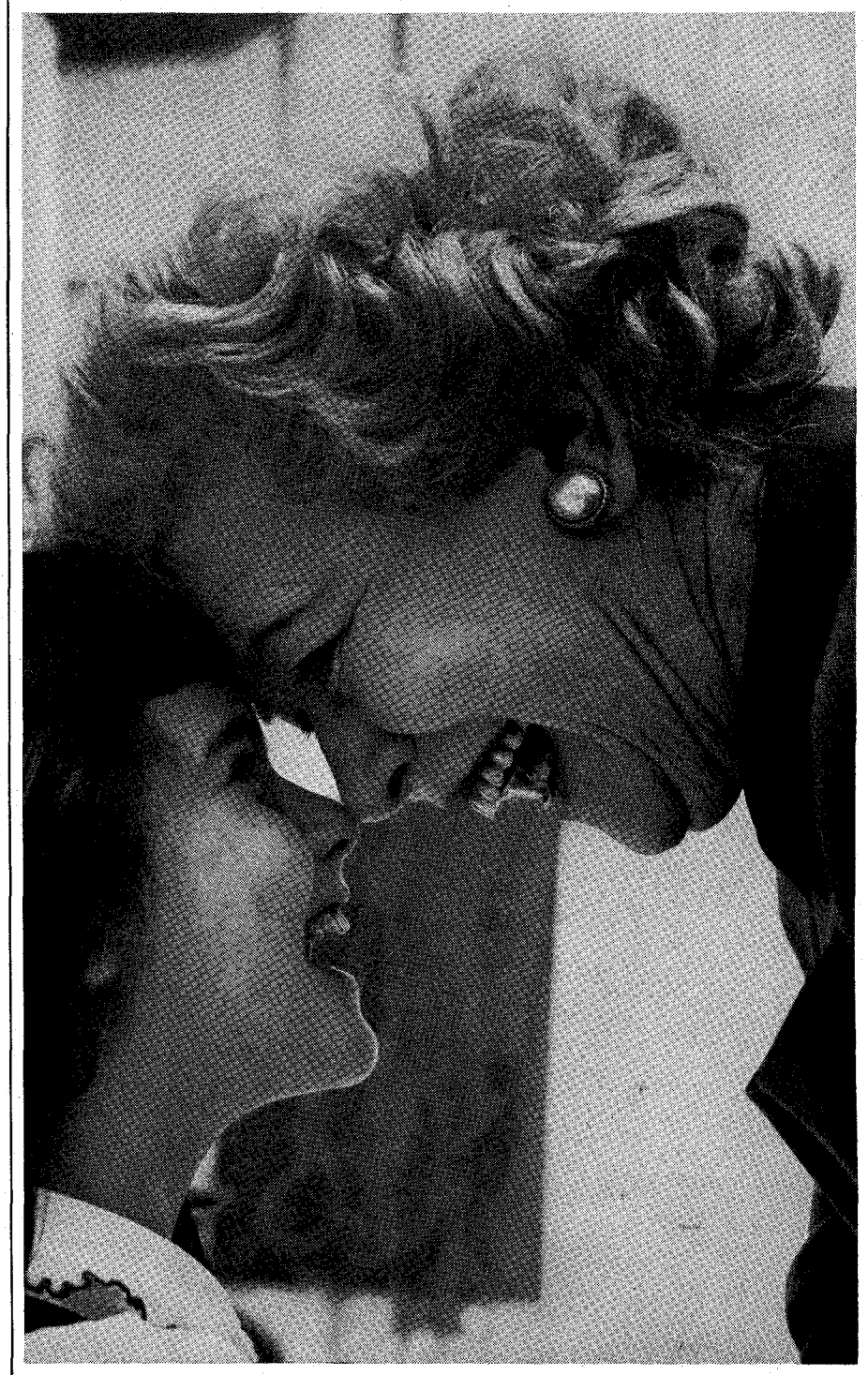
The crutch mentality notices, immediately, any natural tie-in. The ordinary person will write to an address which is, say, 1958 Crestline Boulevard, without thinking a thing about it. But your confirmed crutch user observes shrewdly that the address is the same as the year. So next year he writes to 1959 Crestline Boulevard, and the year after that, to 1960.

Many people, of course, never need or use crutches. I know one of them. It is my good fortune to have a friend with a really excellent memory. When she was ten years old, she was helping her mother run the telephone exchange in a town we'll call Minooka, Nebraska, which had a population of about 1800 during beet-picking season.

My friend knew the town's 500 telephone numbers by heart—and she still does, which has its drawbacks. She often finds it depressing to have her consciousness snagged by the familiar number on a passing car license and be forced to remember, in spite of herself, that dreadful Snedeker family whose phone number it was, some twenty-five years ago, back in Minooka. She adds hastily that she doesn't think it really hurts to have so much rubbish in her mind, because she considers the mind to be capable of limitless expansion.

We crutch people don't agree with her. We can't afford to. We believe that the mind is a room of fixed size and must therefore be carefully stocked, else you reach a point where you must drop out a fact for every fact you put in. We crutch people are mighty, mighty cautious. We store few facts. We know that if we filled up our minds with useful information, we would have no room at all for our crutches, and where would we be then?

THE END



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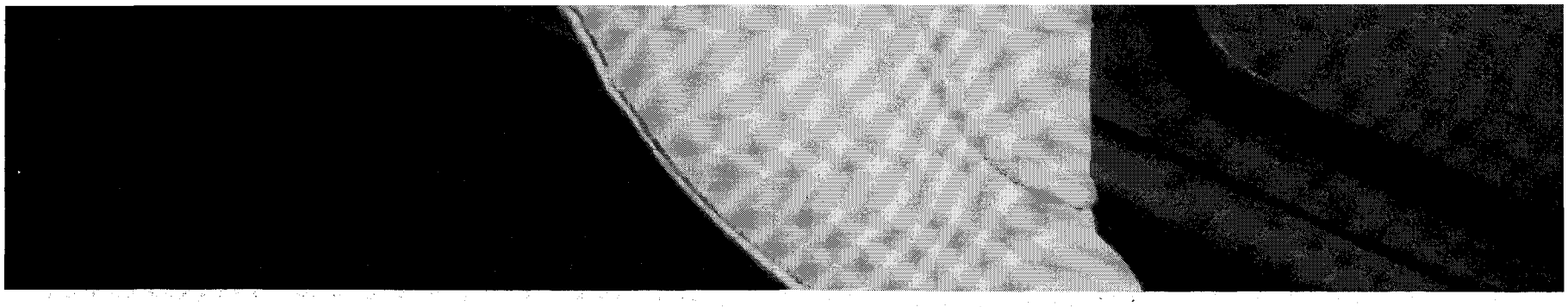

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The Hospitals Fight Their Toughest War

(Continued from Page 24)

The situation is serious. It calls for a new look at antibiotics and greater caution in their use, in and out of hospitals. But there is no need for people to avoid hospitals if they need their services. For the risk of dying for lack of skilled medical or surgical attention is far greater than the hazard created by the ubiquitous staphylococcus. And once a hospital is aware of the germ's presence, it can take steps to halt its spread.

The more progressive hospitals have already gone to great lengths in their antistaph campaigns. Some have organized vigilance committees to investigate every case of surgical or medical infection. They have temporarily closed down contaminated nurseries, and at times entire buildings. They have isolated infectious patients, curtailed their visiting privileges and handled their laundry in separate bags and cans. They have tightened up on wound-dressing procedures, often detailing special nurses to that job. Surgeons have been required to prolong the hand-scrubbing ritual from three minutes to ten, and to rinse with 70 per cent alcohol. "Your hands may get raw," one young doctor commented, "but they surely are sanitary."

In one hospital the No Admittance sign outside the operating suite was changed to read POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE, and a uniformed guard was posted to keep out all but essential personnel. In the past, as many as twenty-five people have crowded into an operating room to assist or observe a complicated and interesting heart operation.

Many of the nation's leading bacteriologists, public-health experts and hospital executives are pooling their ideas and experience on national committees formed to combat this growing menace. Under authorization from the Trustees of the American Medical Association, Dr. Stuart Mudd, professor of microbiology in the School of Medicine, University of Pennsylvania, and chairman of the American Medical Association's research committee, convened a meeting of representatives of health organizations. The technical papers given at this conference were published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The American Hospital Association has also established a committee on infections, headed by Dr. Dean Clark, director of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital. The United States Public Health Service is represented on the Hospital Association's committee by Dr. Alexander Langmuir, chief epidemiologist of the Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta.

Where well-planned precautions have been enforced, the infection rate has dropped to safe levels. But the task of keeping it there has been a difficult one. It has involved sharp detective work and a return to early principles of antisepsis which had been almost forgotten in the general reliance on antibiotics as sure-shot germ killers.

Make no mistake about it, the antibiotics are powerful weapons. They have saved millions of lives formerly cut short by meningitis, pneumonia, childbed fever, scarlet fever, blood poisoning and other infectious diseases. They have also provided an antibacterial shield behind which surgeons could work miracles they only dreamed about fifteen or twenty years ago. Hospitals, faced with increasing patient loads, could hardly be blamed for substituting these potent new chemicals for some of the more time-consuming housekeeping routines which no longer seemed necessary.

What many staff members failed to reckon with was the curious capacity of bacteria to change in the face of an antibacterial environment. We now realize that the liberal use of antibiotics, especially in hospitals, where the need was greatest, has been the main factor responsible for the appearance of the resistant staphylococcus. Dr. Maxwell Finland, associate professor of medicine at Harvard, who has been warning his colleagues about this problem for many years, says, "The incidence of resistant strains of Micrococcus aureus (another name for the staph) to any antibiotic appears to be related to the frequency and intensity with which it is used."

That medicine should have this reverse effect is a troublesome paradox of science. We seldom score a 100 per cent victory over the small creatures that harry us. We lay down a chemical barrage—DDT against the malaria mosquito or penicillin against the staph germ—and sooner or later a tough variant of the insect or the bacteria pops up and slips through the barrage. To most of us it is an academic question whether the resistant type arises as a mutant induced by the chemical or is present in the microbial population all the time and simply emerges through a process of selection in which the chemical kills off its weaker brothers. There are authorities supporting both theories. The important point is that, having survived the antibiotic attack, the tough germ thrives and multiplies and takes over.

Microbial resistance to antimicrobial drugs is not a new phenomenon. The famous Paul Ehrlich observed it nearly fifty years ago while trying out various dyes and arsenic compounds against the spirochete of syphilis. In the 1930's, while sulfanilamide was being applauded as a cure for gonorrhea, resistant strains of the gonococcus appeared, and the cure rate with sulfa dropped from 75 to 25 per cent. During World War II, a program to prevent streptococcal infections and rheumatic fever with daily tablets of sulfadiazine got off to a promising start, but had to be abandoned when resistant streps appeared and spread like wildfire through the camps. One Idaho naval training base actually had to be closed down because of a runaway infection. (Fortunately, episodes of this kind have been rare in the civilian population, and sulfadiazine and penicillin are being used successfully, under medical direction, to prevent streptococcal infections and recurrences of rheumatic fever in children and adults who have already had one or more rheumatic fever attacks. Indiscriminate use of any antibiotic, however, is nevertheless considered hazardous.)

With the arrival of penicillin during the 1940's, our score against many infectious bacteria improved tremendously. Even the streps that had scoffed at the sulfas were knocked out by penicillin; to this day, no dangerous streps have become permanently resistant to it. But we were less fortunate with the streps' cousins, the staphylococci, whose descriptive name is from Greek words meaning "grapelike clusters of berries." These microbial berries learned to dodge sulfapyridine within a year after their first contact with it in 1938; and penicillin-resistant strains of staph were reported as early as 1942. Since then the staphylococcus story has resembled the old race between armor and the armor-piercing shell. For every new model drug there has emerged a new model germ to break through it.

In the general acclaim for the antibiotics' triumphs, however, the few chinks in their armor caused small concern. But reports of staph epidemics gradually became more numerous. When laboratory evidence proved nearly all were caused by the same type, the hospitals began to realize they had a tough problem on their hands.

At an international meeting of microbiologists in Rome, in 1953, a committee was organized to identify bacterial cultures sent in from any part of the world. Dr. R. E. O. Williams, a strep and staph authority from the Central Public Health Laboratory in London, was a principal figure in this movement. Also active was Dr. John E. Blair, bacteriologist of the Hospital for Joint Diseases in New York.

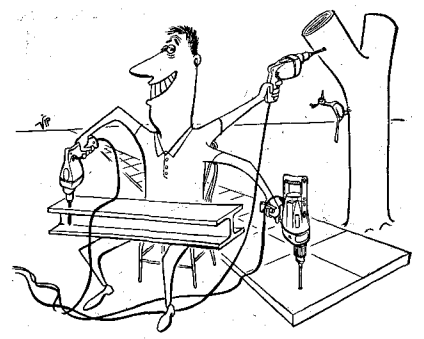
Doctor Blair has pursued the staphylococci with special zeal for twenty-five years, mainly because they were so often the source of trouble in the bone infection, osteomyelitis. Since 1947 he and his assistant, Miss Miriam Carr, have been leaders in identifying the staphs causing the hospital outbreaks in this country and have helped set up eighteen regional typing laboratories.

Identification of the staphs is by the bacteriophage-typing method originated by two London bacteriologists, Drs. G. S. Wilson and J. D. Atkinson. It is based on the fact that, as "big fleas have little fleas, and so on ad infinitum," so big germs have little viruses within themselves to bite 'em. The bacterial viruses are called bacteriophages or phages, for short.

A phage produced by one germ may destroy another closely related germ, and

"Didn't get the raise—eh?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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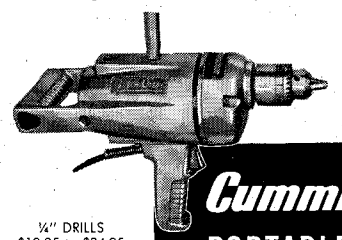

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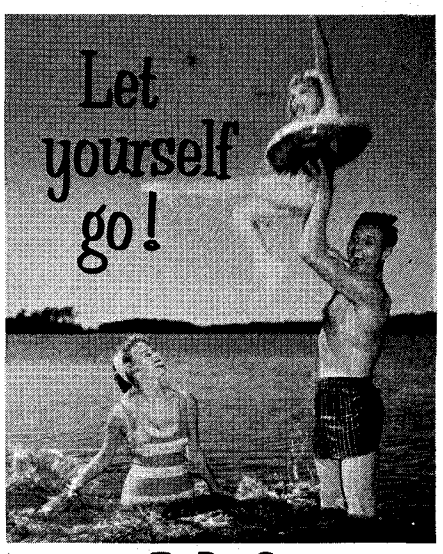

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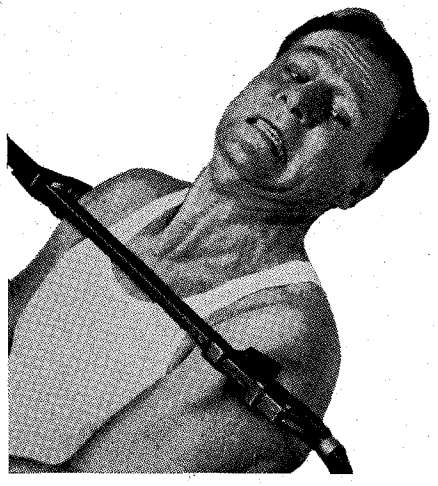

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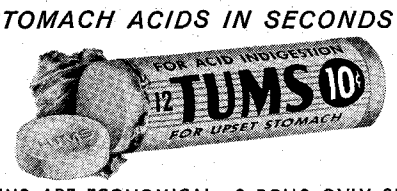

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attempts have been made in the past to use phages in the treatment of infections. In the body this effect is, unfortunately, not too dependable, but in laboratory dishes the phage-bacteria relationships are so highly specific that they provide the means for "fingerprinting" the various staph types. The organism to be identified is streaked on a glass dish marked off with a grid pattern of twenty-five squares, one for each of the twenty-five standard staph-phage types. If after incubation the staphylococcus colonies have been dissolved by phages numbered 52, 42B, 80 and 81, that identifies the villain of our piece, the "epidemic" strain designated 52/42B/80/81 or 80/81 for short.

This reliable identification method accelerated the world-wide war upon the tough, medicine-resistant germ. But since hospital patients often did not show symptoms of infection until they had returned home, the hospital source was not always immediately recognized. One of the first physicians to call attention to this confusing circumstance was Dr. Reimert T. Ravenholt, director of the Division of Epidemiology and Communicable Disease Control in the Seattle-King County Health Department. Tipped off by the appearance of a few infant infections in one of Seattle's hospitals, he and several assistants conducted a telephone follow-up survey to determine how many babies delivered in all fifteen Seattle hospitals during one month—October, 1956—subsequently broke out with staph infections.

The results revealed that all the hospitals had been bothered by infections, but that one hospital had been hit much harder than the others. Thirty-five per cent of its babies had developed skin infections, 10 per cent had infant mastitis, and 19 per cent of the mothers had infected breasts. Fatal infections were few, but on a country-wide basis the staph infections accounted for 12 per cent of the infant mortality.

Although nurseries have been highly vulnerable—sixteen babies died from this infection in the Jefferson Davis Hospital in Houston in less than three months—the resistant germ may appear in any department of a hospital. At Temple University Hospital, in Philadelphia, where 10,000 operative procedures are carried out each year, it was first detected in the surgical wards. Temple was among the first large hospitals to organize an anti-infection committee, size up the problem and bring it under control. Its experience is therefore worth relating.

Chairman of the committee and main drive wheel of the campaign was Dr. H. Taylor Caswell, tall, rangy professor of clinical surgery at Temple's School of Medicine. "We had always had some infections," Doctor Caswell explained. "Every hospital has. After all, we live in a world of infections. But what threw us into a tizzy was suddenly discovering, in February, 1956, that we had a marked and obvious increase in infections of clean surgical wounds. It rose to five per cent. We also noticed that both patients and hospital personnel were breaking out with boils and skin eruptions.

"This was not, as some people suggested, simply due to our crowded conditions. We had been working for the previous five or ten years in a hospital jammed to the doors. There had been no change in the crowding situation. (Our new wing was not opened until after this episode.)"

Although the germs were first spotted in the surgical wards, it was soon apparent that they were present elsewhere too. Therefore, representatives from every department were named to the infection committee. Much of the committee's detective work fell on the able shoulders of bacteriologist Kenneth M. Schreck. His job was to catch and identify the microbial culprits. In so doing, he made nearly 3000 bacterial cultures in a few months.

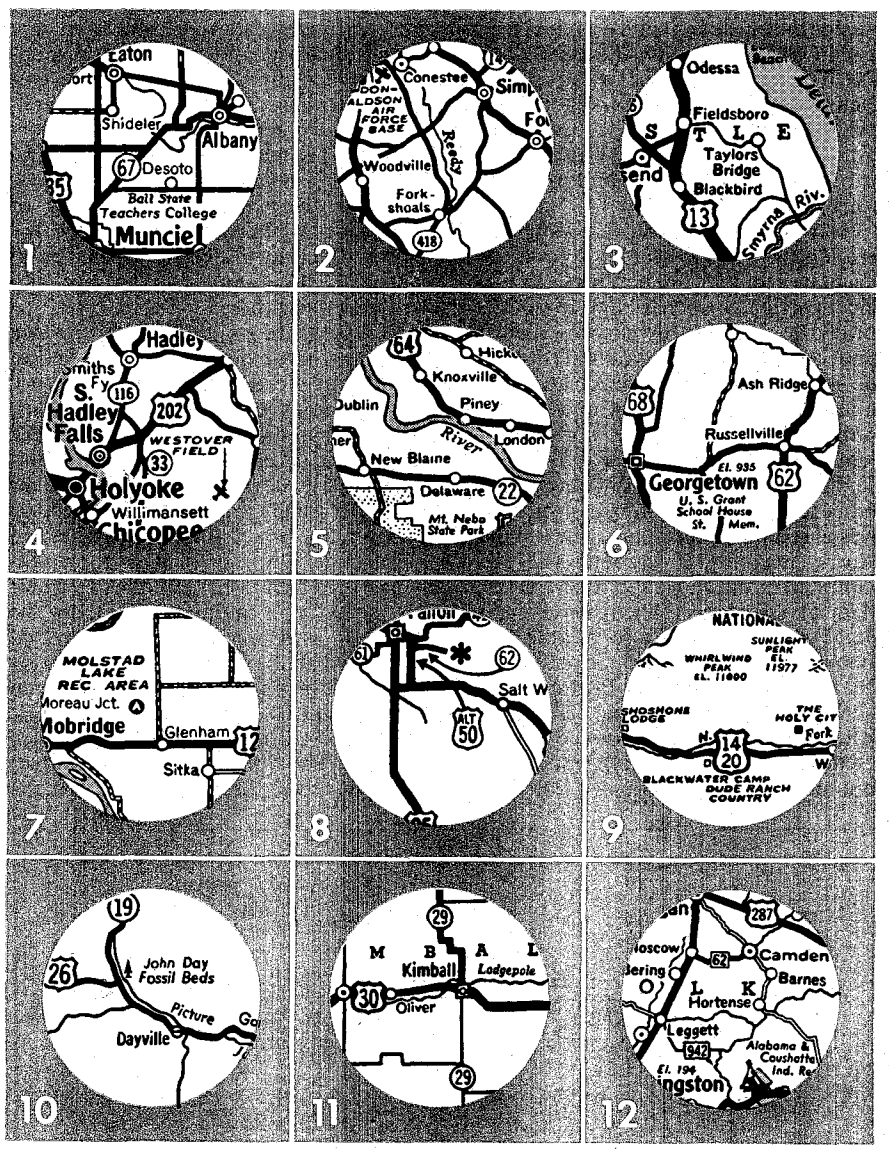
"If you so much as sneezed," Doctor Caswell recalls, "someone from Schreck's lab took a culture from your nose, swabbed your throat and assigned your case to a committee member." The committee met daily at first—and still meets weekly—to review details on every reported case of infection, including Doctor Schreck's findings. Their questions were searching and to the point. Did the patient have an infection when he entered the hospital? If so, what type of bacteria was involved? Did the infection develop after admission, and how long after? And again, what was the name of the germ? In each instance, a determined effort was made to track down the source of the infection and to decide whether a hospital contact or procedure was in some way responsible.

Sometimes the circumstances were complicated. Last fall—by which time the hospital infections had been reduced to a low level—an automobile-accident victim was admitted with fractures of both femurs. The left thigh bone was already infected when he arrived, and from it Doctor Schreck isolated a staphylococcus that responded to treatment with penicillin. After the man had been in the hospital a few weeks, the wound in the right hip yielded a staphylococcus which did not respond to penicillin or streptomycin or tetracycline. It was the resistant type. Concluded Doctor Schreck, in his report to the committee: "The staph from the left leg was brought in from the accident, and we aren't responsible for it. The staph from the other leg is ours, and is therefore a 'hospital-related' infection." The committee agreed.

At the same meeting a physician reported the case of a patient whose temperature shot up a few days after a serious throat operation. In spite of assiduous treatment with several antibiotics, he died of double pneumonia. A bacterial culture of the sputum and lungs revealed the dreaded resistant staph. The committee's regretful verdict: "Hospital-related."

A puzzling fact about some of the fatal pneumonias was that antibiotics which knocked out the germ in laboratory tests nevertheless failed to save the patient. In other words, the medicine worked in the test tube, but not in the body. Dr. Colin McLeod, professor of research therapeutics at the University of Pennsylvania, who heads a similar infection committee there, offers a possible explanation: In the laboratory sensitivity test the germ is completely exposed to the antibiotic. In the body

(*Continued on Page 110*)



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Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 110*)

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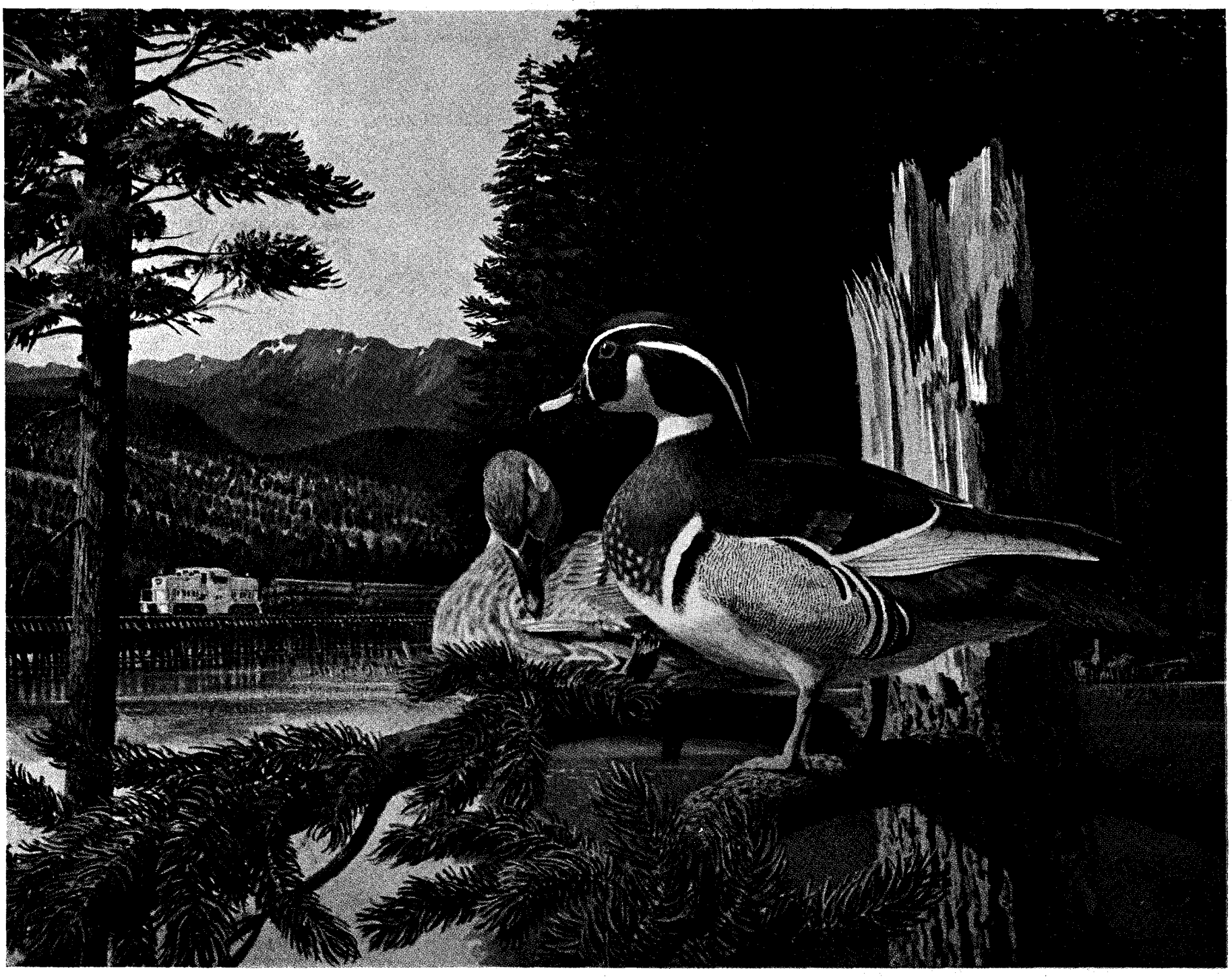

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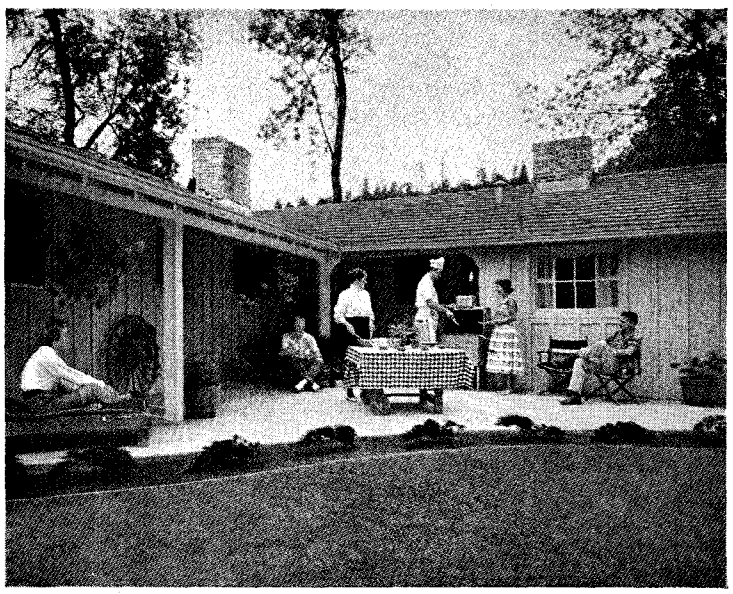

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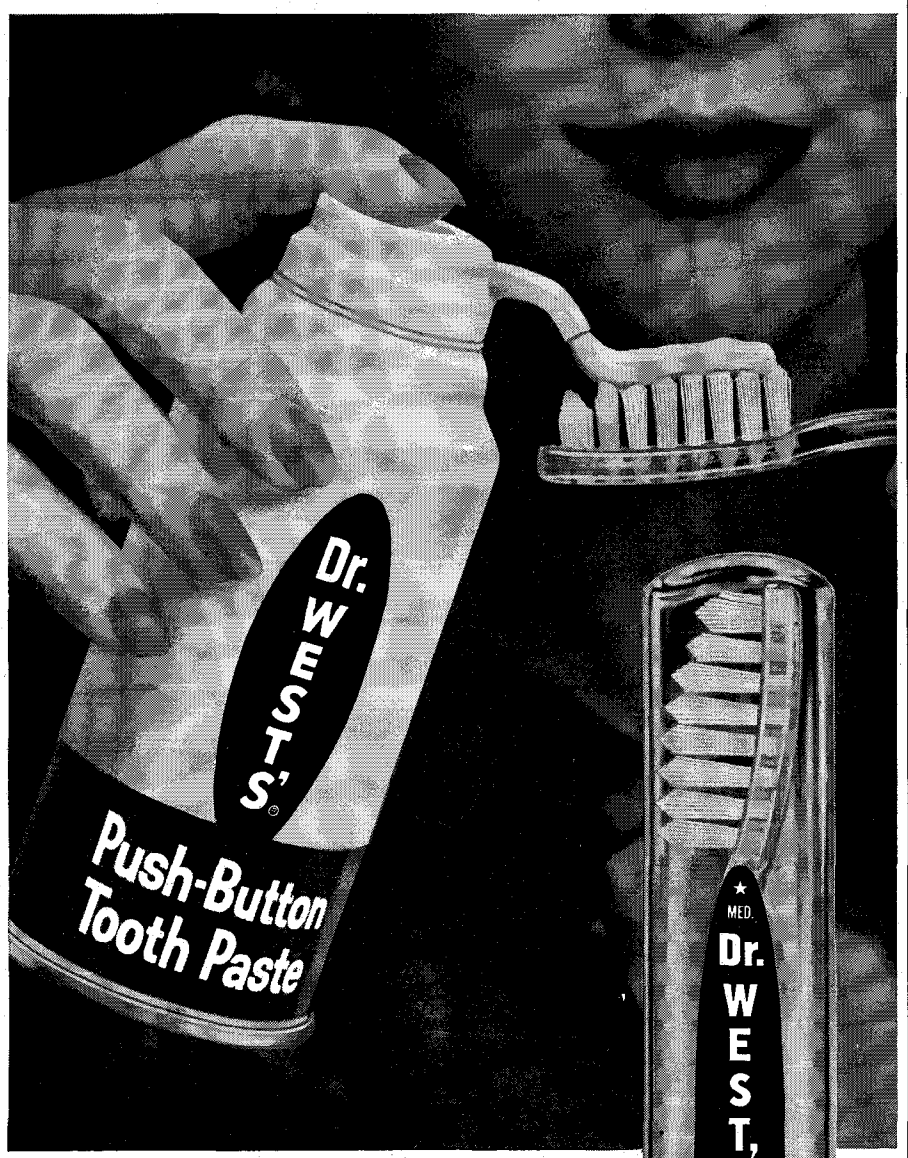

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(*Continued from Page 108*) the staphylococcus is often walled off by the inflamed and swollen tissue, which the drug has difficulty penetrating.

Many of the otherwise resistant infections do heal when treated with a few newer antibiotics, such as chloramphenicol or novobiocin (trade-name Albamycin or Cathomycin). But in time these drugs, too, will lose their effectiveness, Doctor Schreck warns. "We found that the staphs become resistant to Novobiocin in seven days of treatment," he said, "and to chloramphenicol over a somewhat longer period."

Confronted with infections so difficult to cure, Temple and other hospitals have concentrated on tactics of prevention. These have been directed at hospital personnel, as well as at rooms and equipment. It was assumed that persons carrying staphylococci in their nasal passages were spreaders of infection. But Doctor Schreck found that only a small percentage of these "nasal carriers" were harboring the resistant type of germ. He therefore ruled out the nose as an important epidemic appendage. Of far greater hazard are the skin infections. The committee has therefore asked all individuals with such conditions to remain off duty until the lesions cleared up. The restriction applies even to surgeons with scheduled operations. And surgery is postponed if the patient has an infection, except in emergencies.

Every nurse is required to sponge her hands with alcohol before and after treating an infected patient—a protection for the nurse as well as for noninfected patients in her care. Most of the measures listed earlier in this article have also been invoked, with special attention to operating-room procedures. Here a filter-type mask has been adopted at Temple, and both mask and cap are changed between operations. No one is allowed in the operating room unless he first changes from street clothes to "scrub suits" and hospital shoes, and he must wipe his soles on a mat soaked in disinfectant before entering. A special operating room is used for infectious patients, and they are usually operated upon at the end of the day. The room is then mopped with a disinfectant and aired out for twenty-four hours before the next operation.

Stricter housekeeping rules are enforced in other parts of the hospital as well. Wet mopping has replaced dry mopping to avoid stirring up germ-laden dust. Vacuum cleaning is kept to a minimum for the same reason. The hospital was already using plastic mattress covers which could be easily cleansed with a disinfectant, and it would have put plastic covers on pillows also, "except that they squeak so much they keep the patients awake," as Doctor Caswell explained.

To reduce their risk of exposure to the resistant staphs, surgical patients are being sent home much sooner than ever before—one day after a hernia repair or an appendectomy, for example, and a week after a gall-bladder operation.

The surgeons at Temple took one more step in 1956, although a debatable one, as they admit. They instilled a concentrated penicillin solution—strong enough to kill even the resistant staphs—into nearly every surgical incision. The exceptions were nerve-surgery cases and patients allergic to penicillin. Since this was combined with the other preventive measures it was difficult to assess its value. But the entire Temple germ-chasing program brought the clean-wound infection rate—one of the best barometers of the resistant-staph problem—down from the 5 per cent of February, 1956, to a fraction of 1 per cent. "Noteworthy is the fact that there is no one source of error," the committee commented in its report, "but many small facets which must be corrected and vigilantly policed."

No matter how vigilant you are, you can never count this bacterial enemy permanently licked. Consider the experience of Valley Hospital, a small, modern, well-staffed institution in the attractive Northern New Jersey town of Ridgewood. It had been doing a lively maternity business, delivering an average of 120 babies a month, when suddenly, in the fall of 1955, the villain staphylococcus crept into the nursery. It infected several babies and from them spread to nursing mothers, frequently producing troublesome breast abscesses.

Promptly the hospital staff ordered stricter techniques of isolation and asepsis. The nursery linens were steam-sterilized, gown and mask techniques were improved, and the nurses were required to wash their hands frequently with hexachlorophene soap. Within a short time the staphylococcic outbreak subsided.

A year later, however, in September of 1956, the persistent germ returned. Babies broke out in pustular sores, and in spite of new procedures, such as daily bathing with hexachlorophene soap, the infections continued appearing at the rate of about one a week. In November, two infants who had been born at the Valley Hospital died in other hospitals, from staphylococcal pneumonia. A telephone follow-up of all November births in Valley Hospital revealed that 10 per cent of them in that month had been complicated by infections appearing later in the infant or the mother. These included skin eruptions, breast abscesses and pneumonia.

Alarmed by this second invasion, the hospital staff called in two consultants from Cornell Medical College in New York City. At the latters' suggestion, based on the reports of Dr. Thomas E. Shaffer, professor of pediatrics at Ohio State University, every new-born baby was given preventive doses of erythromycin daily for seven days. Nursery personnel also took these antibiotic pills to ward off infection, although this is not advised as a general practice.

For about two weeks things went better. The number of nursery infections dropped sharply, although infections continued to be reported in babies returning home. Then trouble appeared again. Eleven infants began to have diarrhea, and the dosage had to be reduced. Four babies developed skin infections in spite of the antibiotic, and a fifth baby had an abscess in its own breast. Resistant staphs were also cultured from two infants who had no symptoms of any kind, but who were being treated with erythromycin. This antibiotic, which had worked for Doctor Shaffer in Columbus, had apparently lost its punch in Ridgewood.

At this point the doctors on the staff called for help from the New Jersey State Department of Health, the New York City Health Department laboratories and the Federal Government's Epidemic In-

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 108)

1. Ind.	2. S.C.	3. Del.
4. Mass.	5. Ark.	6. Ohio
7. S.D.	8. Nev.	9. Wyo.
10. Ore.	11. Nebr.	12. Tex.

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telligence Service. The last-named unit, organized some years ago to assist in checking outbreaks of communicable disease, dispatched one of its bright young sleuths to the scene of the crime. He was Dr. F. Robert Fekety, a 1955 graduate of Yale School of Medicine, then stationed at the Wistar Institute of the University of Pennsylvania and subsequently transferred to the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine.

Doctor Fekety and his collaborators first set out to locate the focus of the infection. They swabbed noses and throats of nearly everybody in the hospital, sent approximately 200 cultures a week to the New York City laboratories to be identified. They also took cultures from walls, floors, blankets, bassinets, instruments, air-conditioners, sink handles and door knobs. The inanimate objects yielded very few positive samples, but germs were found in the sick and well infants, in mothers, nurses, children in the pediatric ward and outpatients.

The medical sleuths, like those in the detective novels, were now embarrassed by a surfeit of suspects. "We knew the staphylococcus in general was ubiquitous," Doctor Fekety remarked, "but to find this specific type so widespread was really discouraging. As we appraised the situation, our group found itself divided between two degrees of pessimism. Some thought the germ could never be eradicated from the nursery; others thought we might get it out, but would be unable to keep it out. This was our low point. Nevertheless, we decided to go ahead with new control measures."

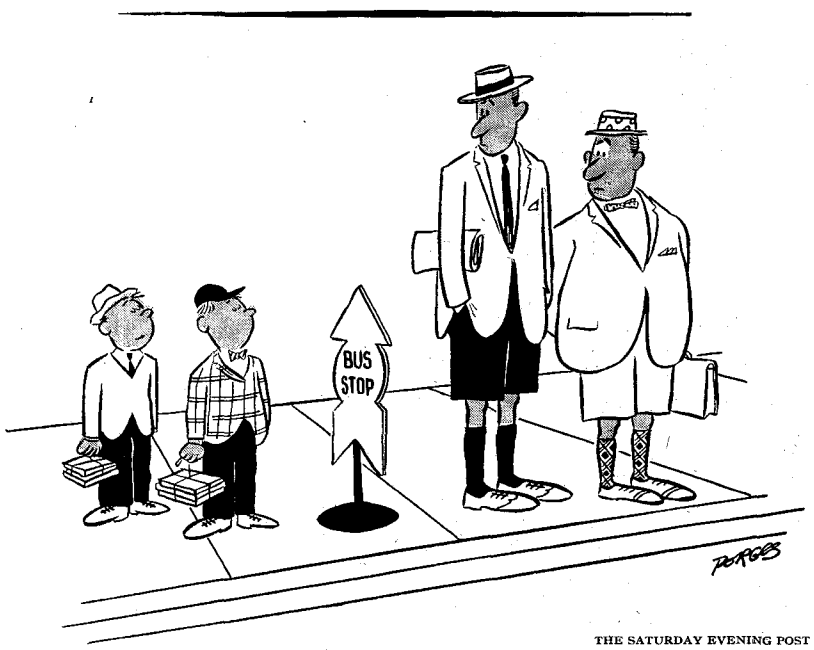
These moves, later reported by Doctor Fekety and his associates at a meeting of the American Public Health Association in Cleveland, included the transfer of five nurses from the nursery for the new-born to assignments involving less contact with patients. The step was taken reluctantly because the young women were fine nurses. It is an unfortunate aspect of the infection problem that nurses who give the babies the most affectionate care naturally have the closest contacts with them and are most apt to transmit germs if any are present. But here was a situation in which intimacy had to be sacrificed for asepsis. The rule applied even to breast feeding, which was discouraged during the epidemic because of the tendency of an infected infant to cause a breast abscess in the mother.

One more innovation was tried. It had been suggested by other physicians several years ago that infants are not likely to start spreading staphylococcus germs until they are three days old. Before that age the babies may harbor the germs but in numbers too small for "export." The doctors at the North Jersey hospital therefore decided to segregate the newborns, by date of birth, in the three rooms of the nursery. They then sent every healthy baby home when he was three days old, before he had a chance to pass his germs on to other infants or to the nurses. When all the babies had been discharged from one room, it was washed with a disinfectant and aired until needed again, usually twenty-four hours later.

As soon as all these control measures were put into effect, the last week in March, the nursery infection rate, previously running one to three cases a week, dropped to zero. It stayed there until late May and early June, when five more infants broke out with skin infections. The source was quickly traced to a part-time nursery employee who was an unwitting carrier of the resistant staph. As soon as she was assigned to another job, the outbreak stopped; and the Valley Hospital nursery has—up to this writing—continued to remain free of the tough little germ.

No one is under any illusions about the permanence of this or any other victory over the germ that laughs at modern medicine. We are in a cold war with a hot microbe, and we can't afford to let our defenses lag. Doctor Caswell and his vigilance committee at Temple University reflect the prevailing informed opinion when they state: "Infections with these antibiotic-resistant organisms do not constitute a temporary epidemic, but represent a problem which must be faced for an indefinite period of time in our modern antibiotic-saturated hospital society."

The problem requires restraint and understanding not only by the medical profession but by the patients, too many of whom expect an antibiotic for everything that ails them, no matter how minor. In view of the staphylococcus' ability to breed resistant strains when exposed to these medicines, the individual who takes repeated doses of an antibiotic for a sore throat or a stuffy nose may find himself suddenly down with a really vicious, hard-to-treat staphylococcal pneumonia. When an infection is serious enough to call for an antibiotic, the doctors tell us, the drug should be given in large enough doses to do a good job. But in general we are advised to save the miracle drugs, including new ones which will inevitably be developed, for the more serious illnesses. Otherwise, as Doctor Caswell warns, "we run a serious danger of having bacteria which no drug can effectively combat." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE • ON ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS IT'S WISE TO WIRE •

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Art and Human Dignity

(Continued from Page 38)

mess of psychic and mechanistic pottage? No, nor can we lay the blame for unintelligibility alone upon the failure of the artist to continue the traditions of craftsmanship of the old masters.

Toynbee has offered a partial explanation:

> The prevailing tendency to abandon our artistic traditions is not the result of technical incompetence; it is the deliberate abandonment of a style which is losing its appeal to a rising generation because this generation is ceasing to cultivate its aesthetic sensibilities on the traditional Western lines. Our abandonment of our traditional artistic technique is manifestly the consequence of some kind of spiritual breakdown in our Western Civilization; and the cause of this breakdown evidently cannot be found in a phenomenon which is one of the subsequent symptoms.

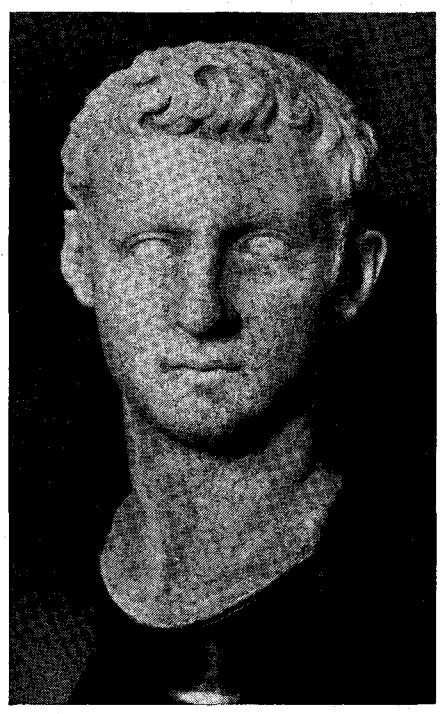
Archaic sculpture, for example, was an art belonging to that period of man's religious development when the "idea" was as big and important as the forms which symbolized it. Moral values and concepts had not yet become established and a confusion existed between objects of reality and the world of the spirit. Even the images and idols which man created had no individual actuality. They were at most transfer mechanisms through the means of which the portrait, for example, partook of the identity of its subject and the subject in turn acquired the characteristics of the portrait.

A smile appears on the faces of most archaic figures, a happiness of expression seeming to transcend that of human beings. Certainly the Greek of the sixth century B.C. did not observe such heroic individuals in his daily life. Yet one cannot dismiss these images as the product of inferior execution. The fact that the artist did not attempt the actual portraiture of those about him must be laid more to a sense of consecration within himself than to technical deficiency. His figures were conceived in immortality, and, since he had not inquired too closely into the character of his gods, he created ideal representations of them, generalizations of supermen, bearing none of the arresting peculiarities of actual persons.

Every civilization has had its great period of archaic sculpture. In Egypt under the Memphite kings the Sphinx, whose smile is perhaps the greatest riddle of antiquity, was carved. Never has a people produced an art more instinct with dignity and reverence. In Assyria and Babylonia, in Chaldea and Cyprus, even in Crete and the Aegean islands, the religious purposefulness of archaic art is combined with a stillness of the spirit which transcends the very existence of the individual who brought this conception into being.

Head of a divinity—
Cyprus, 6th Century A.D.

In Italy a parallel progression took place in Etruscan art. No visitor to the Villa Giulia in Rome will resist the suavity of the early figures or the happiness in the faces of the effigies lying, half-raised upon one arm, on their terra-cotta tombs. Borrowing their gods from the Greeks, the Etruscans gave them a new and terrible authority. Roman sculpture, on the other hand, reflected another point of view. It was immediate and finite, never knowing an archaic period, for the Latin mind was too filled with actuality. Roman gods were as regularly codified as Roman law, and the citizens of both the republic and the empire were inspired by little else than the acquisition of property and the steps necessary to retain it. That the Romans excelled in portraiture is therefore not surprising, for they were masters of the commonplace, and the portrait bust invariably spoke in the terms only of the limitations of the sitter, not of his potentialities.



The Emperor Caligula—
Roman, 1st Century A.D.

Romanesque art, on the other hand, returns once again to the archaic as an expression of Romanesque religion. The year 1000 brought about a change in man's point of view. Modern scholarship to the contrary, it seemed a convenient date at which the world might end; for medieval man, too, preferred round numbers. The Christian peoples prepared themselves for judgment. But, strangely enough, the world kept on, and the spirit of inquiry which the excitement had provoked was directed into the pathway of monastic reform. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a wave of religious emotion swept over Europe. Sheltered from the world—and a sorry place it was if we believe the chronicle—the monk gave up his life to the contemplation of his God. Although to medieval man the details of Jesus' life were almost a commonplace, the individuality of Christ was not that of a mythological hero. For the generality of his position as Savior of Mankind was uppermost; He was not only Jesus of Nazareth but the ideal of redemption as well, just as His Mother was the Mother of All Living in her dual role of wife to Joseph and Mother of the Son of God.

It was just his bigness of conception which was needed to produce Romanesque sculpture and why in it we find those qualities, even to the smile itself, which abound in the archaic art of every civilization.

From the fall of Rome to the fall of Constantinople a thousand years later the principal actors gradually and quietly receded from the stage, giving first place to the great chorus of the heavenly host. The fathers of the early Church acknowledged with one voice the inadequacy of man and the desire for mortification of the flesh so eloquently expressed in the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. Glory for the individual, if there was to be any glory at all, was confined to fragmentary and vicarious participation in the glory of God and in the sacramental life of His Son Jesus and in the womanly grace of the Virgin Mary. The artist and the writer had ceased to be independent in the sense of creative individuals of our own day. They were servants or instruments for the propagation of a faith and a point of view which was universally accepted.

Of the tens of thousands of works of art executed in the Middle Ages only a fraction are signed by the artists who made them, and where signatures do appear, they are not so much for the purpose of immortalizing the creator as a means of identifying a historic event or donation to a religious establishment. The medieval artist had returned to the truly archaic attitude; his work of art, into which he had poured so much of his own emotional existence, was an expression of the religious beliefs which he shared as a member of the Christian community, and not merely the reflection of his ego.

In all the primitive cultures of the Americas and of the Oceanic world we find similar developments. African Negro sculpture, so popular because of its abstractions, offers a splendid field for study, since it is possibly the most recently executed primitive art that we know. Abstract it may be and perfect in its conception and design, but none the less it remains essentially anthropomorphic. The Negro sculptor feels his living God as God, and the smile which we see upon the face of the statue is a translation into stone or wood of his reconciliation with the infinite.

The archaic concept is, however, too often overlooked simply because archaic art has always appeared to be a product of the past. Yet the fact that its simple qualities are so appealing to the individualists of the twentieth century is worthy of consideration. It suggests perhaps that in the present day we are starved for universals—for ideas and ideals that transcend our all-too-finite lives and habits of thought. In contemporary art the emphasis is nearly always placed upon the particular rather than the general; the great community of belief in which all men shared and shared alike has fallen prey to the privy experience and the momentary incident.

The problem today, then, is not so much that of a lack of a single conviction, but the multiplicity of convictions with which the creative artist is confronted.

In the rapidly expanding, secularized world in which we live, where neither the Bible nor Bulfinch's Age of Fable seems to play any useful role and where one person's gods appear to be as good as the next person's, it becomes imperative that there be a return, if not to the gods of our fathers themselves, to some unifying principle in which the twentieth-century man of many (*Continued on Page 114*)

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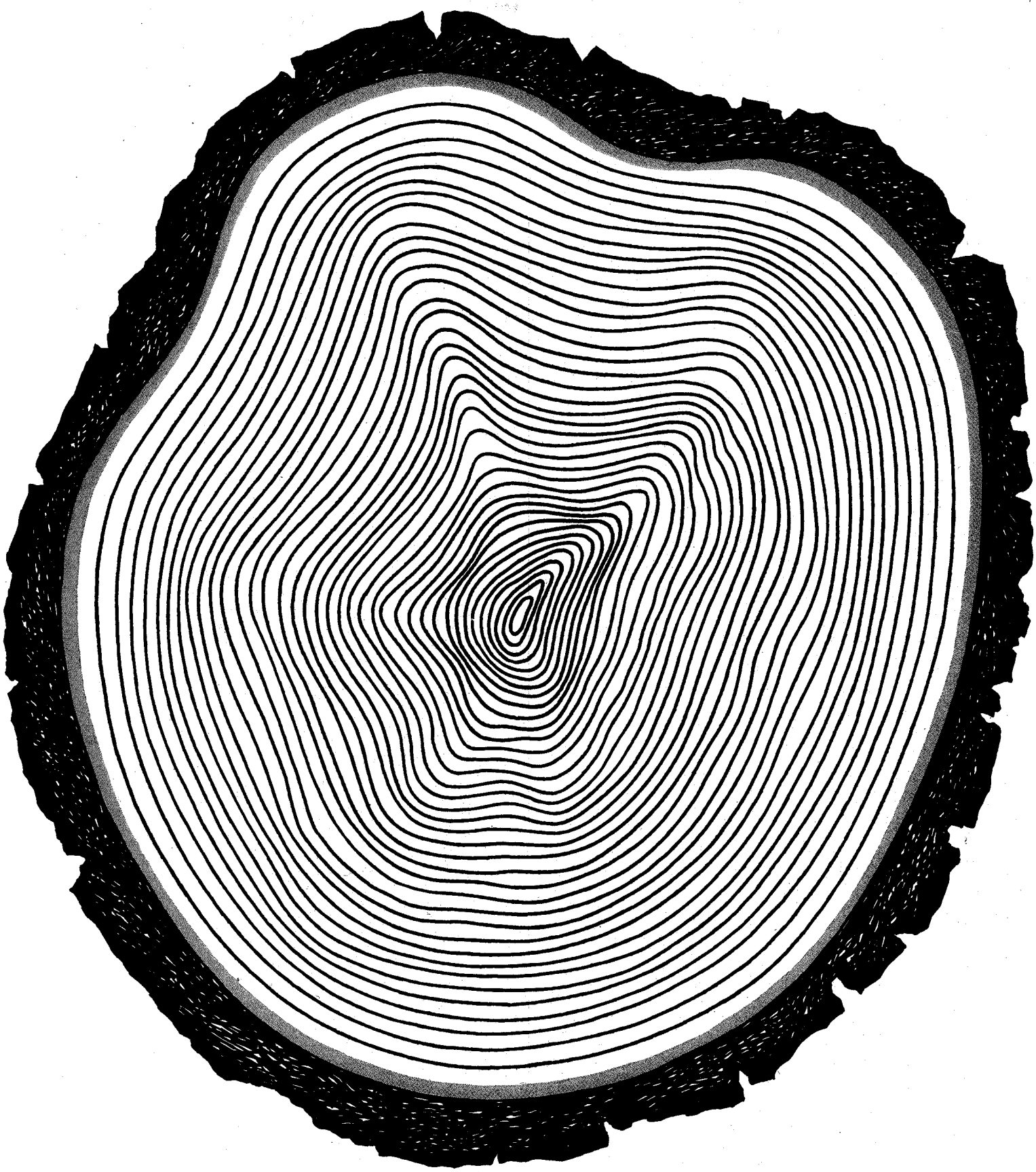

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

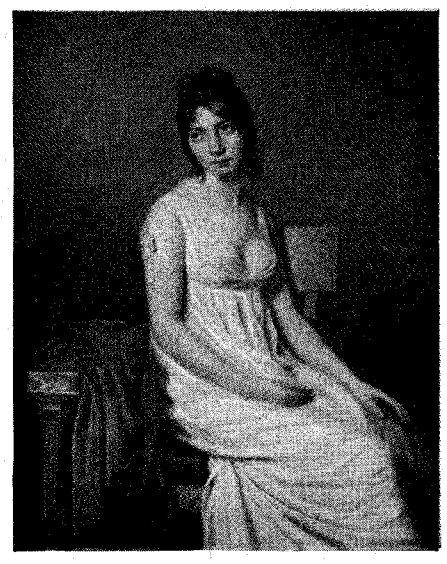
(*Continued from Page 112*)

faiths can find the comfort of authority. For the artist has ever required authority as a framework—a point of departure—for his own experience.

The artist today has become the favorite whipping boy in a struggle between the intelligible and the unintelligible. Since he is supposed to be the custodian of that ineffable thing called beauty, he is blamed if he does not jealously conserve it without change, and equally blamed if he tries to place it within the context of the world in which he lives.

Having accepted modern art as something which, while they never understood it, they nevertheless vaguely approved, the public, after three score years and ten of being told to like it, have begun to wonder whether they are not "being had." They are accustomed to daily accounts of world crises in the press and on the air. These are the stuff of which ordinary experiences are made, and in so far as the artist deals with them objectively the public is willing to admit his right to express his opinions and even to find, if he can, some beauty in them. But where the artist and the layman part company is in the realm of the subjective: interpretation, representation or nonrepresentation as the case may be, the psychology of color, and the myriad emotional and intellectual connotations with which every contemporary work is filled.

Girl Before Mirror—Picasso (1881–).



Madame Hamelin—David (1748–1825).

The issue for our generation is not so much one of principle as it is one of the degree of communicability versus incommunicability. And, while no sensible person would wish to turn back the clock, there are many who might wish to read its face without having to take its works apart.

The question is no longer one of technique or taste, but revolves again about the venerable problem of reality. Obscured by the conquest of material existence in the nineteenth century, philosophy has again reappeared as the champion of those new freedoms of conscience and opinion which have resulted in the liberation of the individual. Man has misinterpreted his own researches into the modern world of science as the answer to ultimate cause and purpose. He has become, indeed, the arbiter of his own fate, but he has not yet learned that the cosmic is distinguished from the comic by only a single consonant.

The artist has been the victim of similar pressures and obsessions. Reality of the mind has been substituted for the time-honored absolute of reality of the eye. The transition was made possible by the invention of photography, which demonstrated the difference between optical seeing or observation of what is true to nature, and mental perception.

We are confronted, therefore, with a conflict between two venerable truths inherited from the Renaissance, two types of reality: the one (dependent upon the concept of time and space) presents the picture of the world within the traditional limits of visual experience, and the other presents it from the point of view of personal emotion. Each of these truths is valid and to some extent circumscribed. Neither one attempts a teleological explanation of the universe. Man is the pivot about which the world revolves and he is absolved of any responsibility for its conduct.

More recently another technical problem of the modern world has had its impact upon the artist—time is now conceived as a kind of fourth dimension projecting itself through space. Its impact has been a by-product of Einstein's theory of relativity and of the investigations in nuclear physics. Time and space are shown to be no longer absolute. Art, therefore, might conceivably become the illustration of energy rather than the illustration of form; the artist is thus presented with another reality or absolute as potential as electricity or atomic power.

The history of art is a visual record of the philosophical concepts which have engrossed creative thinkers of each age. In their works the artists leave behind them both the history of their personal reactions and an accurate barometric reading of their intellectual climate. Recognition is instantaneous and universal. It does not require any act of intuition or special gifts of birth or education to experience it. Anyone who looks at a picture, a statue or the architecture of a building, learns instinctively and immediately something of the world which produced it. What will the art of today tell the spectator of tomorrow?

If we accept the definition of art as the rendering of truth in sensible form, and truth as the interpretation of human experience, it is obvious that a work of art is essentially communicative. It must mean something to someone other than the person who created it—in fact, and more important still, it can mean the same thing or several different things to a number of persons. But meaning it must have.

Not until the second quarter of the twentieth century was the essential communicability of art ever denied. Communication has been common to all the great racial traditions and, once established, can take any variety of expressions. It is unlimited in content or subject matter, free to adopt any style or technique. The one and only quality denied a

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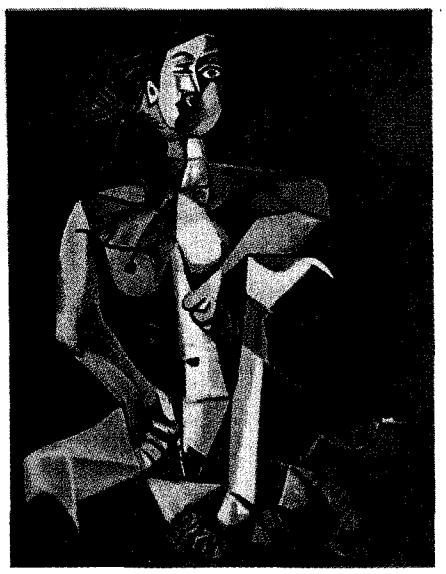
work of art throughout the ages is privacy. Unless participation is allowed the spectator, it becomes a hopeless riddle and ceases to be a work of art at all.

If the artist is obligated to communicate his meaning, the public in return should bear in mind that they are no less obligated to make an effort to understand what the artist is attempting to say to them. The message of art is not necessarily a simple message or an easy one; and it is quite legitimate that a painting or a statue be meaningless to persons at one level of education and yet be clear and explicit to those at another level, who are particularly trained to understand it. The same layman who takes offense at an abstract picture in an exhibition, into which the artist has put years of self-discipline in logical and orderly arrangement of abstract or theoretical ideas, will accept without question the right of a university or a research foundation to publish abstruse mathematical conclusions and equations which, as an untrained person, he can never hope to comprehend. In the sciences, in the social sciences and in the humanities there is a general acceptance of the fact that certain studies are reserved for the higher intellect. Unfortunately, this is not true in the arts.

Odalisque in Grisaille—
Ingres (1780–1867).



Seated Woman—Picasso (1881–).

It is, however, this very appeal to the higher intellect in the early works of such masters as Picasso, Braque, Matisse and Paul Klee which has had such influence on the present generation. For the art of the past fifty years has been more an art of cerebration than one of reflective and constructive thought. Absorption in technical experiment and the influence of psychiatric and physical investigation have engrossed the larger and more experimental minds. Picasso's startling quality of revelation—actually a revaluation of the art of seeing—has come through excessive introspection and cynicism to do a terrible disservice to those younger artists who lack his extraordinary talents and mercurial virtuosity. Whether or not one likes the message these larger talents are communicating, whether one thinks them good or evil, or prophetic of destruction or nihilistic in their purpose, one must nevertheless admit that they do at least communicate a message of importance to the present day.

That this message is more often than not a message of propaganda for some popular and current ideology is, of course, one of the fundamental dangers inherent in the modern movement. But Picasso, even when he is most socially destructive, is free from the charge of producing something meaningless or utterly private in its concept. As the storm center of the contemporary movement, he has become the symbol in the public mind of what is good or bad in modern art. Yet few of the visitors to an exhibition who are not trained in the history of design realize the fundamental significance of his contribution to the thought of our time.

Picasso, at once the giant paradox and the towering genius of our day, captures our imagination by exploiting the manic depression which has carried our generation through two world wars and is hurling us along the road to world revolution. He has caught our suicidal despair and laughed at it hysterically. Only history can determine whether Picasso, like the skeleton at the feast, is the last flowering of a civilization whose collapse amuses him, or whether there is latent in his extraordinary mobility of line and color the prophecy of a new world which is to come.

If Picasso, with his uncommon gifts, has often shown contempt for the dignity of man, one can scarcely expect much more from those lesser luminaries on both sides of the Atlantic who slavishly follow in his footsteps. Much that has become unintelligible to the spectator in contemporary art fails in communication solely because the artist-imitator does not himself comprehend the meanings of forms and techniques he has borrowed from other artists. We are too often confronted, therefore, with second-rate minds mouthing secondhand ideas. The modern movement has become a vast public *monte di pietà*—a pawnshop—in which the pseudo scientists and psychiatrists of Greenwich Village have so often found an outlet for the nonobjective plagiarism of machine design and the diverting, pornographic possibilities of Doctor Freud.

From the ashes of the present-day conflict between Man and Science, bitternesses have been unleashed which had been unknown since the religious wars of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Aesthetic issues are now inextricably confused with social ethics, and whereas the average citizen is obsessed with the necessity of reasserting his responsibility to other individuals, the artist has taken refuge in a symbolic language whose symbolism applies only to his own confined and limited experience.

For some years, reaction against this privacy in the arts has been gaining ground, and already the handwriting of heresy is on the wall. Eight or ten years ago, the Institute of Modern Art in Boston changed its name to the Institute of Contemporary Art because "Modern Art," an innocent phrase, denoting simply the art of our times, came to signify for millions something unintelligible, even meaningless.

To humiliate and patronize the masses with an art which can be deciphered only by an intellectual elite—the fashionably initiated—must inevitably arouse a people's antagonism and their indignation.

While the "wild beasts" of the early years of the twentieth century have estab-

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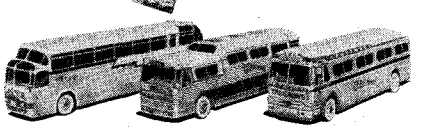

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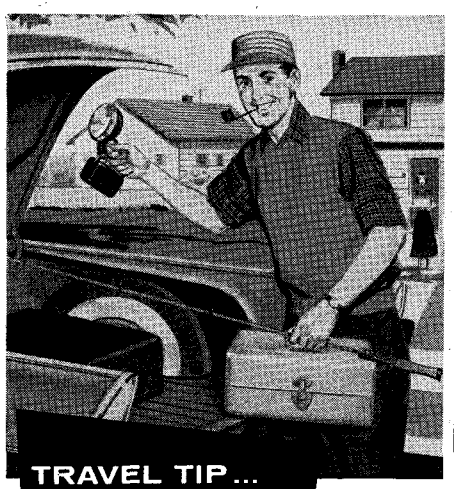

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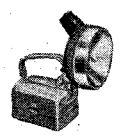

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lished themselves firmly upon classical ground, the conservatives have become the new heretics whom the left-wing critics are busily burning at the stake. The totalitarianism of the National Academy of Design, which dominated the American scene for well over a hundred years, is now so impotent and toothless that its senility borders on the quaint and antiquarian. The Academicians themselves—particularly the younger ones—are searching their own souls and opening windows that long were closed to contemporary ideas and techniques. Since they no longer have a position which in the eyes of the outside world is defensible, they can now afford to experiment with forms and realities which are based upon human experiences and which have withstood the tests of time. They are, moreover, free to accept, without violating any code or *a priori* judgments, whatever forms or notions which it pleases them to adopt. To the degree that their traditional trade union has been humiliated and discredited, as individuals they have at long last recovered the freedom of the brush. Perhaps the bitterest irony today in the world of art is the spectacle of men and women, well past middle age, who more than thirty years ago had fought and won the battle of modern art, defending artistic properties which have become sterile and obsolete. What the new Academy of the Left has yet to realize is that in their fanatic zeal they have not achieved freedom of movement for the modern artist. They have merely substituted the rubber girdle for the whalebone corset.

If the Academy of the Left appears for the moment to have vanquished the field, it would none the less be folly to condemn the many hundreds of its adherents who are seeking an escape from the technocracy and introspection of the world in which we live. That their statements may be obscure is not sufficient reason for suspecting the sincerity of their motives. Too often they are swept off their feet by the fashionable curiosities of their more successful contemporaries. Only the very strong are able to resist.

But it is not necessarily the greatest artists who set the tone of any epoch; they are exploited by their slavish imitators, the pygmies and the Picassini, whose thinking for the most part has been predicated on the education of the Mock Turtle who went to school in the sea. This, it will be recalled, consisted of "Reeling and Writhing to begin with, the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." There were the attendant disciplines, "Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography . . . Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils," but poor Alice never quite mastered the curriculum, for, like the Gryphon, she was too busy learning "Laughing and Grief from the classical master."

Despair appears to be perhaps the most familiar trademark of the contemporary artist—a despair springing not so much from a sense of hopelessness as from his echoing and engulfing loneliness. The adjustment to society and to the life and people about him, which was the very quality which in the past brought the artist into direct and intimate contact with his audience, seems to have slipped away from him, and he is creating in a vacuum. With the essential communication of his work denied him, he automatically falls back upon himself and those aspects of his inner life which, prior to the advent of abnormal psychology, were seldom exposed to view. Yet he cannot be content to mirror his own soul. It must reveal the torment and the particular revolt of the moment to which the artist feels obliged to subscribe. This revolt has ceased, however, to be an indignant protest against the sins of the past and of the present, but has become instead a sort of generator of perpetual motion. Where we once had "art for art's sake," we now have "revolution for revolution's sake"—an equally sterile end in itself.

Too much has already been said about the political overtones of contemporary art. In such intemperate attacks as those made by self-appointed minutemen of one kind or another, the baby is thrown out with the bath. The witch hunt that has harassed our American universities in recent years is unfortunately spreading its net for the creative artists, and the uninformed layman, who is suddenly confronted with an art which he does not understand, is beguiled into reading into it an attack upon his accustomed way of life, when actually the artist, more often than not, is merely voicing in different terms the anxiety for daily existence and the immediate future which they share.

Individualism—the type of fearless, rugged individualism which despite its many faults created the capitalist world in which we live—alone can give the artist the confidence which he must have to express his inner thoughts and feelings. And it is neither necessary nor wise for him to align himself with partisan convictions or political ideologies. Academies and societies which veer to the left or to the right, far from being the guardians of an immortal tradition, are merely the tools of pressure groups whose greatest fear is fear itself.

The artists, who too often suffer from an exaggerated sense of timeliness, are really no different from the world in which they live. They are usually persons of limited experience in world affairs. Politically, economically and socially they are children—visionaries with about as much practical sense as you will find among any group of cloistered individuals, whether they be members of religious orders or nuclear physicists working in restricted laboratories. What they really need is a little old-fashioned Dutch courage to face the future and the encouragement made possible only by the sympathetic understanding of the lay public. Look on the artists, if you must, as particularly gifted children, but not as political monsters. They are far too naïve and disorganized to harm anybody but themselves.

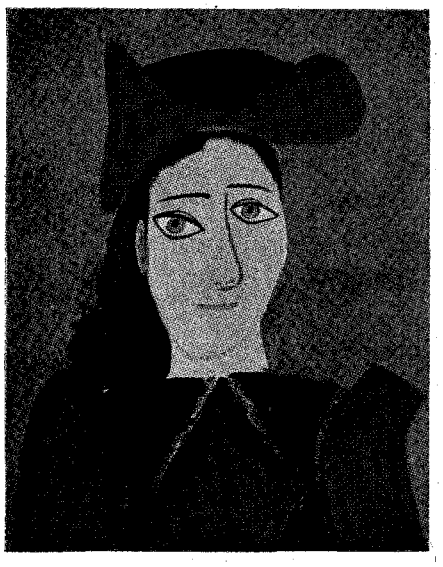
There are those who may wonder where individualism will end and authority begin. Authority will inevitably lie within the work of art itself, in its "internal order."

Just what the nature of this internal authority should be is a question that has occupied the waking hours of many thoughtful artists and connoisseurs. Wilenski, the English critic, has declared that "to be an original enlargement of an artist's experience a work of art must be called forth by the service of religion or some consciously held idea of art." What then is this consciously held idea? To regain a creative consciousness both in the artist and in the spectator. He accepts religious art without comment as votive and therefore originally conceived; it is the product of a common emotional experience. Nonreligious art, however, must be dominated by a principle—a knowledge held jointly by the creator and the spectator. Call it structure, composition, what you will. It is the fundamental discipline underlying the creative process—a process which is instinctive and universal, something shared with the biological world in its innate order, balance, symmetry.

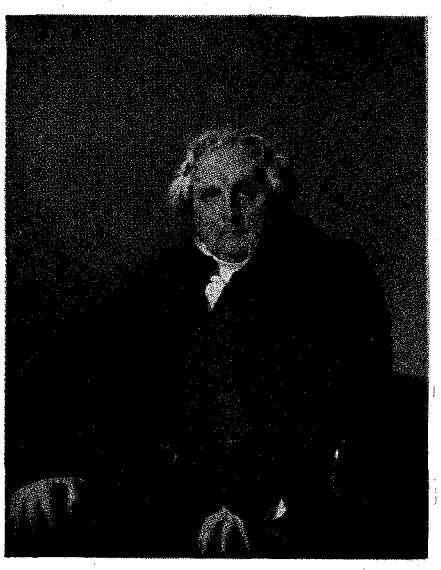
Perhaps the artist's unique gift is to see beyond the narrow reality of the moment into the breadth of eternity. This is superbly expressed in the words of the Chinese philosopher Li Po, who wrote and painted at the court of the Emperor Ming Huang in the eighth century:

I would not paint a face, a rock nor brooks nor trees,
Mere semblances of things, but something more than these.
I would not play a tune upon the sheng or lute,
Something that did not sing meanings that else were mute.
That art is best which to the soul's range gives no bound,
Something besides the form, something beyond the sound.

Progress and catastrophe. The answer lies in our hearts rather than in our intellects. Standing on the threshold of a new and infinitely more productive world from which national and international suicide is separated by only the thinnest and most fragile membrane, we who have derived so much from our inherited civilization are obligated to give it another chance. The artist, then, if he chooses to retain his stature as prophet, must reassert his belief in man.



Portrait of D.M.—Picasso (1881–).



Emile Bertin—Ingres (1780–1867).

Revelation of the universe is not to be had merely for the asking. It requires humility and faith—faith in man and some acceptance of a divine order more considerable than the petty emotional experiences of man himself. To create, a man must give himself; and if he gives himself, he must believe. Then and only then will his work shine with the contentment of the archaic smile. THE END

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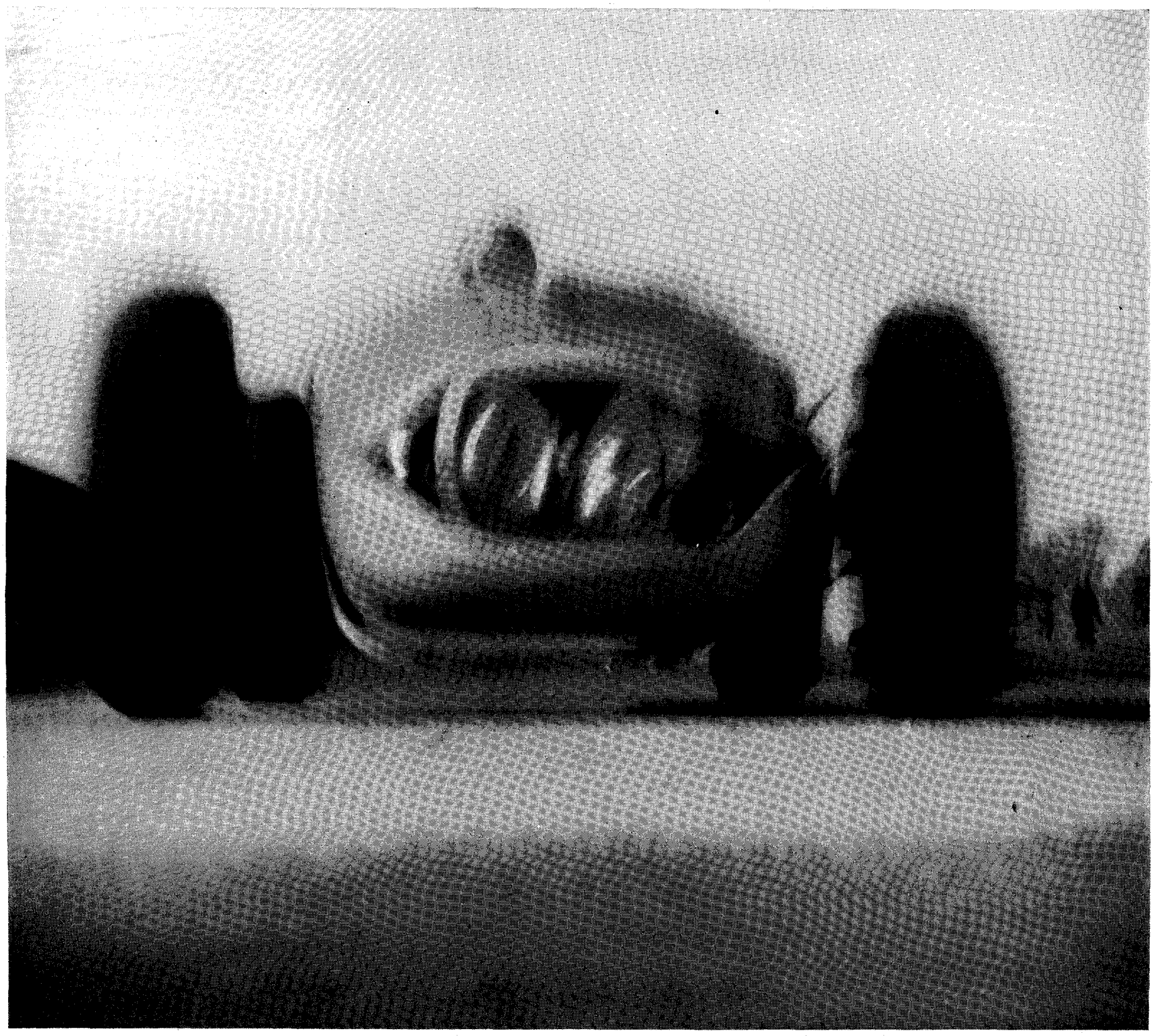

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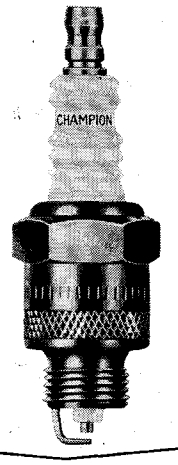

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My Daughter's an Arab (Continued from Page 40)

that mingle in those strange new towns. In many respects, their life and surroundings are very American; yet their camps include citizens of more than a dozen countries, set down in a fantastically foreign land. Only occasionally do the mixed civilizations come into open conflict. One amusing instance occurred during one of King Saud's visits to the foreign camp at Dhahran, when relations deteriorated to a gun-point level.

Two young Americans, overexposed to Western movies and comics, conceived a daring stick-up. Donning their cowboy regalia and strapping on their six-guns, they walked boldly up to the Executive House, where the king was staying. They drew their toy shooting irons, marched past the bemused Arab military guard, past the lethal hardware of the strapping, brilliantly costumed royal bodyguards, through the inner screen of servants, officers and grizzled emirs, straight to the king himself, and ordered the towering monarch of Arabia to reach for the sky.

When a flying squad of Aramco relations experts reached the scene somewhat later, they found the desperadoes to have been felled—not by hot lead but by vast quantities of pop, candy and cookies paid over as ransom by the king. The two bandits were hauled back to their shaken parents. They appeared again before Arabia's ruler, in more peaceable garb, on the following day, at one of the special receptions for American children which he always holds during such visits.

Arabia's oil-field offspring are a small, unusually concentrated group among the many thousands of American children who are growing up in foreign countries. An exact count of our young citizens domiciled abroad is almost impossible to come by, owing to the habit Americans have of moving around all over the world without bothering to notify Uncle Sam.

The children of men and women working for the Government or in the military services probably account for less than half of the young Americans scattered around the world. The rest are the progeny of a multitude of American citizens who are working, studying, exploring or loafing on foreign shores. These people are to be found on every inhabited continent, and with them are their children, an army of small fry venturing across the earth, their arms perforated by vaccinations, their bags laden with washable clothing, plastic toys and comic books, doing their best to feel at home in every nation of the free world—and possibly some Iron Curtain ones as well.

In some places our export youngsters are concentrated in city-size groups, as at military bases and in permanent industrial communities like Vicki's oil-camp home town. Wheelus Air Force Base, near Tripoli, at the edge of the Libyan Sahara, recently boasted a population of over 10,000 American men, women and children. Other military posts are even larger. Among civilian establishments, Aramco's 6500 American residents in the Arabian oil fields probably form the largest community of United States citizens abroad.

But such concentrations are far from typical. Equally common are such lonely cases as that of Miss Nancy Galbraith, whom Vicki met in Iskenderun, Turkey, during a rugged road trip in 1955. Nancy's family took us in, with instant generosity, when we broke down in that out-of-the-way Levantine port; Frank Galbraith, a highway engineer, was stationed there while helping to build Turkey's new road system. Eight-year-old Nancy was then the only American child within a hundred miles of the Eastern Mediterranean town that had been her home for nearly three years. She was eagerly awaiting the return of a British boy who normally formed the other half of the younger set in Iskenderun's seven-person foreign colony.

Some of our youthful expatriates stay abroad for a year or two, some for decades, a few for lifetimes. Many become seasoned world travelers before they are out of diapers. Our Vicki had flown halfway across the world and back, chortling happily in her plastic carrying bag, before she was six months old. Today, just five and a half, she has already traveled well over 100,000 miles. She has crossed the United States twice in a car, four times by plane; she is a transatlantic short snorter seven times over. Her passport bears the entry stamps of twenty-five foreign countries.

When still less than three years old, Vicki accompanied us on a 5000-mile overland trip with car and trailer from London to Dhahran, across the Alps, the Balkans and the Middle East, with a five-day last lap across the Syrian and Arabian deserts. She took that jaunt, like all her travels, with calm enjoyment, making friends instantly in a dozen quarrelsome countries—and proving to us that a wide-eyed blond moppet is an unbeatable asset in smoothing border crossings, customs examinations and dealings with foreign cops.

The ease with which the very young adapt to exotic and even fearsome surroundings is often surprising to native Americans. Vicki's Arabian homeland, for instance, seems wildly foreign and dismaying to new arrivals from the States. Seen from an approaching airplane, its four main camps, strung at forty-five-mile intervals between sea and dune, look appallingly small and lonely. Around their constricted huddles of houses and workshops lies a bleak and endless wasteland.

My wife and I, born respectively to the forested scenery of Oregon and the skyscrapers of New York, never quite managed to feel at home in that desolate landscape. To Vicki, however, it was home, completely natural and utterly delightful. Arabia was her world, and her oyster.

She flourished in heat that seemed crushing to her elders, reveled in the stinging hot wind that drove us nearly out of our minds. The desert that lay on every side, to us an empty and oppressive place despite its occasional awesome beauty, was to Vicki a grand playland—the world's biggest and best sand pile. She scampered ecstatically over its treacherous salt flats, slid down its soft dunes, splashed in the phosphorescent waters that lapped its shores, ran whooping through its sandstorms. No fences, no traffic, no people to complain of her racket—this was paradise indeed.

Camels and gazelles, donkeys and lean saluki dogs were to her the most normal of animals. The dark tents, brush huts and walled oasis towns of the Arabs were as familiar to her as the prefabricated ranch homes of the oil camp. If anything, she liked their people better. Arabs dote on children, whether their own or those of foreign infidels, and spoil them shamelessly. In market place or desert encampment, our flaxen-haired moppet was queen of the roost. She tugged with impunity at the beards of battle-scarred Bedouins, jerked the rope circlets of the head cloths askew over braided tribal hairdos. Unhampered by barriers of language or custom, she and her Arab friends laughed and romped, exchanged

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grubby treasures and balls of sticky sweets that brought helpless shudders from her mother.

There was only one group among the Arabs to whom Vicki did not respond with enthusiasm. She shied away instinctively from the black-cloaked, hideously masked Saudi women we saw on the rare occasions when they appeared in public.

For that reason, I see little chance of Vicki's taking up her option on citizenship in a country where women are heavily veiled, have no legal rights and are officially denied education. In one or two cases, American women seem to have adjusted to a life of perpetual seclusion after marrying Arab husbands. But Vicki already has a highly developed sense of the rights of womanhood, and I can't imagine her fitting into a society in which she could never meet even her husband's most intimate friends and might have to share her household with three other wives. So far, she is only dimly aware of this fatal flaw in the social system of her native land.

In her early Arabian oil-camp life, Vicki had in some ways the best of both worlds. The "senior staff" camp at Dhahran, Aramco's headquarters, is completely American in plan and design—a garish anomaly in its eastern setting. Vicki lived in an American duplex, furnished in American style, fitted with American appliances, air-conditioned the year round. She wore American clothes, played with American toys and ate foods of American types bought at Aramco's "family issue" store—which proved to be a small replica of an American supermarket.

The life led by Dhahran's children is almost aggressively American. There are neighborhood playgrounds, swimming pools, soda fountains, bowling alleys and a movie theater complete with popcorn machine. The Arabian oil camps maintain one of the liveliest branches anywhere of baseball's Little League. There are active, handsomely uniformed units of Cub and Boy Scouts, Brownies and Girl Scouts. Aramco operates a complete school system running through the ninth grade, with buildings, staff and curricula tailored to United States standards. Its three main schools, at Dhahran and subsidiary camps, have a total enrollment of 1049, a teaching staff of sixty-six. Like the youth of any Stateside town, Arabia's American youngsters drink oceans of pop, chew acres of gum, shirk their homework and follow strictly American patterns in dress, slang, behavior and even misbehavior.

There are, of course, exotic elements, even in camp. Vicki's next-door playmates were a husky boy from up-state New York and the shy children of a Palestinian doctor. Across the block lived several dignified young Hollanders, a Sudanese girl, an Italian wife. A favored caller was a rodent-control expert, a citizen of Pakistan, known to her as Mr. Mouse-Rat. Vicki's greatest hero was our handsome Indian houseboy, John, whose footsteps she dogged constantly and with whom she formed such a buddyship that for a while she called him Daddy.

Holidays are foreign too. Christmas comes to Arabia much as it does to the States, although all the Christmas trees are artificial, and the Nativity pageant staged by the children is notable chiefly for the real camels on which the schoolboy Wise Men enter, from a real desert. But other holidays are the Muslim 'Ids, religious holidays. These are confusing, since they come at an earlier season each year, due to the Arab use of a lunar calendar, which averages twenty-nine and one-half days to the month and thus creeps up on ours at the rate of one extra year for every thirty-two and one-half western years. Time is baffling too—the Arabs set their watches to twelve every day at sundown—and the sabbath is observed on Friday. Sunday, in Arabia, is just another schoolday.

Although they themselves may not think so, most of Aramco's kids are lucky in the matter of schools. For children in more isolated places, like Nancy Galbraith in Iskenderun, education becomes

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a real problem. Nancy goes to school by mail. Her mother sends to the United States for books and printed lessons that eventually add up to an elementary-school education—but without the comradely fun of one. Completed lessons are returned across 7000 miles for grading. Nancy takes her exams either during her biennial home leaves ("What a vacation *that* is!") or by journeying to one of the many American schools and colleges abroad.

At the five pumping stations strung along the Trans-Arabian Pipeline—Tapline—which carries Aramco oil 1068 miles across empty desert to the Mediterranean, a co-operative system is used to teach the half-dozen American kids at each station. Mothers alternate as schoolmarms, or split the duty by subjects. Exams are given periodically by circuit-riding teachers from Aramco's bigger camps. At Badana, halfway across the naked plateau, the men on the station have built a little red schoolhouse, complete with belfry, for their children's studies.

The lack of schools at isolated outposts often means that the kids must be sent away, often over vast distances, for formal education. They go to public schools in the States if the parents have relatives there to care for them; otherwise to boarding schools in America or Europe. Aramco students, too, must go elsewhere for further schooling after the ninth grade. Those who can be squeezed in go to the American Community School in Beirut, a mere 1000 miles away. A few go east to British-founded institutions in the hill stations of India, while many more are placed in the numerous European schools, particularly in Switzerland, which have long catered to American and other foreign students. Air transport is usually provided by Aramco. Even those who go to the United States can return to Arabia at company expense to spend their summer vacations with their parents.

Going away to school often involves a considerable wrench. Separation from parents can perhaps be taken in stride, but pets are another matter for young people who may for years have had no closer playmates than a stray cat or a mongrel dog picked up at some remote post—and often, perforce, abandoned on the next move. We knew one young boy in Arabia who got so fed up with leaving pets behind that when his father offered to take him on a one-week field trip he packed every essential in his suitcase, including the family cat. That family, like ours, will not consider any move that doesn't include all members of the family, of whatever species.

Vicki, too, had a cat in Arabia—a true son of the Mysterious East inexplicably named Weehawken, which just as inexplicably changed color one day from coal black to a distinguished iron gray. Weehawken, unfortunately, met an untimely end, so there was no need to pack him when we left. In England we replaced him with a black, very bouncy Labrador pup named Rufus de Beauregard. When we finally returned to America, Rufus was the only member of the family that traveled first class. He crossed the Atlantic in luxury aboard the Queen Mary and flew on to the West Coast by de luxe airliner, while the rest of us followed in third class. His fare was a strain on our budget, but to leave him behind was unthinkable.

... ...

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me.
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Betty Jane Balch

... ...

In 1956, when Vicki was three and a half, she was jerked out of her native country. Within twenty-four hours, without visible strain, she exchanged her sun-baked desert for the lush, wet green of England and her first snow and ice. From playsuits and sandals she changed into woolen kilts and sweaters, duffel coat and Wellingtons—British for rubber boots.

Her once inseparable sand bucket was abandoned in favor of a school satchel, in which she carried nothing of use, but which she insisted on having because all the older girls had them at her first school, an excellent institution we found in a nearby village.

Our move to England saved Vicki from most of the language tangles faced by many kids raised abroad. She left Arabia before she was old enough to pick up more than a few Arabic words. In England she acquired a few oddities like "Coo!" and "Blimey!" and an erratic use of *h*'s and broad *a*'s; but these are easily cured quirks as compared with the problems of young Americans who grow up speaking Greek or Pashto as their natural tongues and use English only for formal wear. I have met several American kids who speak one or more foreign languages better than they do English, and at least one who gets along very well in three languages—none of them his own.

This linguistic headache usually results from constant association with the amahs, ayahs and nannies who do most of the child raising in other countries. From the same source, children often acquire whole sets of habits and manners that require strenuous unlearning on return to the United States—from the habitual use of chopsticks to a taste for short pants. Vicki has only a mild case of foreignisms, being young and directly raised by her mother, but even she has picked up a few strange ways. Her table manner is a confused combination of American practice and the European, or two-fisted bulk-loading, system. She not only clings to her own method but objects to her parents' manners, and other Americans dining at our table may be subjected to questions like, "Why don't you eat your tomahtoes prawperly?"

The youngsters who've picked up foreign ways and ideas sometimes undergo a convulsive readjustment on their return to the United States. It is partly for that reason that we have brought Vicki home at an early age. If left until the teens, that readjustment can be a rough process, as I know from my own experience. My parents took me at age seven to spend five formative years in Europe. My first school was a French *École Normale*—which seemed about as *normale* to me as a reformatory. Having no language in common, the teacher and I had to communicate by sign language.

My early education also included a dancing school in an Austrian ex-palace, a vegetarian institution in Switzerland, and long periods of heel kicking in *pension* rooms. After that introduction to learning, the public schools of California could come only as a relief. Nevertheless, I found that being dumped into American scholastic circles for the first time when I was thirteen involved getting a lot of rough edges knocked off me and growing a thicker hide over unsuspected soft spots in my make-up. Home-grown kids spread this process over several years of schooling, but I had to go through it all at once. Given an earlier start, Vicki will, I hope, have a smoother introduction to American childhood.

Despite such difficulties, I certainly don't regret my overseas upbringing, nor do I think Vicki will be sorry for hers. If anything, I expect her to be a better citizen for it. There's nothing like a close look at backward and oppressed peoples to bring home the true values of our own constitutional freedoms, standard of living and free educational system. Our children can learn much abroad about the basic qualities of human nature, and not all of it is discouraging. It is depressing to see how easily people in the mass can be made to hate; but it becomes equally obvious in personal contacts that the yearning for peace and the instinct to help a stranger are common to all mankind.

I could never have survived seventeen years of travel on five alien continents without the ready, repeated and unrewarded help of people of every color and many nationalities—including many whose nations were not, officially, too well disposed toward my own. Vicki, too, has known the eager friendship and kindness of strange people in a score of countries—people who rescued her when cars had broken down in the desert, carried her across busy streets or flooded rivers, laughed and played with her, fed her goodies, comforted her when she cried, spent endless hours making her feel a welcome part of humanity. The memory of those anonymous foreign friends will stay with her for a lifetime.

Despite the Arabian Nights appeal of her Saudi birthright, I have little doubt that Vicki will choose to remain an American citizen, or that she will make a good one. But I know, too, that she will grow up with world-sized interests, and that her Arabic birth and extensive travels, past and future, will give her not only colorful memories but personal qualities, and perhaps abilities, that can be of use to her country. Her global perspective and inbred understanding, when multiplied by the thousands of her generation who are being reared abroad, may yet help to achieve a world in which H-bombs and intercontinental missiles will remain unused.

In our search for a mature new approach to world problems, our young cosmopolites can contribute a comprehensive knowledge of other countries and an understanding of the problems and motives of other peoples that could be acquired in no other way. Their experience is invaluable to us, whether applied in government service or simply in discussion and the voting booth. They will bring a new breadth to the American view of the rest of the world.

Perhaps, too, they will bring a new grace and ability to our wearing of the mantle of world leadership, which still at times rests a little uneasily on American shoulders.

The Sharpshooter's Daughter (Continued from Page 30)

Shadrach closed his eyes and held his head. "Consider, Sam," he said hollowly, "the eternal ruination to my personal prospects if it comes to the major general's attention that a one-legged man and his slip of a daughter thrice panicked troops under my command from the field, and not a cavalryman of them even scratched. And come to the corps commander's attention it will, Sam, when he arrives to inspect my district two weeks from Tuesday, and sights the unfurled flag of MacBurra. However," he went on, "if the republic of MacBurra is discreetly returned to the Union before the major general makes his inspection tour, I can deny the miserable affair as an outrageous rumor. Which is why, Sam, by sunrise you will be well up the road to MacBurra. And within the next ten days you will coax, bribe or threaten down that rebellious banner, and fetch it back to me for a secret burning."

Sam glared at the general in slack-jawed silence. "That girl," he said finally, "is she married or ugly?"

"Rumors say otherwise," said Shadrach. "She's nineteen, unwed and uncommonly comely."

"You have purely woke up the wrong man this morning," blazed Sam. "For you well know I don't have any truck with pretty-faced, wiling-age females."

Shadrach leered, with the wide, white venom of a cotton-mouth moccasin. "You'll go," he said, "and you'll accomplish your mission. Otherwise, I am prepared to file insubordination charges against you for every word of your wartime back talk, and if that court-martial doesn't earn you five years at hard labor, I'll prefer additional charges for all your postwar sass."

"That," stormed Sam, "is the orneriest piece of cussedness ever there was, for there's not a single insubordinate splinter to my bones! You, Shadrach, are a rascally, black-hearted, ragged-souled polecat!"

Shadrach nodded. "And you, Sam, are fox-wily, steel-stubborn, and can't afford to fail. And that makes you the pick of my command for snatching my career from the jaws of ignominy and saving your country from international humiliation and diplomatic disaster. All told, the two MacBurras have demoralized seventeen different invading parties—Union, Confederate, Home Guard and bushwhackers—and have yet to draw their first blood. And if this black blot on our national military reputation should become public knowledge during our present diplomatic negotiations with Napoleon the Third of France, it might well embolden the emperor to risk war with us. And that, Sam, is why your mission is to parley down the flag of MacBurra as quietly as a cotton-shod mouse."

"But what if Mr. MacBurra doesn't notion to parley?" hollered Sam. "What if he catapults his rocks at me and the first blood he draws is mine?"

"I would avenge you, of course," said Shadrach. "And if you fail me and live, boy; if I am obliged to take personal command of the MacBurran campaign and risk the certain publicity of a large troop movement, I will drag you back here in chains and watch you go gray in the guardhouse." (*Continued on Page 122*)

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(*Continued from Page 120*) Sam sighed. "When I fetch back that flag, will you give me my discharge smack on the spot, and throw in your bay stallion and silver-studded saddle?"

"Done," groaned Shadrach.

"I reckon I'll go, then," said Sam.

Packing a week's rations, Sam rode out of Hamiltonville before sunrise, and posted into Beegum Crossroads in Calhoun County one day, forty-odd miles and two thousand feet of altitude later. On a mountaintop north of Beegum, the black-and-yellow banner of MacBurra lapped at the wind. Sam studied the summit through his field glasses, tied his mare to the Beegum courthouse hitching post, and looked up Forney Witherow, mayor of the two hundred and thirty-three adult citizens of Beegum. He found Forney in the storeroom of his cobwebby, nearly stock-bare general store. The bald and portly mayor was sorting out a pile of gaudy uniforms—the red jackets, purple pants and yellow fezzes of the Beegum Valley Zouaves, who'd fought from Mechanicsville to Appomattox for General Lee. Forney scowled at Sam, shifted his cud of tobacco and waved Sam to a rickety log bench.

"Beegum boys didn't wear these uniforms ary a time," said Forney, fingering a fez. "They left out for training camp afore the womenfolk finished sewing on them, and after a bit they sent back word that them all-colored uniforms made prime targets for Yank sharpshooters, and fought the war in their grays. Did you ever hear tell of such a scandalous waste of good cloth, Yank?"

Sam grinned and nodded.

"Mortal waste," growled Forney. . . . "Well, what's your business in Beegum, Yank? Another thrashing from old Angus MacBurra?"

"Is the man frothing-crazy or just addleheaded?" said Sam.

"Angus is a mite touched from mourning, I reckon," said Forney. "His country going to war against herself like to broke his heart in the first place. Then his only son, Dougal, joined the Yanks and died at Shiloh, and his daughter, Laurel, was newly betrothed to Reuben Holloman, who fell for Lee at Malvern Hill. And that was when Angus declared his farm aloose from everybody that saw right and reason to the dying of Reuben and Dougal, and took to catapulting the skedaddles into all that dast to climb his trail. But if somebody don't soon figure a means of making Angus sociable again, it'll mighty near be the death of Calhoun County."

"How so?" said Sam.

"We're bled plumb white," said Forney bleakly. "'Less we can somehow get the loan of some of Angus's seed corn and stock and plow mules, folks hereabouts will go spindle-ribbed hungry next winter."

Sam pushed up from the bench. "Well, Mr. Mayor, parleying some sociability into the MacBurras is what I'm here for. How far is it up yonder?"

"A winding two miles, as the rock rolls," said Forney, "but you'll be aboltting down again inside of the first mile."

Sam said his thanks to the mayor and set off up the trail. Suddenly, at the fifth turn, a hail of rocks crashed to earth twenty yards ahead and bounded swiftly toward him. A quarter of a mile higher, a second bombardment battered the trail. He danced the mare past the ranks of rolling rocks and moved slowly upward. Finally he rounded a blind bend and sighted the bastions of MacBurra ahead.

A towering wall of stone sealed the trail's-end gap. Dividing the wall in the center was a stockade gate of long, pointed logs, and to the right of the gate a portholed granite watchtower rose up from the wall. Above the watchtower the yellow banner of MacBurra flattened against the wind, showing a coiled rattlesnake over a black-lettered "Don't Tread on Me" warning. Sam squinted up at the flag and trotted forward. Suddenly, lead spat from the watchtower, whipped Sam's hat from his head and skipped it, bullet-chased, to a gnarled oak at the bend in the trail.

"That gnarly oak marks the bound'ry of MacBurra!" wafted a velvet voice from the watchtower. "And you'd do mighty well to follow your hat back to your own border and keep agoing!"

"A soldier's hat is a big hunk of his pride!" roared Sam and retrieved his hat. "Mocking one thataway is a terrible dangerous thing!"

"Do tell," said Laurel MacBurra, stepping out of the watchtower and onto the wall parapet. "Well, if you're not gone afore my pa gets up here from the catapults, you'll strike something a heap dangerouser."

Sam's scowl melted away. Laurel MacBurra, even in her dress of drab, homespun gray, was prettier than moonbeams dancing on diamonds.

"Captain Sam Buckbee," he growled, forcing his gaze to her smoking revolver. "Here on Government business with Mr. Angus MacBurra. And I'll do the balance of my talking to him."

Laurel shrugged. "Likely he'll squash you," she said, glancing over her shoulder. "And yonder he comes."

Suddenly Angus MacBurra puffed into view. "How come you left him get jawing-close, Laurel?" he bellowed. "I told you to hold him yon of the gnarly oak 'til I got up here to bust his head."

"My lead didn't stop him a speck better'n your rocks did," said Laurel. "This one doesn't scare worth a shuckens."

Angus cocked his musket. "You're violating a mighty mean piece of neutrality, boy," he said flatly. "'Less you want buried in the free and independent soil of MacBurra, you'd best light out down the mountain straightaway."

"But you're fresh out of cause for neutrality, Mr. MacBurra," said Sam. "War ended three months ago."

"Glory be!" said Laurel softly.

"Amen!" said Angus.

"And that being the case," Sam went on, "you can just pitch me down that peculiar flag you're flying, and I'll bid you welcome back to the Union and be on my way."

Angus scowled. "Up yonder she flies, boy, and up yonder she'll stay. My granddaddy fought under that flag in the fore part of the Revolutionary War. Maybe, when I'm certain sure you Yanks and Rebs are minding the Constitution good and proper, I might notion to haul her down. But then again, I mightn't."

"We might as well declare ourselves in a full state of war, then," said Sam. "For I'm bound to root here 'til I've bagged that banner."

Suddenly Angus lowered the musket and scratched his beard. "Well," he said finally, "a professional piece of sieging might sharpen up our defenses, at that. Siege away, boy, if you're of a mind to. But see you keep yourself yon of that gnarly oak, or we'll have you to bury."

Sam moved back to the gnarled oak and spent the rest of the day throwing up shoulder-high breastworks along the MacBurran border. At sundown, with his line stretching the full ledge-to-ledge width of the trail, he gulped down his supper hardtack and pondered his tactics. An hour after moonrise Laurel called softly to him from the wall of MacBurra. Cautiously he climbed over his works and moved to the shadow of the watchtower.

"You go away and leave us be, Captain Buckbee," Laurel whispered. "I want you gone from here afore pa gets back from the house. Nigh to twenty years ago pa fought the Mexican War for his country, and lost a leg for her too. And three years ago you Yanks and Rebs lost him his son. I figure pa's earned the right to live on his own land without you or anybody else apestering him. Please, captain, won't you git?"

"When that flag's in my saddlebags, I'll go gladly, ma'am," growled Sam. "And I warn you that you're purely wasting your wiles on me, for I am one man who's full acquainted with the spidery ways of women."

Laurel's eyes widened with shock, then flashed with anger. "And I am one woman, Captain Buckbee, that can't see a thing in you worth the wiling."

"How come you're wiling at me right this minute, then?" said Sam. "How come you're standing there all sparkly-eyed and halo-haired and prettier'n a golden wheatfield in an Iowa moonglow?"

"I am not!" blazed Laurel.

"You are so!" shouted Sam.

"Well, you just take your poor, persecuted eyeballs and git!" snapped Laurel.

"I sure consarned aim to!" said Sam. "And don't you go pssst-psssting at me any more, either, for it makes for mighty shameful sieging!"

Sam moved back to his breastworks and dozed fitfully throughout the chill mountain night. Before dawn he rolled out of his blankets to reconnoiter every granite inch of the boundaries of MacBurra, and by dusk he knew the awesome strength of the enemy's defensive position. Except for the wall-sealed gap, there was no break in the cordon of unscalable cliffs that girdled the MacBurra farm.

At midnight he launched a surprise assault on the gate of MacBurra, but Angus turned him back with one blast of buckshot and the promise of more. And on the following night, in the misty blackness just before dawn, Sam advanced halfway up the gate before Laurel poured a jug of molasses over his head, then severed his scaling rope.

On the fourth day of the siege of MacBurra, Sam changed his strategy. At dawn he tossed half of his coffee ration up to the wall of MacBurra; and at sundown, when he trudged wearily back to his works after a fruitless afternoon of fresh-meat foraging, he found a spit of beef sizzling over his campfire and a fat custard pie on his knapsack.

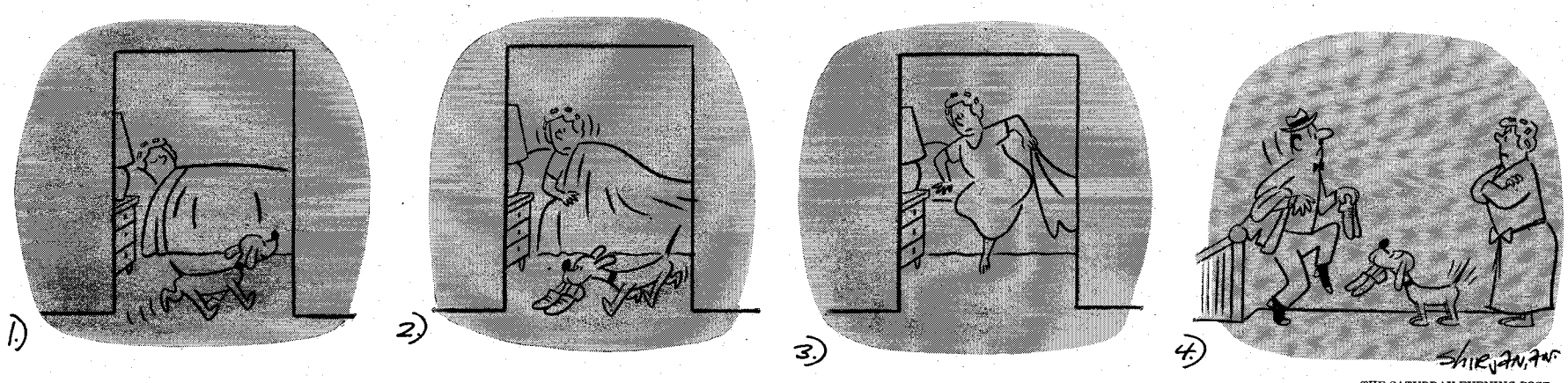
The next three days of the MacBurran campaign developed into a sieging shambles. Every morning and evening the MacBurras lowered Sam a basketful of oven-warm food. And when Angus mentioned his powerful hunger for wild-turkey stew, Sam borrowed Angus' shotgun and bagged the MacBurras a gobbler. From dawn to midnight Sam tried to talk open the gates of MacBurra, sometimes with Angus and Laurel together, and sometimes with each alone. On both fronts the talk grew ever-warmer, moving from things lip-shallow to matters heart-deep.

By the seventh day Angus was halfway coaxed back into the union, until Sam happened to mention that Emperor Napoleon III of France had invaded Mexico while the Union and Confederacy were too busy fighting each other to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. The French had conquered Mexico just before the Yanks and Rebs clashed at Gettysburg, and imported Maximilian of Austria to be emperor of all the Mexicans. And Maximilian still reigned south of the border, with Napoleon's regiments there to keep the Mexicans under the conqueror's boot.

"French troops in Mexico?" bellowed Angus. "Foreigners defying the bejabbers out of the Monroe Doctrine and getting by with it? Well, that purely peels and salts it, Sam. Never again will I share citizenship with you fools and fratriciders that battled each other whilst foreigners chomped their fill of American soil."

"We couldn't handily fight more'n one war at a time, Angus," protested Sam.

"You-all ought to be skedaddling the French home right this minute!" roared Angus. "If I had one more leg and twenty less years, I'd be down yonder atossing those jaspers into the Gulf by the fistfuls." (*Continued on Page 124*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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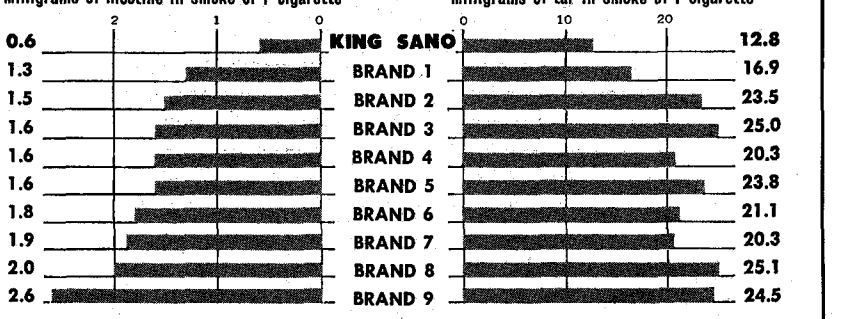

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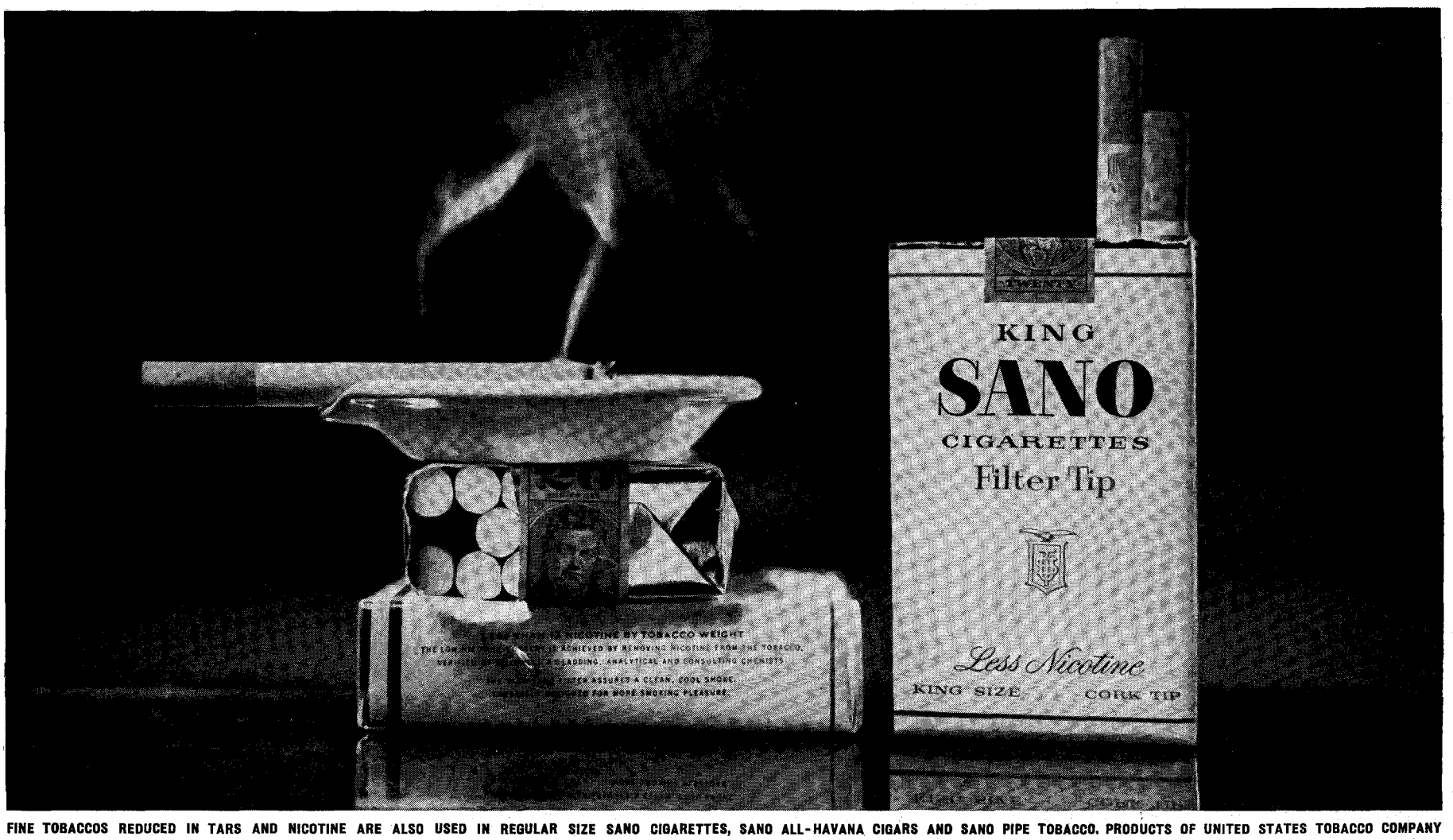

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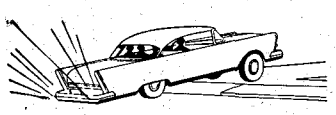

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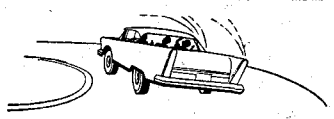

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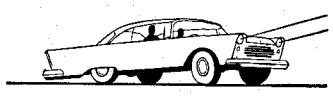

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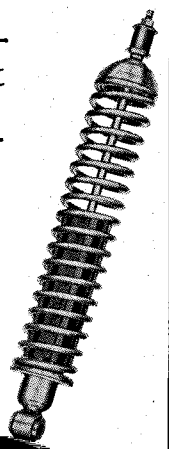

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(*Continued from Page 122*) Angus stormed inside the watchtower and didn't speak to Sam for the rest of the day. At sundown, after Sam waited eight crawling hours for the sight of Laurel, she came.

"That Reuben Holloman you were betrothed to," Sam blurted out, as Laurel lowered him his supper basket, "do you figure him to be your only love, ever?"

Laurel drew a sharp breath and froze the basket in mid-air. "I vowed so when first Reuben died," she said haltingly, "for I swore I'd never risk such pain again. But here lately, after three springs have greened over his grave, seems I can think on him with a silvery softness. Well loved and well remembered our dead will ever be, but if my heart leads me toward another love, I'm not ascairt to follow it. But from what I know of you, Sam Buckbee, I doubt you can say the same."

Sam flushed gobbler-comb red and bolted back to his breastworks without his supper. Laurel had wiled him well, he knew, with a golden gossamer web that tugged hard at his ironclad heart. Only a constant recollection of the pain and shame of his two former loves kept the soft warmth he felt for Laurel out of his voice.

On the eighth morning of the siege of MacBurra, with the general's deadline only two days away, Sam prepared to send word to Hamiltonville, asking for more time.

"If it's all the same to you, Angus," Sam shouted to the watchtower, "I'll ride down to Beegum this morning! But I'll be back after a bit!"

Angus hobbled, scowling, to the parapet, then nodded. "You can fetch me and Laurel a poke of licorice candy," he said. "But mind you come back alone, or I'll have me some catapulting practice. And I can scan every inch of Beegum Valley from my east porthole, so don't figure on any surprise shenanigans."

Sam posted down to Beegum and stopped at Mayor Forney Witherow's store. Forney stared gape-jawed at Sam; then leaned over the counter and pinched Sam's arm.

"Well, I'm middlin' glad you're not a haunt, Yank," said Forney bleakly, "but you might as well be. A bluecoat major rode up here from Hamiltonville a few days back, asking after you. I told him we hadn't seen hide nor hair of you in quite a spell, and figured Angus' rocks had bashed you into buzzard pickings. And your general is on the march toward Beegum right now, with artillery enough to level every hump of the Blue Ridge."

Sam swore. "Whereabouts are they now?"

"They bivouacked south of Hamhock Ford last night," said Forney. "It'll likely take them a full day and a half to ford the river and pull them guns and caissons up the mountains, so we calculate they'll hit Beegum by midmorn tomorrow at the latest. Bad as we need Angus' stock and seed, it sorrows me worse to think of Angus and Laurel in smithereens."

Sam lathered his mare back up the MacBurra trail and shouted Angus and Laurel out of the watchtower.

"Leave the scoundrels come!" roared Angus, when Sam told him that only an immediate surrender of his flag would save MacBurra from an artillery attack. "Me and my catapults will match your general, bombardment for bombardment. And this time I'll aim for killing instead of scaring."

And Angus disappeared down the watchtower steps to add more rocks to his ammunition pile.

"You-all have done it now, Sam," Laurel said, pale and quavering. "You've riled pa 'til there's bound to be a bloodletting."

Sam nodded sorrowfully. "Angus may be fool enough to take a shelling, but I want you to ready yourself for evacuation to Beegum."

Laurel shook her head and tightened her lips. "Pa'll have need of me here. And here I'll stay."

"Please, Laurel," Sam pleaded. "Please leave this place. If any kind of hurt was to come to you, I don't reckon I could stand it."

Sam gazed up at Laurel, and Laurel gazed down at Sam, and a silent, shimmering magic passed between them.

"Why, Sam?" Laurel asked softly.

Sam turned away, fighting down the words of love that leaped to his throat. "Because it's an officer's duty to seek after the safety of women and children, be they friend or enemy," he said coldly.

The hope sparkles whisked from Laurel's eyes and left them dulled with pain. "Do I understand you rightly, Sam?" she said slowly. "Pa and me mean no more to you than your officer's duty?"

Sam nodded the lie and moved stiffly to his breastworks. For long, desperate hours he groped futilely for some bloodless way to bring down the flag of MacBurra, knowing that if he rode to meet Shadrach's force without the banner, the general would clap him in chains and attack MacBurra as soon as the guns were unlimbered. It was midafternoon when the idea, a twice-discarded glimmer at first, sent him galloping down to Beegum. By dusk he was back in his works before the silent, frowning bastions of MacBurra. . . .

At the first light of the rising sun, the sound of musketry rattled up from Beegum. Sam, lying rigidly under his blankets, grinned.

"Sam!" roared Angus from the watchtower. "Wake up, Sam! Look down yonder at them red-coated, billowy-britches, fez-hatted, foreign-looking troops amarching on Beegum. Your general's force wouldn't be wearing such scandalous soldier suits, would they?"

Sam scrambled to his feet, aimed his field glasses on Beegum Valley and watched Mayor Forney Witherow and the citizens of Beegum carry out his battle plan to the letter. A hundred-odd of them, uniformed in the peacock splendor of the Beegum Valley Zouaves, charged toward Courthouse Hill. And the rest of the Beegummers, with nightshirts under their suspenders, rallied to the defense of their oak-log courthouse like Lee before Richmond.

"Thunderation, Angus!" Sam shouted. "They look as French as all get out to me. The scoundrels have doubtless invaded us from Mexico, routed my general's force and are fixing to plant a foreign flag in Beegum before they move on Washington City. But the sneaking devils will have to whip me first!"

Whooping the Yank battle cry, Sam mounted his mare, drew his saber and charged down the mountain. At the second turn in the trail—out of sight from the watchtower—he reined up behind a honeysuckle thicket and waited.

Tittle-Tattle

It's not the gossip that's bad, so much
As it is the gossips who add so much.

Hal Chadwick

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Soon Angus galloped by him on an ebony stallion, armed to eyebrows with musket, cutlass, pistol and bowie knife. In Angus' wake Laurel pounded past Sam with her saddlebags bulging with bandages for the wounded. Sam watched them out of sight, back-tracked up the trail, over his breastworks and through the gaping gate of MacBurra.

Working feverishly with his ax, he slashed the halyard of the rattlesnake flag, hacked the crouching battery of catapults beyond repair, and cleaved through the wooden hinges of the gate. With the captured banner tucked inside his uniform blouse, he climbed the watchtower and sighted Shadrach's artillery less than an hour south of Beegum. Grinning, he swung his glasses on the courthouse battlefield. He froze, swearing.

According to the battle plan, the Zouave Beegummers were supposed to retreat to the hills when Angus charged into the valley and the defender Beegummers were to lionize Angus as the savior of their hearths and homes, while Sam sneaked through the west end of Beegum and turned back Shadrach with the captured flag of MacBurra. But as Sam watched and raged, the entire population of Beegum—Zouaves and defenders alike—panicked at Angus' cutlass-whirling charge, threw down their blank-loaded arms and raced for home. Only Mayor Forney Witherow, scrambling up the tallest blackgum tree on Courthouse Hill, remained on the field. Angus bore down on Forney and hacked viciously at the tree trunk with his cutlass while Forney told all.

Sam bounded from the watchtower and spurred his mare down the mountain. At the next to last turn up from the valley, Angus and Laurel and their snorting stallions blocked the trail.

"First off, I'll have back my flag!" thundered Angus, with his pistol trained on Sam's breastbone. "And then, for every ounce of fool you've made of me, I'll take a pound of vengeance out of your scoundrelly hide!"

"I reckon you'd call what you did a proud piece of your officer's duty," Laurel said icily. "But the way I see it, you trading on pa's willingness to fight and die for his neighbors is plain-out loathsome."

"I'm not sorry for it," said Sam. "Mule-headed like you both are, it seemed the only chance to save you from a shelling. And unless I straightaway hand over this flag to General Howe, you're still due for a mortal blasting."

Sam paused, resting his hand on his revolver grip. "That's why I'm coming through, Angus," he went on slowly. "And it'll take a clean-killing shot to stop me, for I'll go for my gun at the first curl of your trigger finger, and Laurel'll have us both to bury."

"Come ahead," said Angus. "I calculate to fire a clean-killing shot."

Sam nudged his mare forward. Angus flattened his finger on the pistol trigger. Laurel moaned and covered her eyes.

"I'm not a bluffing man, Sam," Angus said hoarsely. "I'm afixing to fire."

"I know," said Sam. "And me too. And the sorrow of it is, I'd sooner we'd be kin than corpses. The way I love Laurel, I'd sooner we'd have a wedding than a funeral."

Angus raised his brows and lowered his pistol. Laurel's hands trembled slowly away from her face.

"And you, Laurel?" said Angus. "Do you feel likewise?"

Laurel smiled and nodded. "'Deed I do, pa," she said softly. "I surely, purely do."

Sam and Laurel eyed each other as if each were a haloed miracle, and a wide, white grin split Angus' beard.

"Well," said Angus, "that being the lay of the land, it seems fair and fittin' that I give you my flag for a dowry. And come corn-hoeing time this summer, I'll have my vengeance out of your hide in sweat."

Sam grinned, nodded and rode to meet Shadrach with the surrendered flag of MacBurra....

Sam and Laurel said their vows in the Beegum meeting house before the month was out. Shadrach bought Sam a prime new plow for a wedding present; and Mayor Forney Witherow, in gratitude for the stock and seed Angus had loaned the Beegummers, gave Laurel all the Zouave uniforms for quilting blocks.

Two years later, Napoleon III withdrew the French troops from Mexican soil, after the United States Army marched down to the border and scowled him into honoring the Monroe Doctrine. But the Buckbee twins, little Ang and Susan, were walking by then, and Sam and Laurel and Angus were too busy to celebrate. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're eating in the dining room tonight—picture tube burned out."

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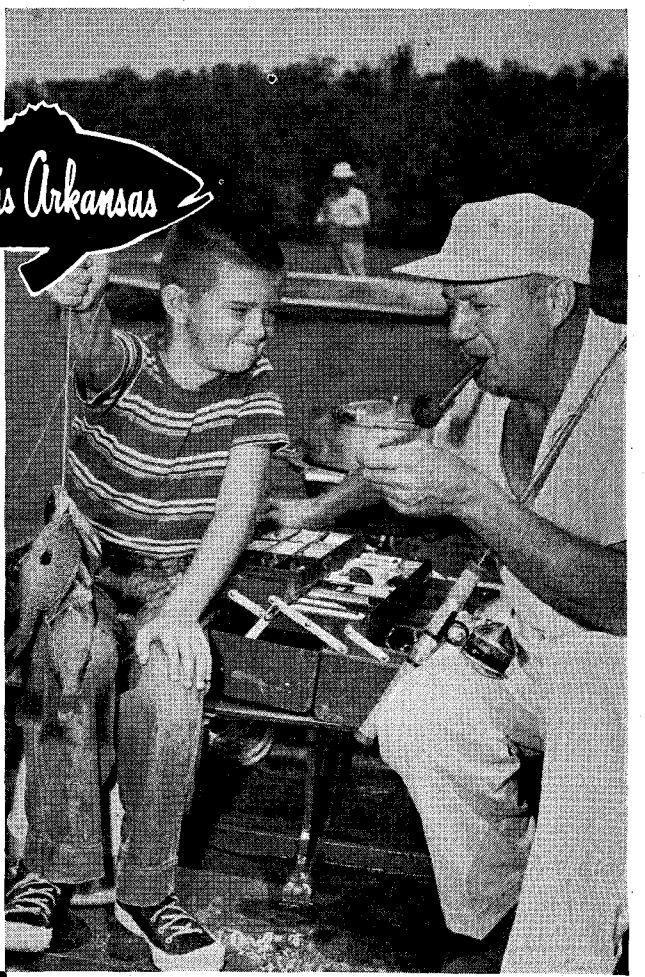

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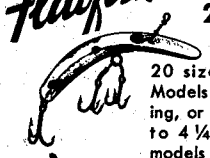

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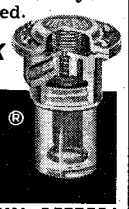

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STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION

Future Unlimited (Continued from Page 44)

a ride at one time and have enough seats left over to carry along all the people of England, France, Italy and Spain.

One of the most important reasons for this growth has been the industry's willingness to change its product and its production methods to suit customers' demands. The industry has been willing every year to design and build new tools which can produce more and better cars.

I do not advocate change for the sake of change, nor do I say that a new thing is necessarily better because it is new or suddenly popular. People try to tell me that automation is new and therefore that the manufacturing process may become one of giant push-button machines that will turn out cars automatically. I can only answer that I hope our competitors will try it. Can you imagine having a model frozen for years because you have a huge investment in special machines and cannot afford to change? If there is one thing the automobile has taught Americans in the last fifty years it is to expect constant improvement in the product. The minute we strangle this process with millions of dollars' worth of special-purpose machines, we are going to strangle progress. In America we must constantly change and improve or fade away.

Too often people believe that change comes about through the simple process of handing a problem to a research laboratory where an answer is produced mysteriously but promptly. There is no such magic in research, as some of our recent defense experiences have shown. Discovery and invention through research come only by hard work, disappointments, innumerable failures and very often the consumption of much time and money. Research is based on patience, skill and practice, and more practice. A theoretical physicist may develop an accurate formula for the curve of a baseball in flight, but it takes a pitcher years of practice to control the curve.

Since its inception the automobile industry has worked and practiced to lift the automobile from the status of a rich man's toy. It was only a few years before General Motors was born that Ransom Olds discovered one of the secrets of mass production—progressive assembly. And it was just fifty-five years ago that Henry Leland demonstrated that automobile parts could be made interchangeable. These two developments were basically important to the automobile, but they alone did not make the product a perfect one. Henry Leland, who was then head of Cadillac, understood this very well. At that time the automobile was cranked by hand, which was not a job for women and usually meant they were relegated to the back seat as passengers. Hand-cranking was not popular with men, either, since there was a constant risk of broken arms. Leland disliked this imperfection and when a dear friend of his died as the result of an accident during hand-cranking, he sent me an invitation to visit Detroit and discuss the problem of making car-starting a safer operation.

This was one time when I might agree that necessity mothered an invention, because in a moment of weakness I told him that I thought a car might be cranked with an electric motor driven from a storage battery. Having made the rash statement it was up to me to produce, and I worked for months in my small laboratory which was part of a barn in Dayton, Ohio. Eventually we did produce an electric starter, a modification of which became production equipment on the 1912 Cadillac.

This outraged the electrical-equipment engineers. They looked at their formulas and said that it was impossible, that we would need batteries and an electric motor larger than the engine itself and wires five times as heavy as we used. But they were thinking about continuous-running electric equipment. Our boss was not power equipment, but an automobile engine. We were not planning to transmit current a hundred miles or work our electric motors twenty-four hours a day. We wanted a spasm of power, a big torque for a short time, and after the engine was turned over and started, the little starting system could lie back and rest and be recharged for the next start. So we disregarded the power rules and made driving possible for millions of people who couldn't or did not want to hand-crank an engine.

Ten years later we could manufacture automobiles at the rate of one a minute, but they were not getting to the customer at that rate. It took one or two weeks to paint the car because the system that had been used on carriages was being applied to automobiles. The increased production resulting from the growing demand for closed cars could not possibly be met by using the old finishing methods.

Eventually the answer was found in the chemist's test tube, although the you-can't-do-it boys were on our necks all the time telling us we were wrong. Now, instead of several weeks to paint a car it takes an hour to spray on the required number of coats of quick-drying, durable, colorful lacquer. The bottleneck to customers' demands was broken.

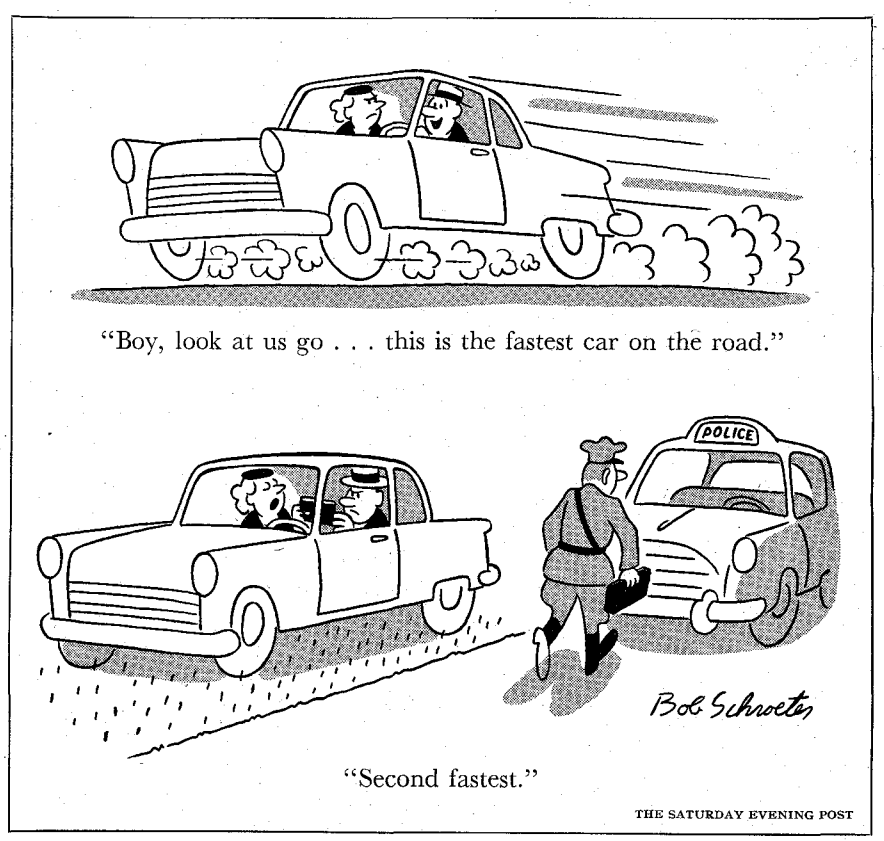
In this business of ours you never solve one problem without, nine times out of ten, coming face to face with another one. After we had put electric starting, lighting and ignition on the Cadillac we became sitting ducks for attacks aimed at us by the people whose toes we had stepped on when we electrified the automobile. In those days the quality of gasoline was hit-or-miss and the quality went down as automobile production went up. Engines began to knock all over the place. Naturally our magneto competitors blamed the increasingly prevalent knock on our new ignition system.

In order to defend ourselves it was up to us to find out what really did cause knock. It was a problem that had also arisen with the Delco farm-lighting systems which I had originally devised so that my parents could have light and running water on their Ohio farm. To do this job we put a fellow inventor, Tom Midgley, to work studying this annoying matter of knock which was keeping us from increasing the compression in our engines. Happily neither Tom nor I was an orthodox chemist or thermal engineer, so we were wholesomely ignorant of the obstacles. We had a fine chance to make some informative errors in this field.

In the period before World War I, we had found out first just when knock occurred in the combustion chamber. It was after the ignition spark; and not before, as everyone had supposed. With this knowledge in hand we started a series of experimental treatments of the fuel. I remember that the first one was the introduction of coloring matter based on the heat-retaining characteristics of a certain flowering plant. We got a promising result, only to learn by checking with another substance that color had absolutely nothing to do with it. Nevertheless we learned something from that, and as we went on to test other additives a pattern of behavior began to appear.

The motoring public will never know how lucky it was that we did not stop in the middle of our experiments. The pattern indicated that the compounds of the heavier elements were most effective in squelching knock. We found two or three that were so good we might have been satisfied with their performance if it had not been for one thing—they smelled terrible. They smelled so bad and the odor was so lasting that the men in the laboratory who handled them were on the verge of becoming involuntary hermits. They didn't dare go to the movies. But with the pattern leading us in the direction of the heavy elements, I suggested that we take a big leap and try the very heavy metal—lead.

The result of that leap was a whole bookful of trouble—and tetraethyl lead antiknock gasoline, which Midgley and his boys worked out and which is now known as Ethyl to everyone. Before we perfected Ethyl for widespread use, we had to develop (*Continued on Page 128*)



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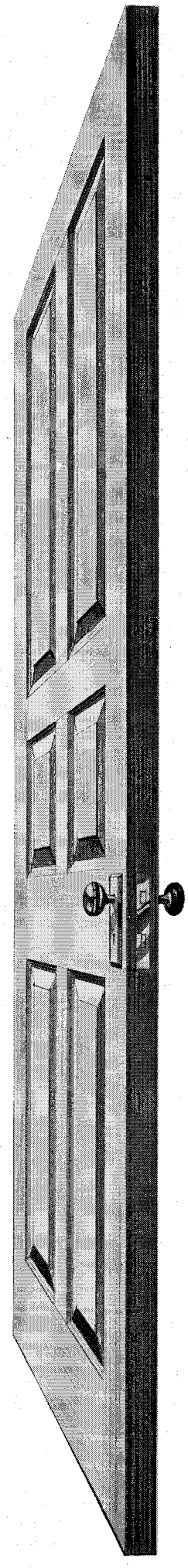

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(*Continued from Page 126*) a method of extracting huge quantities of the element bromine from the ocean. The chemists again told us this was impractical, since there is only one tenth of a pound of bromine in a ton of sea water. But we found a way, and now we extract 120 million pounds of bromine from the sea annually.

If you want to put a value on the result of our long hard search, in which the entire oil industry co-operated, you can do so in three ways. The superior fuel made possible more efficient high-compression engines. It permitted us annually to leave twenty-five billion gallons of fuel in our underground reserves which otherwise would have been burned. And at retail prices of gasoline the American motorist has been saving five to eight billion dollars a year.

You can see from just these few examples that the automobile industry was teethed on trouble. Complacency has no place in this business. You have to break out of the ruts if you want to survive. The fact that of about 2500 makes of automobiles that have appeared only a handful are in existence today is a good illustration of what can happen if you design to suit yourself and ignore the wishes of your boss—the customer.

Let me give you two more examples of development ruts—the railroads and the early diesel engine, which for our illustration here are intertwined. In the twenties the railroads were losing ground. They were handcuffed to an inefficient, outmoded form of motive power—steam. At about the same time the diesel engine, which was theoretically the most efficient power plant to be had, was heavy, slow and extremely bulky.

For years I made the diesel problem my intellectual golf game and came to the conclusion that the only trouble with it was that no one had tried to make the diesel engine like a diesel—everyone wanted to make it like a steam or gasoline engine. So we went to work on the diesel engine. We let it tell us how it would like to be built. After years of experimentation we arrived at a lightweight, high-speed, two-cycle power plant that realized most of the diesel's theoretical efficiency. It was then that a very able railroad man, Ralph Budd, of the Burlington, came to us because he knew that the railroad industry just had to have the sort of lightweight power which the new diesels supplied. The result is history. Although the railroads are again not as healthy as they would like to be, it is not because of their motive power. The diesel smashed the old roadblock of steam and revolutionized rail transportation, giving it new life for a long period.

This is the sort of thing I have in mind when I use the word "break-through." In the automotive industry we have been particularly fortunate in being able to provide these "break-throughs" at regular intervals. They do not come about automatically, nor are they inevitable. They have been the result of hard work, careful planning and thousands and thousands of disappointing failures. But everyone has profited. I am a great believer in the "double profit" system. The producer must make a profit to keep in business, but the customers' profit must be ever so much greater. If you don't believe some of these modern necessities, comforts and conveniences have a definite value to you, just try doing without them. Suppose you were suddenly deprived of your car, electric lights and power, or the telephone, radio or television. What would you give to have them back?

We have learned a lot in the last half century, the most important thing being that it is futile to try to predict the future. Put yourself back in the world of 1908, make a prediction of our world of 1958 and see just how near you might have come to the facts—things such as radio, TV and the new drugs. That's the reason, when I am asked what great developments are likely to occur in the next fifty years, I say frankly that I don't know, that they will be wonderful, and that they won't come out of textbooks. The automobile of the future will look exactly the way the people who buy it want it to look. The gas turbine engine or the free piston engine may replace our present four-cycle automobile engine, but if so they will have to be better engines, and right now they are not. Assuming that these proposed engines were in wide use today and that our present engines were introduced as the new thing, they would undoubtedly take the market. Our present engines have a lot of inherent advantages—economy, comparative manufacturing simplicity, durability.

Will we travel to the moon in the next fifty years? I will answer that with the phrase that I probably use more than any other—I don't know. I am not nearly as impressed with the satellites that have been put into space as the newspapers are. Rockets have been known for hundreds of years. Making one large enough to leave our atmosphere may be an example of hard work and effort, but it is not a new mental achievement. It is not a fresh discovery or conception. The German buzz bombs and V-2's were not new. We had developed them ourselves and had started production on an inexpensive pilotless flying bomb before the end of the First World War. They were good for one or two hundred miles and were quite accurate. We did not use them in the Second World War, but if we had been in the geographical position of the Germans attacking England we might have, just as the Germans did.

It is a popular conception that to make rapid fundamental progress it is only necessary to concentrate large quantities of men and money on a problem. Years ago when we were developing the first electrically operated cash register I ran into this type of thinking. My boss was going to Europe and he wanted the job finished before he took off.

"We've got to have that job," he said. "Give Kettering twice as many men so he can finish it up in half the time." When I objected to this idea he asked, "Why can't you? If ten men can dig ten rods of ditch in a day, then surely twenty men can dig twenty rods."

I replied, "Do you think that if one hen can hatch a setting of eggs in three weeks, two hens can hatch a setting in a week and a half? This is more a job of hatching eggs than digging ditches."

Right now the spotlight is focused on scientists and how we can educate more and more of our young people to become scientists. We want to be careful in our approach to this one and see that we do not get merely a large number of young people with degrees whose main stock in trade is a collection of textbook formulas of doubtful accuracy. I wish, instead, that we could train our young people to think and act. We are in danger of standing in awe of science, making it something apart from reality.

I have served as trustee of a university and a college for many years and I have had much to do with dozens of other advanced schools. Furthering education is one of the most important things that I have ever done. But the formal classroom teaches a student to fear failure. If he fails, something bad happens to him. He is out. That kind of training is unreasonable. When a young man comes to work for us we assure him that what he does not know will not be held against him, so he can admit it and not waste time bluffing. In any experiment, we want him to succeed just once and we don't care how many times he fails.

One of the most useful methods of education is to take the student out of the classroom for a part of his learning. This is called co-operative education. This system was first introduced fifty-two years ago by Dean Hermann Schneider in the engineering school of the University of Cincinnati. Later on, it was introduced at Antioch College, which is a co-educational liberal-arts college, and at the General Motors Institute in which we have 3600 students. I would like to see a far broader use of co-operative education. Under it the student learns more than rote. He goes out and joins the actual practice of industrial or social or professional life. It (*Continued on Page 131*)

"I got a prize for leaving early!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Warning to wives of fishermen and would-be sailors:

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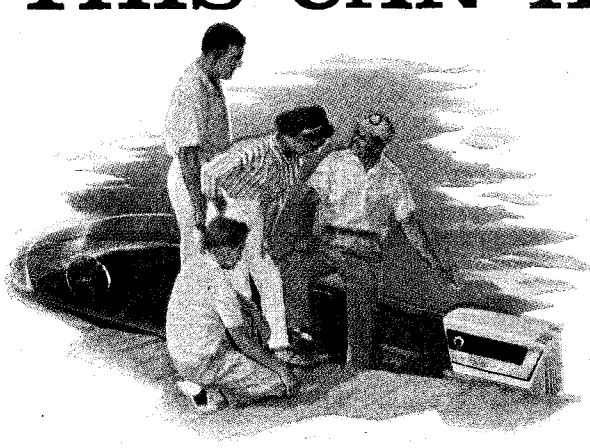

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A fine figure of a girl—Anita Ekberg, co-starring in "Paris Holiday," Technicolor United Artists' release.

After unhappy results that ruined health and wrecked careers, Hollywood stars have turned their backs on dangerous, freakish fad diets and now depend on a "candy that makes you thin."

Why Hollywood Stopped Dieting

By VIRGINIA PALMER

"You've got to reduce!" How many times Hollywood stars have winced at those words . . . from the celluloid darlings of yesteryear to the glamour dolls of today!

Just recently, when Ann Miller was making tests for a new role—a coveted part in MGM's "Opposite Sex"—she saw the camera man signal the director. Ann knew what it meant. That old bogy overweight was padding the picture. She'd have to trim down—or good-bye part.

Did she panic? Not Ann, for she knew the answer to her problem— the amazing "candy that makes you thin." "No starvation diets for me," Ann was heard to say to a friend. "I've tried fads before—and they've failed. But, darling, the wonders I've seen these work!" and she held up a little square candy.

What a lucky break for Ann that she had discovered this packaged "miracle." For it did the trick in no time. P.S. She got the part!

If only movie stars of the past could have saved the day this simple way! But the drastic steps many "old-timers" took to lose weight were enough to kill them—and sometimes did!

Ann Miller, with all the exercise she gets as a dancer, still watches her weight.

For Hollywood used to lose its head in frantic efforts to shed unwanted flesh. When the edict was "Eight pounds off in a week"—the torture began. Pummel tables, Epsom salts, starvation regimens—buttermilk and nothing but, at 2-hour intervals, was one extreme. Why, the movie colony just went wacky with freak "wonder" diets that often brought on collapse.

Many a reader will remember that raven-haired beauty of "The Three Musketeers," Barbara La Marr, and that belle of "Big Parade" fame, Renée Adoree. Tragic cases both—for it's been said drastic dieting led to their deaths—and the same was true of Louis Wolheim, the hard-boiled captain of "What Price Glory."

Apparently, in those early days, a diet's effectiveness was judged by how much punishment it inflicted. But Hollywood has learned its lesson. The bizarre, inhuman regimens, the weird digestion-defying food combinations are part of the past. Now, Hollywood has found a better way to lose weight. A way that's easy, that imposes no hardships and is completely safe. Ask Anita Ekberg, Alexis Smith or Mrs. James Mason or scores of other Hollywood favorites.

Today's screen stars now eat candy. Oh, not ordinary candy but a special low-calorie vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy called Ayds. Taken as directed before meals, it *curbs* the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight. And what a figure-saver it's been for actors and actresses!

When George Brent was rehearsing for the TV film series "Wire Service," he found he had added just a few pounds too many for the camera. What to do was the question. His lovely wife, Janet, had the answer.

"We'll reduce together," she remarked, "And we won't starve ourselves either—not when we use Ayds." And how right Janet was. A slimmer, trimmer George verified that at a rehearsal later. "You know, it was fun," he said to the director. "Janet took the chewy vanilla caramel kind and I the new chocolate fudge-type, and both worked equally well. Why, we ate delicious meals all the time and still lost weight."

The Brents had heard of this low-calorie candy through a friend, a doctor who'd read the report on it in a leading Medical Journal. It seems this reducing-plan candy works on an entirely different principle from anything in the past. It's not a "pill" or a drug. It's what is known as an "appetite deterrent."

A look at the Medical Journal report revealed that a clinical investigation had been made at a famous Boston Medical Center to determine the value of "appetite deterrents" in achieving weight loss.

Leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, were tested among 240 overweight men and women. And the results were truly astonishing! The doctors discovered that those taking Ayds lost the most weight—almost three times as much as those following the rigid diet alone. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, no loss of sleep, nervous jitters or other unpleasant side-effects. It might be said, it's "just what the doctor ordered" for movieland.

As lovely Anita Ekberg remarked: "Out here in Hollywood when we have to lose weight, the first thing we think of is Ayds. It's such a natural, safe way to trim off weight and then control it." And that about puts it in a nutshell as to how the rest of Hollywood feels!

The movie folks are still as conscious as ever of keeping their weight down, but now they're much keener about keeping up their health. That's why, today, Hollywood stars are off fads and on to Ayds.

For any fans who want to follow the stars to slimness, see your doctor before reducing and have him write for The Medical Journal Report. Then it's just a matter of taking a few steps to pick up a box of Ayds (regular vanilla caramel or new chocolate fudge-type) at your nearest drug or department store.

A candid shot of George Brent and his lovely wife, Janet, taken on their ranch, speaks well for the way they keep themselves in trim.

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(*Continued from Page 128*) helps him develop what Harlow Curtice calls "the inquiring mind" because he finds out that the slide rule is not applicable to all problems. He finds, in fact, that many people do things successfully in absolute contradiction of the slide rule and the book formulas.

We want our inventors to fail intelligently. When a project is set up for experimental evaluation often there is not a chance in a thousand that it will work the way you want it to, but it won't fail the way you expect it to either. That is the way you learn.

Now suppose you want to invent an airplane and no airplane has ever been invented before. There is no textbook on airplanes and there are no formulas. This ought to be an advantage, but the average man is always tempted to lean on something in the past. It is hard to set up your target completely free of what has preceded it. The early inventors leaned on what they knew, the bird. The Darius Greens made wings that flapped and covered them with feathers. They couldn't get away from what they knew. But it happens that a bird is built for more than flying. It is made to lay eggs, digest worms and build nests. A man who wants to fly doesn't want to digest worms too.

My neighbors in Dayton, the Wright Brothers, were not bound by this bird-thinking and they discovered what all the early airplanes needed, a way to balance the aircraft in the air near the ground—and the wings weren't covered with feathers. Thus they had been flying a plane for two years before the patent office reported to them that the thing was impossible.

The key player on any boys' baseball team is the one who owns the ball and bat.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Basically I am a screwdriver-and-plier inventor and I think that all inventors should be at home at a workbench. An inventive idea has to reach a workbench sometime or it will remain forever no more than an idea. Much of my work in connection with General Motors has been, of course, the bettering of automobiles. But research has a habit of leading the inventor into directions that he had not anticipated, particularly if he is breaking the textbook rules in his experimentation. In our laboratories, for example, we perfected Freon gas in spite of warnings from chemists that we ought to stay clear of fluorine compounds. We changed some petroleum theories about viscosity by testing a substance that was agreed to have no viscosity whatever but which worked better than the best lubricant.

I am afraid of specialists. I would advise young inventors and researchers to free themselves from categories, because basic truths have so much more in common than the specialists would have you believe. All branches of science overlap more than the guardians of special titles will admit. Perhaps my main interest is in mechanical and physical discoveries, but when Alfred Sloan suggested an organized attack on the medical problem of cancer I was very happy indeed to join in this work. I have always thought that an incurable disease is merely one that the doctors haven't learned to cure.

Thirteen years ago the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research was established. The Institute has not solved the cancer problem in those years, but it has made progress in analyzing the problem, and I have the greatest confidence that not too many more years will pass before there will be a break-through.

In 1930 I decided that I should no longer postpone trying to find an answer to one of the most important questions I could think of. Stated simply that question is "Why is the grass green?" If you would like to have fancier words for it I can give you the Greek words photosynthesis and chlorophyll, but the fact is that we don't know any more about it in Greek than we do in English.

What we do know is that plants on this earth take energy from the sun and with it convert inanimate carbon dioxide and water into everything that is essential for our existence here—food, clothing and shelter. We think we know how this can be done and hope to have proof of this in the very near future.

I am sure the Lord has not intended to keep it a secret from us, for he has placed it everywhere around us. The leaves of plants fix billions of tons of carbon every year. They do it without a test tube, without a burette, without a chemical balance, without a logarithm table or a slide rule or anything else. And it is the only way that we can keep some of the sun's energy down here so that we can use it next winter when it gets cold.

The process by which a leaf picks up radiant energy from the sun and converts it into chemical compounds is so marvelous I am astonished that nature did not also give us the principle of the wheel and axle. It appears to be her only oversight. If we can learn how to convert sunshine without growing plants we may be able to make the vital step toward abundance and peace. There will then be nothing to fight about.

I never anticipated that this search would be an easy one. When we made the first organized start at Antioch College I only half-jokingly said to the laboratory people that I thought they should all get married and have lots of children because this was going to be a three-generation job. Now I am not so sure it will take that long. The sunshine of a few days is equal to all the energy ever deposited on earth in coal, oil and gas. We need only two tenths of 1 per cent of the energy in sunshine to double our food supply and everything else we use. If we can't succeed in catching that much there is something wrong under our hats.

The Kettering Foundation now has a fairly large group working on solar-energy research at our laboratory in Yellow Springs, Ohio. The progress that has been made there encourages me greatly. I am confident that from the results we have already obtained we are on the right track and one of these days we will climb out of our mental rut and find out what makes the grass green.

Solving this great secret is, I believe, about the most important thing we can do. But it is only one problem for research and invention. There are so many others that I would like to repeat that today's youth has unlimited possibilities for discovery. Why doesn't someone find out how to cure the common cold? What kind of fingers does a magnet have that it can reach out invisibly and draw to it another piece of metal?

Speaking of youth, I know that General Motors will forgive me if I point out that fifty birthdays, when viewed from the level of my own eighty-one, looks rather young. If I were GM I would celebrate my youth, for never has youth had such spectacular opportunities to break through the barriers to wonderful new things. So instead of congratulating General Motors on the past fifty years I would like to point out that, in terms of opportunities ahead, fifty is really just a teen-age. THE END

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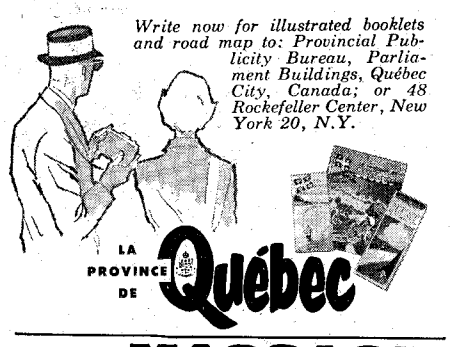

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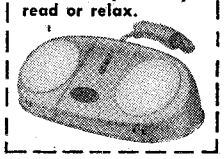

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Will Our Yugoslav Gamble Pay Off?

(Continued from Page 31)

Belgrade itself, rebuilt after the fearful damage of the war, is very much the capital—although it has grown so fast, these postwar years, that you still run across large rural pockets, with farmhouses and broken fences along cobbled streets, a block or so from the main thoroughfares. But the sprawling *Terazije*—Belgrade's Times Square—with its large modern office buildings and its jam-packed sidewalks, would not look out of place in any Western city. And, standing in the middle of Marx-Engels Square and gazing at the massive gray façades around you—the town hall, the trade-unions building, Communist Party headquarters, and the editorial offices of *Borba*, the official daily—you grudgingly admit that you are in the midst of something dignified and far from stuffy.

Nor do the men who operate this singular machine harass you with reminders of their total power. For a dictatorship, this country is remarkably relaxed. Gone are the mass meetings which, in the old days, kept citizens from settling down. There is no fanfare, no attempt to dazzle. Tito himself, sixty-six this month, spends a great deal of time on faraway Brioni Island, enjoying the Adriatic sun amidst his family, friends, dogs and horses.

Just how much is Tito worth to us?

To the United States, which has by now invested nearly $1,500,000,000 in Tito's independence—some $700,000,000 in economic aid, plus $780,000,000 in military aid—the question is whether his formula of "active co-operation with all countries regardless of differences in their internal systems" makes him a good-enough risk. Will he stay in dead center, as he has now announced?

Let us look back on Tito's blackest days—the desperate period when, expelled by Stalin from the Cominform, he found himself without a friend, as he may find himself again, because of his April 22nd manifesto. His trade had largely been with Russia and the satellites, his military security had lain that way, and it appeared that, threatened and blockaded by his former allies, he would not last a year. It was the quiet intervention of the West, particularly the United States, that saved him from both armed invasion and economic collapse. We have kept him going ever since.

There are no strings attached to our aid—we made it amply clear from the beginning that no direct returns would be expected. Nevertheless, during the first few years, Tito repaid us handsomely. He speeded the defeat of the Greek Communists by closing the Yugoslav-Greek border, preventing the Red forces from taking refuge and regrouping on his territory; he agreed to a solution of the sticky Trieste problem; he released Cardinal Stepinac, primate of Yugoslavia's Roman Catholics, from prison, in what was clearly meant to be a friendly gesture to the West. In 1954, he signed the Balkan Pact with Greece and Turkey—both of them NATO members—which forged a link between his isolated country and the Western defense system.

Things took a sudden turn in 1955. Stalin was dead and Khrushchev and Bulganin, making their humble pilgrimage to Belgrade, were evidently willing to go to any length—including personal humiliation—in "normalizing" their relations with the rebel. Khrushchev has not let go since then. But Tito's tactics have been puzzling.

For instance, when the Hungarians rose against their Soviet masters, he readily encouraged them at first—then came out squarely in support of Russia's intervention, which put a bloody end to the affair. In the United Nations, he went along with Russia on the question of disarmament. In the Middle East, he frankly sympathized with those who were, like Nasser and the Syrians, challenging the West. And, after years of friendly intercourse with Western Germany, he suddenly, last fall, gave formal recognition to the Communist regime of Eastern Germany, striking another blow for Soviet policy in Europe. What was the West to make of it?

It is with unconcealed amusement that Tito's men watch the political observers in both camps—in Washington and Moscow—measure each zig and zag of Yugoslavia's course with precision instruments. "You pay too much attention to day-to-day decisions," they keep saying. "Between the two extreme positions, there is a certain scope, a freedom to maneuver. We are a sovereign nation, after all; can't we be flexible in our approach to given situations without being considered more pro-Western or pro-Soviet with every slight turning of the wheel?"

Bringing Up Parents

Much as he'd like to make it mild,
With genuine regret, our teen-age child
Sees our dismaying faults so clearly,
He has no choice but to scold us severely!

May Richstone

The basic tenet of the ten-year-old philosophy the world has come to know as Titoism is that there are "many roads to socialism"—many roads, not just one. This principle is anchored in the main instrument of Tito's reconciliation with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, the Moscow Declaration of June 20, 1956. "Both sides," the statement says, "holding the view that the paths of socialist development in different countries and under different conditions are different . . . have agreed that (their) co-operation should be based on full voluntariness and equality."

Tito, in other words, was willing to shake hands, eight years after the break, if there was to be no more interference, no laying down the law. It was the price the Russians paid just for the privilege of being back on speaking terms with him. And it is still the sticking point. When Khrushchev, once the "thaw" was over, started to crack the whip, Tito was quick to let him know where to get off. Pleading an aching back, he first declined an invitation to a Moscow command performance last November in honor of the fortieth anniversary of Lenin's revolution. And when, on that festive occasion, the Russians asked their friends and satellites to sign a resolution which, in effect, acknowledged Moscow's right to formulate their policies toward the West, the Yugoslavs alone among the world's thirteen Communist nations refused to sign.

So deeply did Tito resent the mere suggestion to sign that kind of document—and thus betray the basic principle he stands for—that shortly afterwards he caused the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party to brand the Moscow resolution as "incorrect"—a fighting word in Marxian parlance. And then came last month's firecracker, thrown at the Congress session.

Good news! Tito was heading back full steam toward the West—or was he? Hearing the Yugoslavs explain the incident, one finds no reason to rejoice. Josip Broz Tito is a Communist. Throughout his adult life, he has breathed, eaten, slept and propagated Communism; he has gone to jail for it, has risked his life for it innumerable times. Why should he change his spots at this late stage? As long as Moscow recognizes him as "equal among equals," he will look at his fellow Communists with an affection that must be considered stronger than his love for the West.

Take the Hungarian revolution. When it was still directed by the hapless Imre Nagy, Tito could countenance it as another experiment in "independent" socialism. When he became convinced that the Hungarian people wanted more, and that their victory would put an end to socialism itself, he did not hesitate to switch his backing to the Moscow-sponsored Kadar. Where socialism was at stake, he simply could not compromise. Might he himself not be the next to go? Clearly there is a limit, either way, to which this skillful politician can move—and stay alive.

"Once you have understood that Tito is no nice, old-fashioned liberal," one Western diplomat observed, "you'll find it easier to get the drift of things."

The Yugoslavs themselves, for one thing, do not expect the marshal to present them with a ready-made parliamentary system. They have never known democracy—they have been trampled on by Turks and autocratic Serbian kings, and they have no tradition of checks and balances, trial by jury, habeas corpus, and the rest of it. "The judge accuses, the judge judges," is an old, bitter Serbian saying.

Still, Titoism is more than a slogan. The marshal has, since his break with the Cominform, come a long way from the iron-handed rule of the first postwar years, and his dictatorship has turned more mellow, less oppressive. Yugoslavia is no longer a police state. People no longer disappear mysteriously, there is no five A.M. knock at the door, and anyone arrested for a crime will get his day in court. No more than a handful of political prisoners are left in prison. The once almighty secret police has been cut down to size.

True, many an ordinary citizen, having been scared to death so long, still finds it hard to talk without first looking back over his shoulder. However, unless you actually mount a soapbox or harangue your fellow passengers in bus or streetcar on the shortcomings of the government, no one will bother you.

But Titoism has delivered in more ways than one. Some of the most obnoxious aspects of the "monolithic" state have given way to something more in line with human nature. In 1953, for example, Yugoslav farmers were permitted to leave the dread collectives into which they had been herded—a wholesale exodus showed how unpopular this facet of the Marxian order had been. Today, roughly 90 per cent of the arable land is tilled by private farmers. And though no individual may own more than twenty-five acres, the peasants—having been favored last fall by the best wheat harvest in twenty years—are in the money. You'll see them, early in the morning, displaying their colorful produce in the large, bustling market square. You'll find them in the stores a little later, putting their dinars into everything from baby carriages to kitchen stoves.

The dispossessed have not been reinstated, to (*Continued on Page 134*)

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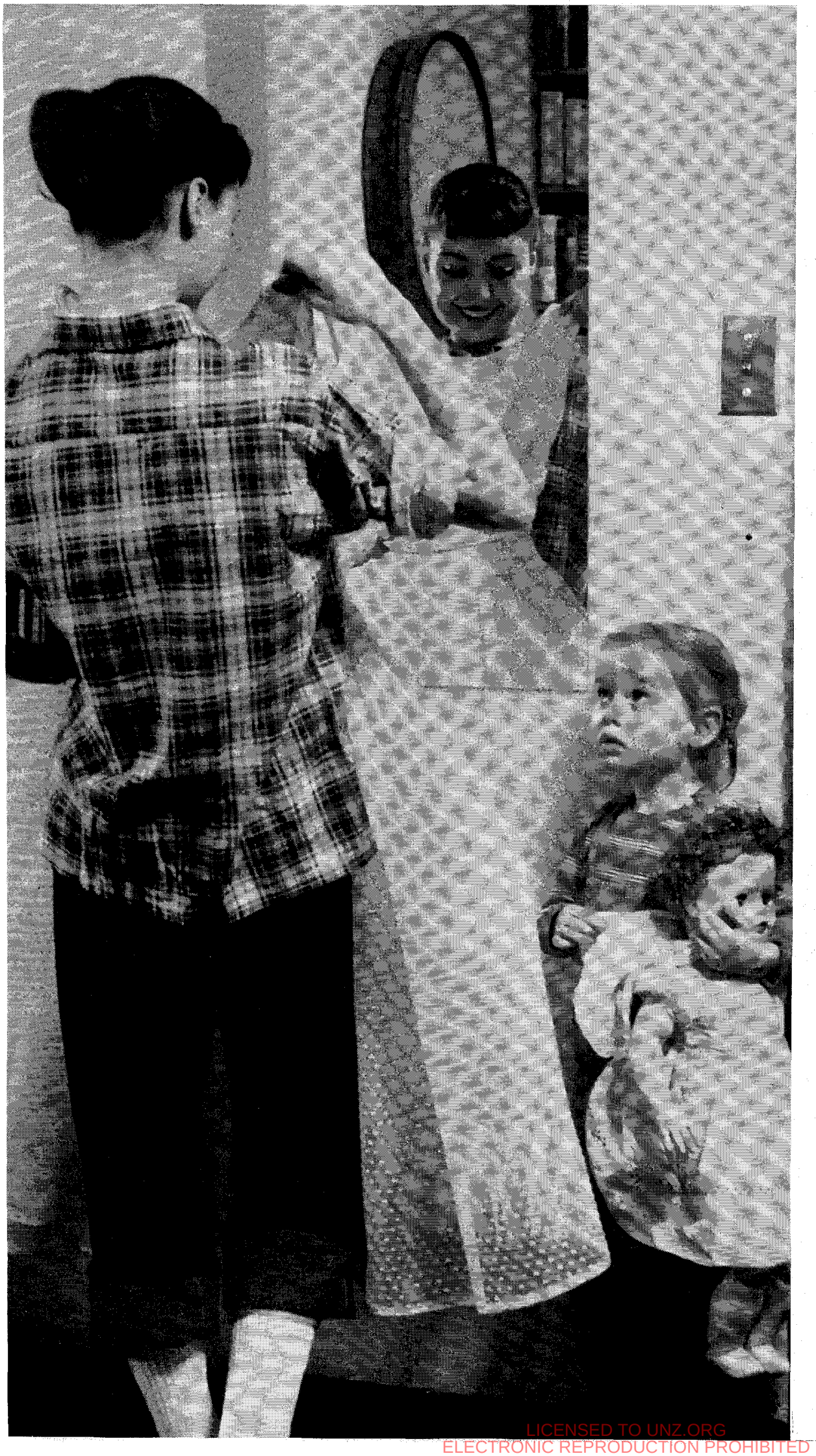

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. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES SINCE 1866

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(*Continued from Page 132*) be sure. The threadbare remnants of the middle class—the "class enemy" of the early years—remain aloof and bitter, mourning the loss of factories, shops, bank accounts and good old days. But private enterprise does, here and there, raise a triumphant head—your barber, likely as not, works for himself, like any capitalist barber. Successful artisans, such as the owners of privately run shoe stores where feet are shod to measure, are among Yugoslavia's newly rich—you may find them spending their vacations at a Dalmatian beach resort.

All this, needless to say, is on a modest scale; five workers or employees are all you are permitted to "exploit." Rigid controls still keep even the better-off cooped up in wretched dwellings—two or three families to a small apartment—and virtually all the cars you see in Belgrade's streets are used by government or party functionaries. The populace, with a fine ear for Marxian jargon, defines the automobile as "a vehicle wherein The People travel through their representatives."

But the most interesting break has come, of all things, in the factories, affecting the elite of Communist society—the proletariat. Since 1950, the government has been permitting the formation of "workers' councils" in which a certain measure of management control is vested. Here, too, one should not take too much for granted—the factories are still owned by the "collectivity," the working week has forty-eight hours, the average wage is twenty-five dollars a week, collective bargaining is utterly unknown, and managers are where they are because of party merits rather than professional qualifications.

Still, a good workers' council can wield real power. Elected from a slate presented by the official trade-union organization, the council has authority to lay down new production schedules, make changes in the factory's price policy and, in extremes, may get an incompetent or corrupt manager removed. Its meetings can be heated, with ample scope for the expression of opinions, both relevant and otherwise. In a ball-bearing plant I visited in Belgrade, I found the members of the twenty-seven-man workers' council—which included thirteen Communists—proudly aware of their historic grass-roots function. To hear them talk about "their" factory, they might have been stockholders of a corporation. "They haven't got this kind of thing," one of them bragged, "in Russia or Rumania!"

Everywhere, under the impact of "decentralization," the ice is cracking and new shoots are coming up. Large state-run enterprises, no longer fettered by a centralized bureaucracy which lays down targets, imposes quotas and collects the product, are merrily competing with one another, acting surprisingly like their capitalistic opposites abroad. Town and village councils, recently constituted under a new set of rules which makes it possible for the electorate to add new faces to the official list of candidates, show the initiative, almost, of freely chosen bodies. There is a groping for new forms of expression, with more and more authority devolving upon local groups.

None of this, to be sure, is happening in the name of democracy. Although Yugoslav leaders have developed an allergy to dialectics—"you just can't plumb a living situation with a textbook," said one of them—they will, when pressed, call upon Marx and Lenin to justify what they are doing. Having passed through the classic stages of revolution, dictatorship of the proletariat and the "administrative state," they feel that they are writing a new chapter—the chapter Marx himself would certainly have written had he but got around to it. Firmly convinced that they are better socialists than anybody else, they look on Russia, dialectically speaking, as an underdeveloped country.

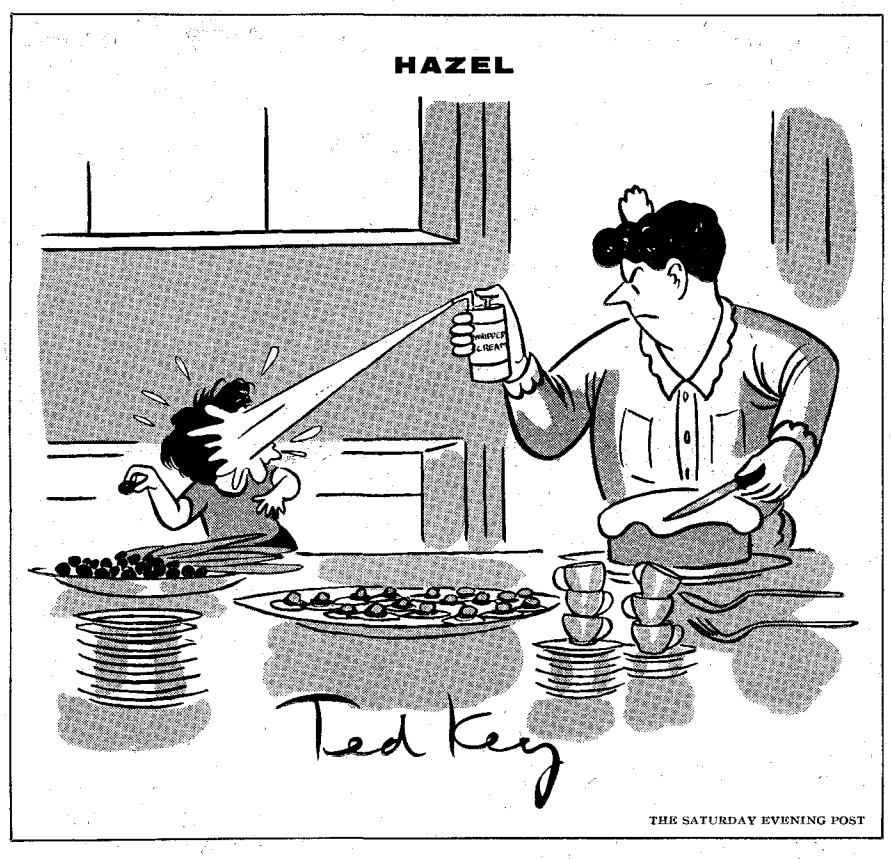
It is precisely at this point that Tito finds himself in ideological trouble. Once you take off the brakes in a totalitarian system, the thing is apt to come apart. This is the real meaning of the celebrated Djilas case.

Milovan Djilas, it must be remembered, had been a member of Tito's high command during the war; he was one of the marshal's closest friends, as well as one of the top officeholders in government and party. Seeing his master move in what appeared to be the general direction of democracy, he launched, in 1953, a personal campaign designed to speed the democratic process and gradually do away with Communist dictatorship. Had not Marx postulated that the state must, in the end, wither away? Must not the Communist Party, its work done, wither as well? Lashing out in articles and interviews at his old comrades, Djilas forced Tito's hand. By painful stages, he lost his friends, his jobs and finally his freedom. Having achieved world-wide renown with his incisive book on The New Class, he is now serving a long prison term for "propaganda hostile to the state"—a lesson to all those who thought that one could step from Communism to democracy as from a bog onto dry ground.

By the same token, the marshal, recently, had to remind ranking officials in various sectors of his administration that they were, first and foremost, Communists. In a sharp attack on the growth of corruption and the abuse of privilege, the party's Central Committee, last February, publicly accused many unnamed officials of being guilty of "bureaucracy, improper use of public funds, unnecessary, costly trips abroad," and of such capitalistic crimes as the purchase of luxurious cars. More and more Communists, the statement said, had become "unprincipled, self-praising, and opportunistic."

True, Tito is today as popular a leader as a Communist dictatorship can have. The little metal worker from the Croat village of Kumrovec who came up leading strikes; who did his studying in prison cells; who spent conspiratorial years in Vienna, Paris, Moscow; who led a ragged host of partisans to victory and emerged a statesman—Josip Broz Tito does command respect. The fact that he is not too closely identified with any of the various nationalities that form the crazy quilt of Yugoslavia—having lived abroad so long he speaks the Serbo-Croatian language with an almost foreign accent—stands him in good stead in this artificial nation where hatred between Serbs and Croats still smolders beneath the surface. And there is little doubt that his courageous stand against the Cominform set well with his proud people, who despise foreign oppressors.

But does this kind of popular support mean that Tito would be elected president in a free election? In the unlikely case that he ran simply as an individual—perhaps; on the Communist ticket—never.



No more than some 600,000 Yugoslavs are members of the party and, of those, some 100,000 make up the hard core. By contrast, the enemies of Communism are counted by the million: the 6,400,000 Roman Catholics, still badly hampered in the exercise of their religion; the peasants, natural-born anti-Communists; the squeezed-out middle class—it does add up. Tito, whose triple crown of president, chief of the national executive, and secretary-general of the Communist Party, gives him absolute power, knows that his own position would collapse without the party's watertight monopoly. A free election, based on a two-party system, would be the end of Communism and of Tito.

He's not on our side; he doesn't love us. Then why, one might well ask, go on supporting him? There can be little doubt that, in the touch-and-go period after the break, our aid kept Yugoslavia from crumbling under Soviet pressure. This country is deficient in food and raw materials, and our economic aid, amounting thus far to some $700,000,000, has filled the gap. Consisting in the early days, of metals, chemicals and machinery, besides essential staples, our shipments have, in recent years, been made up almost entirely of our own agricultural surplus, such as wheat, cotton, fats. Today, seven tenths of the flour in every loaf of bread consumed in Yugoslavia comes from the United States. Withdrawal of this aid, now valued at some $110,000,000 a year, would force a drastic tightening of belts and heavy cutbacks in the Yugoslav industrial investment program. Strength would once more turn into weakness.

As for our military aid, the Yugoslavs have been increasingly aware of strong congressional misgivings about "putting arms into the hands of Communists"—misgivings which, they felt, tended to strain their whole relationship with Washington. Hence, no one was surprised when Tito asked us late last year to discontinue our shipments. By then, the major purpose of the exercise had fortunately been accomplished; our tanks, guns, jet planes, trucks and jeeps had given Tito the added ounce of self-assurance he needed to stand up to Soviet pressure.

But our policy of aiding and abetting a life-size Communist regime is paying off in other ways. Tito the man is dwarfed by Tito the symbol. As the one Communist who dared to challenge the almighty Stalin and got away with it, the marshal enjoys vast prestige throughout the Soviet orbit. Men have been hanged, shot or put in jail as "Titoists"—and Titoism marches on. Just where the marshal's influence begins and ends is hard to say; there might have been no Budapest, no Poznan, no Gomulka government in Poland, without Belgrade's example. Indeed, some Yugoslavs believe that Tito has his largest following in Russia proper—you'll hear a great deal here about the time, in 1956, when he was mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd in Leningrad; or how, in Stalingrad, he was in danger of his life and had to be protected from his boisterous admirers by a barricade of trucks. It is this personal appeal that keeps the Soviet bloc, from Leipzig to Shanghai, in an unsettled state.

Tito himself is well aware of his magnetic force and skillfully exploits it. The argument is elementary,—as long as Yugoslavia alone is out of step, its position must remain precarious; but let there be two, three or half a dozen Yugoslavias, and Moscow will find it no longer so convenient to badger them. Even in the shadowy world beyond the Iron Curtain there is safety in numbers. And Tito is exporting Titoism deliberately, with a view to turning the solid Soviet bloc into a kind of loosely hung-together commonwealth in which the Kremlin's leadership would be reduced to nought.

"Don't forget," one ranking Yugoslav official said to me, "we have a role to play in Eastern Europe in which we can't be replaced by anyone."

Meanwhile, things are not standing still. Ten years ago this country was, to all intents and purposes, a Soviet colony, with Russian "advisers" having the last say in every government department. Today, in a changed climate, the breeze blows from the West, and Yugoslavs are pleasantly aware that they are not cut off from Western thought by an impenetrable Iron Curtain. They are on the receiving end of an American information program which touches them through lectures, documentaries and television shorts. They are eagerly devouring the works of our major writers. They meet and talk with our experts and technicians. This friendly association with a people that only yesterday seemed lost forever is in itself, one can't help feeling, a Cold War victory for our side.

A marriage of convenience? Certainly. But Tito's interests, as it happens, run parallel to ours for quite a stretch ahead. Merely by keeping on good terms with him, we are partners in the only inside job designed to break the Kremlin's hold on Eastern Europe. As one American observer put it, "As long as we are here, we are ahead." Well, judging from the way Tito told off Moscow last month, that's right. THE END

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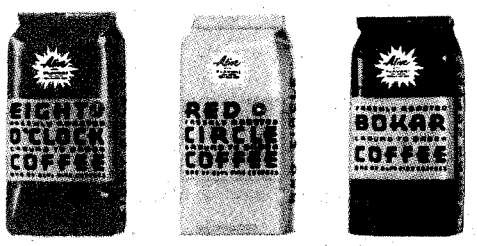

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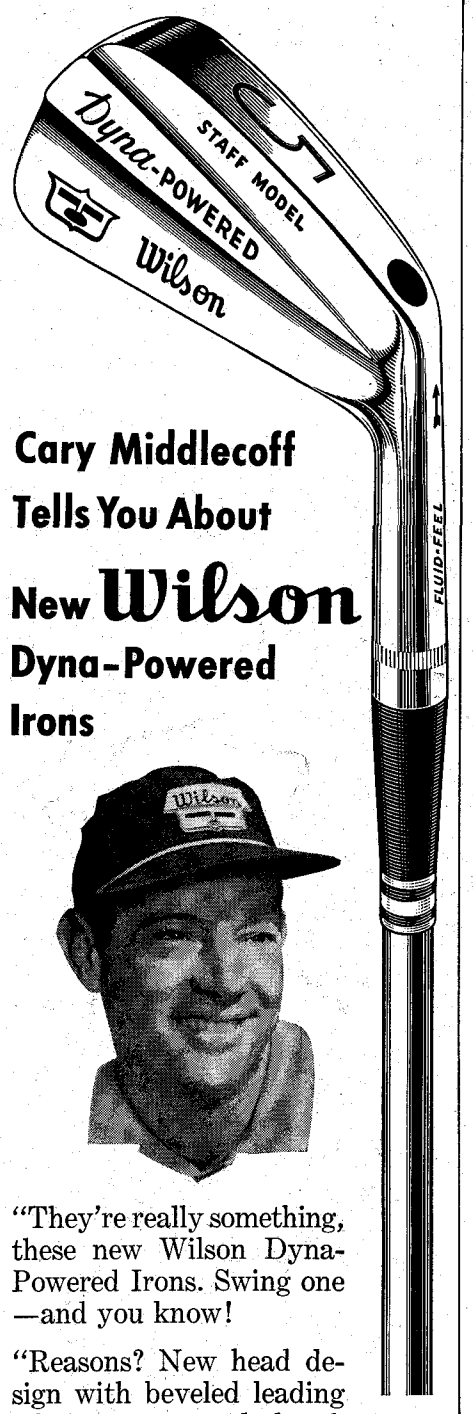

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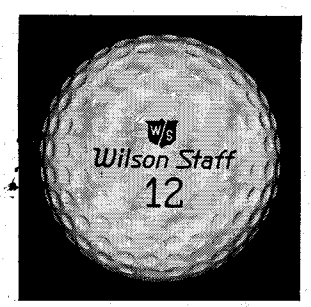

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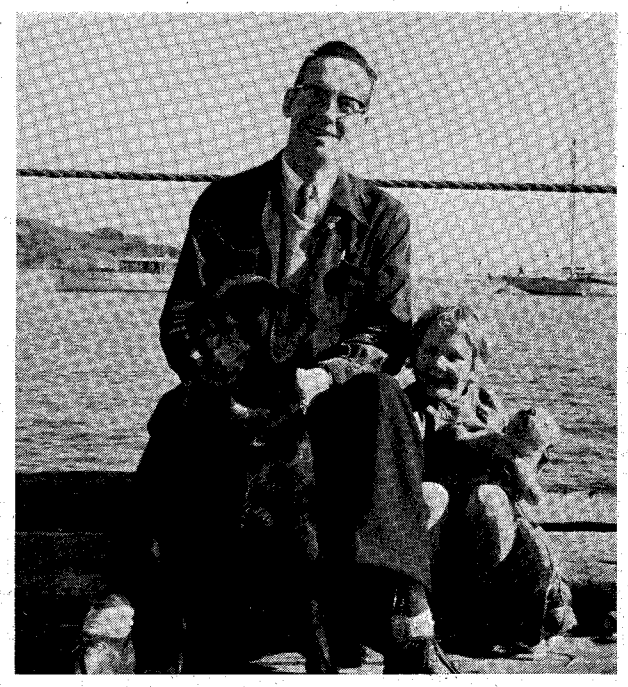
Keeping Posted

Peripatetic Mr. Cheney

Michael Cheney (My Daughter's an Arab, page 40) was born in New York, reared in Europe and California, and spent four World War II years in Africa and Burma as an American Field Service ambulance driver with the British armies. He explains that he joined that service after being rejected by other branches of the U.S. and Allied forces as a physical wreck—"a thesis weakened by my subsequent survival of 13 years in foreign deserts, jungles and restaurants." Back in America after the war, Cheney accepted an 18-month contract on a construction project in Saudi Arabia, after which he signed up with the Arabian American Oil Company, married an American girl (the exploration manager's secretary), and became a parent. He avers that the public-relations writing he was given to do went to his head, so he moved his family to England and wrote a book about Arabic life, Big Oilman From Arabia, published last month by Ballantine. The Cheneys' present home in Sausalito, Calif., has a magnificent view from one room, which Mr. C. has pre-empted for his study. There, after working daytimes at a department store, he labors to become a professional writer—"one who eats regularly, that is."



Mr. and Miss Cheney: "The boats aren't mine, unhappily."

Tales of the Authors

Tea for five: Norman Crisp and family.

Bill Heinz, Red Smith; below, Carmen Basilio.

Norman Crisp, head of the family in the picture, is manager of a large taxi company in Southampton, England, where the trans-Atlantic liners dock. A while ago he decided to become a writer, applied himself to a typewriter in spare hours, and his first Post story is on page 34.

Peg Bracken, who discusses memory aids on page 36, writes, "In answering your letter, I addressed the envelope first, as I always do, so I won't forget whom I'm writing to." She says that the way she remembers the Post's zone number, Philadelphia 5, is to recall the names of the Post editors whom she knows, Erd Brandt, Stuart Rose, Marione Nickles, Peggy Redman and Ralph Knight . . . count them yourself. If she gets acquainted with another Post editor, she will be in a fix. She concludes, "If I forget to mail this letter, do let me know."

Bill Heinz, explains on page 32 that Jack Dempsey is a very busy man. Following a rugged chase, Heinz finally caught up with Jack at the annual meeting of the Boxing Writers Association, where the old mauler was awarded the James J. Walker plaque for meritorious service to boxing. At the same meeting Heinz (see picture) was given a watch for having written a new novel, The Professional, which book reviewers acclaimed as a refreshingly honest study of the boxing game. This delighted Heinz, except that he had to make a speech; "It lasted about 10 seconds," he says, "just long enough for me to be counted out."

Alexander Botts, Egghead

In these days when the sciences are so important, it is well to remember that away back in the Post of Dec. 22, 1945, Alexander Botts, the great Earthworm Tractor salesman of the **William Hazlett Upson** stories, made use of the abstruse scientific principle known as the Möbius strip. Botts devised an endless belt having only one side and one edge, no fooling. Clifton Fadiman has remembered to include Botts in a new book, Fantasia Mathematica (Simon and Schuster), an anthology of mathematical stories, essays and oddments which, says Fadiman, will bore mathematicians, but will be just fine for anybody else to read.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Beauty and My Beasts"

A wild-animal trapper's true story of romance and high adventure. Peter Ryhiner and his wife risked their lives to bring 'em back alive.

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